Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi Nehru Tagore

In reading Authors, when you find
Bright passages, that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on, at an other season;
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown,
As makes another's sense one's own.

Byron

Wit and Wisdom

of

Gandhi, Nehru, Tagore

Being a treasury of over ten thousand invaluable and inspiring thoughts, views and observations on about eight hundred subjects of popular interest, collected from the speeches and writings of these three great leaders of modern India

By

N. B. SEN

New Book Society of India

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with esteem and affection

to

my noble and sincere friend

Dr. Boris Ischboldin

Prof. of Economics, St. Louis University, U.S.A.

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PREFACE

This book contains the invaluable and inspiring thoughts, views and observations of three outstanding Indian leaders of the modern age, who have influenced the present generation through their words and deeds and have enriched our literature with their remarkable writings.

It is hoped that such a work of reference, classified under about eight hundred subjects of popular interest, will be found useful by all those interested in the study of Indian thought, culture and civilization.

6A/53, W.E.A.
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N. B. SEN

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ACTION

In the divine account-books only our actions are noted, not what we have read or what we have spoken.

God keeps an accurate record of all things, good and bad. There is no better accountant on earth.

It is my firm conviction that all good action is bound to bear fruit in the end.

All action in this world has some drawback about it. It is man's duty and privilege to reduce it, and while living in the midst of it, to remain untouched by it as much as it is possible for him to do so.

Although I believe in the inexorable Law of *Karma*, I am striving to do so many things; every moment of my life is a strenuous endeavour, which is an attempt to build up more *Karma* to undo the past and add to the present. The past would be soon exhausted and I have to build up the future with prayer.

In His *Durbar* the motive rather than the act itself decides its quality. He, knowing the intention as much as the act, judges the act according to the intention.

Manliness consists not in bluff, bravado or lordliness. It consists in daring to do the right and facing consequences, whether it is in matters social, political or other. It consists in deeds, not in words.

(*Gandhi*)

Success often comes to those who dare and act; it seldom goes to the timid who are ever afraid of the consequences.

Action, as we see it, is the result of a complex of thoughts and passions, prejudices and superstitions, hopes and fears; and the action by itself is difficult to understand unless we consider with it the causes that led up to it.

Healthy people and healthy countries act in the present and look to the future.

People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and danger. Danger seems terrible from a distance; it is not so bad if you have a close look at it. And often it is a pleasant companion, adding to the zest and delight of life.

Action to be effective must be directed to clearly conceived ends.

To accept unthinkingly what one cannot appreciate or willingly agree to, produces mental flabbiness and paralysis.

When I cannot act effectively, I try, at any rate, to preserve a certain integrity of mind, and I wait for the time when I can act more effectively.

The call of action has long been with me; not action divorced from thought, but rather flowing from it in one continuous sequence. And when, rarely, there has been full harmony between the two, thought leading to action and finding its fulfilment in it, action leading back to thought and a fuller understanding—then I have sensed a certain fulness of life and a vivid intensity in that moment of existence. But such moments are rare, very rare, and usually one outstrips the other and there is a lack of harmony, and vain efforts to bring the two in line.

There is only one thing that remains to us, that cannot be taken away: to act with courage and dignity and to stick to the ideals that have given meaning to life.

It was better to jump into the uncharted seas of action and do something rather than be the tame objects of a malign fate.

Every action has to be judged from its possible consequences.

There can be no greater satisfaction to an individual than when there is a synthesis of thought and action in him. Then he becomes, for the moment, an integrated individual and he functions with power and strength and without doubt.

It is easy to get into the habit of talking big about ourselves; but we know that the noblest words sometimes gain currency in the mouths of base men and lose their meaning. We talk about patriotism and love of country and very often so-called patriots indulge in unworthy actions. So, it does not very much matter what fine language I might use in this or any other connection. The ultimate test is in action. It is in the fire of experience and trial.

Our chief defect is that we are more given to talking about things than to doing them.

The association of thought with action is, I think, of utmost importance. Thought without action is an abortion; action without thought is folly. They must always be allied, whatever we may do.

When a country is dynamic, it reveals itself in a myriad activities.

The more action and thought are allied and integrated, the more effective they become and the happier you grow. There will then be no inner conflict between a wish to do something and inability to act or between thinking one way and acting in another. The happiest man is he whose thinking and action are co-ordinated.

It is not what you say that matters, but what you do. Think, therefore, of the vast opportunities that the world offers to those who are keen of mind, strong of character and fleet of foot.

We use brave phrases to impress ourselves and others, but our actions belie those noble sentiments, and so we live in a world of unreality where profession has little to do with practice. When that practice imperils the entire future of the world then it is time we came back to reality in our thinking and in our action. *(Nehru)*

Deeds are better, however cruel they may be, than the hell of thinking and doubting.

So long as the purpose remains in the mind it looms large and fearful. In action it becomes small. The vapour is dark and diffused. It dissolves into water-drops, that are small and sparkling. *(Tagore)*

ACTIVITY

Since it is possible to get on without getting along, why should I bestir myself to stir ?

Man will make blunders, will be baffled, and will meet with sorrows, but he can never stand still; he will sacrifice his life for that which he believes to be his duty. It is thus that the sacred waters of the river of society are kept pure by being carried along in a never-ceasing current. This means that occasionally, for a short time, the banks of the river are broken and suffer loss, but to try and dam the current perpetually in fear of this would only be to invite stagnation and death.

All men do not stand at the same stage in the path—some are in front of the mountains, some on the shores of the sea, and some at the edge of the plains; though not one of them has the power to remain still, all have to keep moving. *(Tagore)*

ACTORS

If every one were to act where would the audience be? (*Tagore*)

ADAPTABILITY

Adaptability is not imitation. It means power of resistance and assimilation. (*Gandhi*)

Human beings have an enormous capacity for adapting themselves. (*Nehru*)

Mustn't expect to have everything exactly to your taste.

It takes some time before you get used to your surroundings in a new place.

We seldom find things just to our taste in this world. We have to accommodate ourselves to what we can get, and put up with that as human beings. (*Tagore*)

ADMINISTRATION

Any government, if it has to function adequately, must have the support of the country.

Administration not only has to be good but has also to be felt to be good by the people affected.

The administrator, whether he is low down or high up in the scale, must give the impression, even if that impression is not cent per cent correct, that he is working through the public will and carrying it out. Of course, this cannot always be done; the administrator cannot carry out everybody's will; but he must give the broad impression that he is functioning in accordance with the public will, always thinking of public grievances, trying to remedy them, and consulting the people. (*Nehru*)

Mere administration is unproductive, it is not creative, not being a living thing. It is a steam-roller, formidable in its weight and power, having

its uses, but it does not help the soil to become fertile. *(Tagore)*

ADORATION

Blind adoration, in the age of action, is perfectly valueless, is often embarrassing and equally often painful. *(Gandhi)*

ADVAITISM

The individual soul is not a separate entity but that Absolute Soul itself though limited in some ways. It is compared to the space enclosed in a jar, the *Atman* being universal space. *(Nehru)*

ADVENTURE

I may possess the habit of rushing in where wiser people fear to tread.

A spirit of adventure is, of course, a very desirable thing in an individual or a nation. But in a political contest the word has a certain meaning, not by any means dishonourable to the person concerned.

We live in a wonderful world that is full of beauty, and charm and adventure. There is no end to the adventures that we can have if only we seek them with our eyes open. So many people seem to go about their life's business with their eyes shut. Indeed, they object to other people keeping their eyes open. Unable to play themselves, they dislike the play of others. *(Nehru)*

Plunge into the deep without fear, with the gladness of April in your heart.

You can't cross the sea merely by standing and staring at the water. Don't let yourself indulge in vain wishes.

When we are out for adventure, we must leave behind all fears, all quatrains, all *Pundits*, and all Scriptures.

To set out and go forth was the important thing.

We can't do anything simply because we have wife and children to support—they'll starve unless we can make something for them every day. How many people are there ready to risk death for their families by taking other people's perils on their own shoulders, especially in our country, where the families are by no means small ? *(Tagore)*

ADVERSARIES

Three-fourths of the miseries and misunderstandings in the world will disappear if we step into the shoes of our adversaries and understand their standpoint. We will then agree with our adversaries or think of them charitably.

Immediately we begin to think of things as our opponents think of them we shall be able to do them full justice. I know that this requires a detached state of mind, and it is a state very difficult to reach. *(Gandhi)*

It is always more difficult to fight one's own failings than the power of an adversary.

Shouting has not been known to bring down the walls of citadels or cities. We dare not underrate the strength of our adversary. If we win, it will be by our own strength, not the weakness of our opponent, for however weak he might be, he will always know how to profit by our lack of strength. *(Nehru)*

ADVICE

I dislike sermonizing and doling out good advice.

All of us are too apt to advise others—and I am an equal sinner with them—and do not, in our turn, learn from others. Psychology means a good deal and, however right we may think ourselves to be, a great deal depends on how others are feeling about the course of events.

It is only too easy to make suggestions and later try to escape the consequences of what we say.

Take it from me, do not advise too much : do the job yourself. That is the only advice you can give to others. Do it and others will follow.

There is a tendency, which I wish to resist, of just saying something in the nature of a platitude, of being impertinent enough to offer good advice which is seldom welcome to anybody. (*Nehru*)

To offer instruction on any question before it has really arisen in the mind is like giving food before one is hungry,—it spoils the appetite and leads to indigestion.

Do not have the conceit to offer your advice to people who are far greater than you in every respect.

There are plenty of men to say good things, but very few to listen. That requires strength of mind.

We are often blind when we do not consider things from all points of view—when there is a danger of our conduct causing trouble in any society ; at such a time we should welcome as a friend one who asks us what our conduct will lead to, and to what limits we can safely go. (*Tagore*)

AFFECTATION

Affectation goes a longer way than open boasting. (*Tagore*)

AFFECTION

The knowledge that large numbers of people think of one with affection is very soothing and is a powerful antidote against defeatism and frustration. (*Nehru*)

Affection expects presumption.

A mother endeavours to protect her babe by clasping it to her breast.

Love has the power to derive pleasure from mistakes, discords, incapacity. A mother's love overflows at the false steps of the child whom she is teaching to walk.

When a sick child does not want to take its medicine, the mother, though quite well, drinks some herself to console the child with the idea that both are in the same plight. That is not a question of medical treatment, but of personal love, and if that love is lacking, however reasonable the mother's actions may be, the relation of mother and child is hurt, and with it is lost the desired effect. (*Tagore*)

AFFINITY

C.C.L. [illegible], HYD.

I often wonder where lie hidden the boundaries of recognition between man and the beast whose heart knows no spoken language.

Through what primal paradise in a remote morning of creation ran the simple path by which their hearts visited each other ?

Those marks of their constant tread have not been effaced though their kinship has been long forgotten.

Yet suddenly in some wordless music the dim memory wakes up and the beast gazes into the man's face with a tender trust, and the man looks down into its eyes with amused affection.

It seems that the two friends meet masked, and vaguely know each other through the disguise.

Oh, if only some kindred soul were near, just one loving human being whom I could hold near my heart ! (*Tagore*)

AGE

It is curious how age seems to have the same effect on a people or a race as it has on an individual—it makes them slow of movement, inelastic

in mind and body, conservative and afraid of change.

I am getting old and the sign of old age is that I begin to philosophize and ponder over problems which should not be my concern at all. (*Nehru*)

AGE AND YOUTH

It is written in the book that man, when fifty, must leave the noisy world, to go to the forest seclusion. But the poet proclaims that the forest hermitage is only for the young. For it is the birthplace of flowers and the haunt of birds and bees; and hidden nooks are waiting there for the thrill of lovers' whispers. There the moonlight, that is all one kiss for the *malati* flowers, has its deep message, but those who understand it are far below fifty.

And alas, youth is inexperienced and wilful, therefore, it is but meet that the old should take charge of the household, and the young take to the seclusion of forest shades and the severe discipline of courting. (*Tagore*)

AGGRESSION

It is the habit of every aggressor nation to claim that it is acting on the defensive. (*Nehru*)

AGITATION

The purely agitational attitude is not good enough for a detailed consideration of a subject (*Nehru*)

AGONY

We give these sufferings names, bad or good, according to the classifications of the books, but this agony which is welling up from a torn heart, pouring into the fathomless dark, has it any name? (*Tagore*)

AIM

What is to be ended must be ended in this life.

The captain of a ship when he is out on the ocean keeps in mind the port across the sea, both while at work and during his leisure.

We two are colleagues, for our aims are one.

The life-force in you is dispersed. It has to be mobilized and marshalled round one single object of your life. Then will your life gain a meaning. When that which is scattered is gathered and concentrated towards a single aim and becomes intense and dynamic, then alone can we call it a moral organism. (*Tagore*)

AKBAR

In Indian history, the meeting of the Mussulman and the Hindu produced Akbar, the object of whose dream was the unification of hearts and ideals. It had all the glowing enthusiasm of a religion, and it produced an immediate and a vast result even in his own lifetime. (*Tagore*)

ALLUREMENT

Offer the largest possible number of carrots to the largest number of donkeys. (*Nehru*)

AMBASSADORS

Foreign affairs are utterly realistic to-day. A false step, a false phrase, makes all the difference. The first thing that an ambassador of ours has to learn is to shut his mouth and give up public or even private speaking. It is not a habit which we have developed in our past careers—that of being completely silent. Yet this habit has to be developed, and in private one has to be silent lest what one says injures the cause of the nation or creates international ill-will. (*Nehru*)

AMBITION

If my colleagues and I and others who function on the public stage to-day appear big leaders to you,

look back on how we became so. We may have had some virtue and some ability, but essentially we became what we were because we had some ambition and pride, because we hitched our wagon to a star, because we tried to do big things and in so trying our stature increased a little.

I am not using the words pride and ambition in a small personal sense. I do not mean the pride of getting money, which is the silliest of all types of pride. Pride should consist in doing your job in the best possible manner. If you are a scientist, think of becoming an Einstein, not merely a reader in your university. If you are a medical man, think of some discovery which will bring healing to the human race. If you are an engineer, aim at some new invention. The mere act of aiming at something big makes you big. (*Nehru*)

Manly ambition to build up from the very bottom a tower of triumph ! (*Tagore*)

ANARCHY

Anarchy is always a source of danger.

Look at those who call themselves anarchists, who resent the imposition of power, in any form whatever, upon the individual. The only reason for this is that power has become too abstract—it is a scientific product made in the political laboratory of the Nation, through the dissolution of personal humanity. (*Tagore*)

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

The distinguishing characteristic of modern civilization is an indefinite multiplicity of human wants. The characteristic of ancient civilization is an imperative restriction upon, and a strict regulating of these wants.

The restraint of ancient or Eastern civilization arises from a belief, often in spite of ourselves, in a future state and the existence of a Divine Power.

I am no indiscriminate superstitious worshipper of all that goes under the name of ancient. I never hesitated to endeavour to demolish all that is evil or immoral, no matter how ancient it may be, but with that reservation I must confess to you that I am an adorer of ancient institutions, and it hurts me to think that people in their rush for everything modern despise all their ancient traditions and ignore them in their lives. (*Gandhi*)

ANCIENT INDIA

The whole conception of history in ancient India was influenced by the speculative and ethical trends of philosophy and religion. Little importance was attached to the writing of a chronicle or the compilation of a bare record of events. What those people were more concerned with, was the effect and influence of human events and actions on human conduct.

Writing in India goes back, to the most ancient times. Old pottery belonging to the Neolithic period is inscribed with writing in the *Brahmi* characters. Mohenjo-daro has inscriptions which have not so far been wholly deciphered. The *Brahmi* inscriptions found all over India are undoubtedly the basic script from which *Devanagari* and others have arisen in India. Some of Ashoka's inscriptions are in the *Brahmi* script ; others, in the north-west, are in the *Kharoshit* script.

It is interesting to note that Panini mentions the Greek script. This indicates that there were some kind of contacts between India and the Greeks long before Alexander came to the East.

The study of astronomy was especially pursued and it often merged into astrology. Medicine had its text-books and there were hospitals. Dhanwantari is the legendary founder of the Indian science of medicine. The best known old text-books, however,

date from the early centuries of the Christian era. These are by Charak on medicine and Sushruta on surgery. Charak is supposed to have been the royal court physician of Kanishka who had his capital in the north-west. These text-books enumerate a large number of diseases and give methods of diagnosis and treatment.

In mathematics, the ancient Indians made some epoch-making discoveries, notably that of the zero sign, of the decimal place-value system, of the use of the minus sign, and the use in algebra of letters of the alphabet to denote unknown quantities. The time and number sense of the ancient Indians was extra-ordinary.

The old Indians unlike other ancient nations, had vast conceptions of time and space. They thought in a big way. Even their mythology deals with ages of hundreds of millions of years. To them the vast periods of modern Geology or the astronomical distances of the stars would not have come as a surprise.

What were the Indians like in those distant days? It is difficult for us to conceive of a period so far and so different from ours and yet some vague picture emerges from the miscellaneous data that we have. They were a light-hearted race, confident and proud of their traditions, dabbling in the search for the mysterious, full of questions addressed to nature and human life, attaching importance to the standards and values they had created, but taking life easily and joyously, and facing death without much concern.

The King, at the time of his coronation, had to take the oath of service to the people—'May I be deprived of heaven, of life, and of offspring if I oppress you.' In the happiness of his subjects lies his happiness ; whatever pleases himself he shall consider as not good, but whatever pleases his

It is not that I do not get angry. I do not give vent to anger. I cultivate the quality of patience as angerlessness, and generally speaking, succeed. But I only control my anger when it comes.

I know to banish anger altogether from one's breast is a difficult task. It cannot be achieved through purely personal effort. It can be done only by God's grace.

Anger and intolerance are the twin enemies of correct understanding. (*Gandhi*)

Women's anger is like a diamond's glitter ; it only shines but cannot burn.

You can meet an opinion by another opinion, or one argument by another, but in matters in which the understanding is concerned it is barbarous to try and use anger as a punishment.

It's far better to make people angry than to make them ashamed. (*Tagore*)

ANIMAL FOOD

I really must give up animal food. We manage to swallow flesh only because we do not think of the cruel and sinful thing we do. There are many crimes which are the creation of man himself, the wrongfulness of which is put down to their divergence from habit, custom, or tradition. But cruelty is not of these. It is a fundamental sin, and admits of no argument or nice distinctions. If only we do not allow our heart to grow callous, its protest against cruelty is always clearly heard; and yet we go on perpetrating cruelties easily, merrily, all of us ; in fact, any one who does not join in, is dubbed a crank.

How many living creatures are sacrificed only to grace the dishes at a dinner-party, a large proportion of which will leave the table untouched !

So long as we are unconscious of our cruelty we may not be to blame. But if, after our pity is aroused, we persist in throttling our feelings simply in order to join others in their preying upon life, we insult all that is good in us. I have decided to try a vegetarian diet. (*Tagore*)

ANIMALS

It is an arrogant assumption to say that human beings are lords and masters of the lower creation. On the contrary, being endowed with greater things in life, they are trustees of the lower animal kingdom.

It is defaming God to offer animal sacrifices in temples. What God wants, if He can be said to want anything, is the sacrifice made by a humble and contrite heart.

We are wrapped in deep darkness, as is evident from our impoverished cattle and other animals. They are eloquent of our irreligion rather than religion. (*Gandhi*)

Indians do not, as a rule, approve of animals as household pets. It is remarkable that in spite of their general philosophy of non-violence to animals, they are often singularly careless and unkind to them. Even the cow, that favoured animal, though looked up to and almost worshipped by many Hindus and often the cause of riots, is not treated kindly.

Different countries have adopted different animals as symbols of their ambition or character. (*Nehru*)

Man is worse than an animal when he is an animal. (*Tagore*)

APPAREL

In our country, unfortunately many a man with a tuft of hair on his head, or matted locks or long

beard or intricate markings on the forehead, or saffron cloak, poses as an agent of the supernatural and fleeces the common people.

It sounds rather silly to attach so much importance to a head-dress. What is much more important is what is inside the head, not what is on top of it. But little things sometimes become symbols of big things. (*Nehru*)

The naked is without a credential, it's the made-up clothes that define us. (*Tagore*)

APPEARANCES

There are fools who judge men by their outside.

People who are virtuous to outward appearance are virtuous at heart also.

When the physical appearance evades the scrutiny of our senses and enters the sanctuary of our hearts, then it can forget itself.

You may judge a flower or a butterfly by its looks, but not a human being. (*Tagore*)

APPEASEMENT

The right approach must be as far as possible an approach of friendliness even to the other wrong approach, not appeasement. We make distinction between the two. One must not appease evil, but we have to convert evil as far as possible. Therefore, we have to be firm and yet courteous and friendly. The evil-doer may not be converted, but remember there are vast numbers of people who are not evil but are conditioned by the evil-doer. (*Nehru*)

APPROACH

It is a fundamental rule of human life that, if the approach is good, the response is good.

A scientific approach is essential in whatever domain of life you are functioning. If you do not

have the approach, you lose yourself, flounder and cannot make any progress at all. (*Nehru*)

ARCHITECTURE

Our old architecture was magnificent and was, perhaps, among the greatest architectures of the world. See, how it became degraded! It still retained its craftsmanship but the nobility of design that had come from simplicity was gone. It became heavier and heavier. There was no dignity in it, only hard work. (*Nehru*)

ARGUMENT

No greater nuisance to a country than an arguer!

No need to meet argument by argument!

That which is mere verbal argument appears as one thing becomes a very different matter when it comes to a question of action. (*Tagore*)

ARMED FORCES

No army can fight if its base is not strong.

There should be no distance between the people generally and the armed services; they are all one, because recruitment to the armed forces is made from the masses.

No government and no people can do without, let us say, armed force for defence, for protection, for security, and the rest of it. Nevertheless, I do believe fundamentally that armed force does not solve any problems. It is the spirit of man that triumphs—even over death. (*Nehru*)

ARMS

Possession of arms implies an element of fear, if not of cowardice.

Physical possession of arms is the last necessity of the brave. (*Gandhi*)

The force of arms only reveals man's weakness.
(*Tagore*)

ART

Who can deny that, much that passes for science and art to-day destroys the soul instead of uplifting it and instead of evoking the best in us, panders to our basest passions ?

True art takes note not merely of form but also of what lies behind. There is an art that kills and an art that gives life. True art must be evidence of happiness, contentment and purity of its authors.

The art of a people is a true mirror of their minds.

Art varies and changes with the skies and with the people.

Art is a faithful mirror of the life and civilization of a period. When Indian civilization was full of life, it created things of beauty and the arts flourished, and its echoes reached distant countries.

Art and literature often give greater insight into a nation's soul than the superficial activities of the multitude. They take us to a region of calm and serene thought which is not affected by the passions and prejudices of the moment. But to-day the poet and the artist are seldom looked upon as the prophets of tomorrow and they meet with little honour. If some honour comes to them at all, it usually comes after they are dead.

Creative arts must be allowed and encouraged to grow with as little interference as possible. It is only when they manifestly become a social menace or a social danger that government must move, and move with a firm trend.

Do not connect artistic values with money. Certainly, big buildings cost money. But a touch of artistry does not cost money or costs very little. It really needs some imagination and some love of beauty

in the men who build them. You can make the humblest cottage attractive and beautiful even though it might be a mud cottage, and you can make a big palace a thing of horror. One often sees in India, recently erected, horrible buildings, big buildings, costly buildings, painful to look at. It is not a question of money, but a sense of artistry.

I consider it very important that the artistic and aesthetic side of a nation's growth should be given prominence. *(Nehru)*

Of all living creatures in the world, man has his vital and mental energy vastly in excess of his need, which urges him to work in various lines of creation for its own sake. Like *Brahma* himself, he takes joy in productions that are unnecessary to him, and, therefore, representing his extravagance and not his hand-to-mouth penury. The voice that is just enough can speak and cry to the extent needed for everyday use; but that which is abundant sings, and in it we find our joy. Art reveals man's wealth of life, which seeks its freedom in forms of perfection which are an end in themselves.

Things are distinct not in their essence but in their appearance; in other words, in their relation to one to whom they appear. This is Art, the truth of which is not in substance or logic, but in expression. Abstract truth may belong to science and metaphysics, but the world of reality belongs to Art.

It is needless to say that upon a mere expression of emotion—even the best expression of it—no criterion of art can rest. *(Tagore)*

ART AND MUSIC

Music and the fine arts are among the highest means of national self-expression, without which the people remain inarticulate.

Our conscious mind occupies only a superficial layer of our life; the sub-conscious mind is almost

fathomless in its depth—where the wisdom of countless ages grows up from its base, like the great continents, beyond our ken. Our conscious mind finds its expression in numerous deliberate activities which pass and repass before our view. Our subconscious mind, where dwells our soul, must also have its adequate media of expression. These media are poetry and music and the arts; herein the complete personality of man finds its utterance.

During the Moghal period, music and art in India found a great impetus from the rulers, because their whole life was in this land, not merely their official life; and it is the wholeness of a man from which originates Art.

Music and art must have their prominent seats of honour, and not merely a tolerant nod of recognition. (*Tagore*)

ART AND PERSONALITY

In everyday life our personality moves in a narrow circle of immediate self-interest. And, therefore, our feelings and events, within that short range, become prominent subjects for ourselves. In their vehement self-assertion they ignore their unity with the All. They rise up like obstructions and obscure their own background. But art gives our personality the disinterested freedom of the eternal, there to find it in its true perspective. To see our own home in flames is not to see fire in its verity. But the fire in the stars is the fire in the heart of the Infinite; there, it is the script of creation. (*Tagore*)

ART AND POETRY

When some storm of feeling sweeps across the country art is under a disadvantage. In such an atmosphere the boisterous passion breaks through the cordon of harmony and thrusts itself forward

as the subject, which with its bulk and pressure dethrones the unity of creation. For a similar reason most of the hymns used in churches suffer from lack of poetry. For in them the deliberate subject, assuming the first importance, benumbs or kills the poem. Most patriotic poems have the same deficiency. They are like hill streams born of sudden showers, which are more proud of their rocky beds than of their water currents; in them the athletic and arrogant subject takes it for granted that the poem is there to give it occasion to display its powers. The subject is the material wealth for the sake of which poetry should never be tempted to barter her soul, even though the temptation should come in the name and shape of public good or some usefulness. Between the artist and his art must be that perfect detachment which is the pure medium of love. He must never make use of this love except of its own perfect expression. (*Tagore*)

ARTHASHASTRA

In this book we were told all manner of things about the people and methods of government of those days. It was almost as if a window were opened which enables us to have a peep at India in the fourth century before Christ. Such books giving intimate details of administration are far more helpful than exaggerated accounts of kings and their conquests. (*Nehru*)

ARTISTS

To the artist a ruin may be a beautiful object: but houses are built not only for the contemplation of artists, but that people may live therein; so they have to be kept in repair in spite of artistic susceptibilities.

The artist is the lover of Nature; therefore, he is her slave and her master. (*Tagore*)

ARYANS

Whether the Aryans were indigenous to India or were unwelcome intruders, does not interest me much. What does interest me is the fact that my remote ancestors blended with one another with the utmost freedom and we of the present generation are a result of that blend. Whether we are doing any good to the country of our birth and the tiny globe which sustains us or whether we are burden, the future alone can show. (*Gandhi*)

In Sanskrit there is the same word (*Arya*) meaning a gentleman or a high-born person. As Sanskrit was one of the languages of the Aryan peoples, this means that they considered themselves very gentlemanly and high born. They were apparently quite as vain as people are now. An Englishman thinks himself quite the first person on earth, and a Frenchman is equally sure that the French are the greatest people, so also the German and the American and others.

We find that nearly all the people of Europe and northern India and Persia and Mesopotamia, although they differ so much from each other now, are really descended from the same ancestors—the Aryans.

The Dravidians were invaded by the Aryans from the North. There must have been enormous numbers of the Aryan peoples in Central Asia and, not finding there enough food for all, they spread out to other countries. They went in large numbers to Persia and even to Greece and further West. They also came to India in crowds over the mountains near Kashmir.

The Aryans were a strong fighting people and they drove the Dravidians before them. Wave after wave of the Aryans must have come to India from the north-west. Perhaps at first the Dravidians stopped them but when more and more came they could not

be stopped. For long, the Aryans remained in the north, only in Afghanistan and the Punjab. Then they came further down to what are now called the United Provinces. They went on spreading till they came to the Vindhya mountains in central India. It was difficult to cross these as there were thick forests. So, for a long time the Aryans remained on the northern side of the Vindhya mountains. Many of them managed to cross them and went to the south, but crowds could not go, and so the south remained chiefly Dravidian.

It is very interesting to study the coming of the Aryans to India. You can find out a lot about them from our old Sanskrit books. Some of these, like the Vedas, must have been written about that time. The oldest Veda is the Rig Veda and you can form some idea from it of the part of India which the Aryans occupied then. From the other Vedas and other old Sanskrit books like the Puranas we find how the Aryans went on spreading.

From these books we find that when the Aryans lived only in the Punjab and in Afghanistan they called this part 'Brahmavarta.' Afghanistan was then called 'Gandhara'. Do you remember Gandhari in the Mahabharata ? She was called so because she came from Gandhara or Afghanistan. Afghanistan now is a separate country from India, but in those days both were one country. When the Aryans came further down to the planes of the Ganga and Jamuna they named all northern India 'Aryavarta'.

They were very proud of themselves and their race. The very word '*Arya*' meant a gentleman, a superior kind of person. And they loved freedom greatly. They were not like their descendants in India to-day who have little courage and hardly feel the loss of their freedom. To the Aryans of old, death was better than dishonour or slavery. They were good fighters, and they knew something of

science and a great deal of agriculture. They naturally attached great value to agriculture and so they valued also everything that helped agriculture. The great rivers gave them water and they loved them and looked upon them as great friends and benefactors.

The bull and cow helped them also very much both in agriculture and in their daily lives, for the cow gave milk which was valued very greatly. So they specially cared for these animals and sang their praises. Long afterwards, people, for getting the real reason for the care of the cow, started worshipping her as if that was of any good to anybody.

The Aryans being very proud of themselves were afraid of getting mixed up with the other inhabitants of India. So they made laws and rules to prevent this mixture, so that Aryans could not marry the others. Long afterwards, this developed into the caste system as it is called to-day. Now, of course, it has become perfectly ridiculous. Some people are afraid of touching others or eating with others. Fortunately this is getting less and less now.

If you look at the map of India and imagine where 'Aryavarta' must have been between the Himalayas and the Vindhya mountains, you will see it is rather like a cresecnt moon. Therefore, Aryavarta was also called the land of the moon. *Indu* means moon and so 'Aryavarta' was Induland.

The Aryans were very fond of the crescent moon. They considered all crescent shaped places specially holy. Many of their great cities were crescent-shaped like Banaras. Even in Allahabad, I wonder if you know, that the Ganga makes a crescent.

When the Aryans first came to India they assimilated much of Dravidian culture and custom, and all through their history they have, consciously or unconsciously, acted in this way.

South is still predominantly Hindu and orthodox. For many hundreds of years it tried to protect and preserve the old Aryan tradition, and in this attempt it built up a rigid society which is amazing in its intolerance even to-day. (*Nehru*)

When the non-Aryan gods found place in the Aryan pantheon their inclusion was symbolized by the trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—Brahma standing for the ancient tradition, exclusive externalism ; Vishnu for the transition when the original Vedic Sun-god became humanized and emerged from the rigid enclosure of Scriptural texts into the world of the living human heart ; and Siva for the period when the non-Aryan found entrance into the special organization of the Aryan. But though the Aryan and non-Aryan thus met, they did not merge completely. Like the Ganges and the Jumna at their confluences, they flowed on together in two separately distinguishable streams.

Originally, the tending of flocks has been the main occupation of the Aryan tribes. This pastoral life likewise suited the forest tracts of India, and Brahmins in their forest retreats continued to regard the cow as their principal wealth. But though tending cattle was fit for the nomad life or for that of small groups of individuals living in forests, the concentration of large bodies of men in cities required the organized production of food. Naturally, the necessity of such organization was more keenly felt by *Kshatriyas*, who were founders of cities, than by the others. (*Tagore*)

ASCETICISM

Personally I dislike the praise of poverty and suffering. I do not think they are at all desirable, and they ought to be abolished. Nor do I appreciate the ascetic life as a social ideal, though it may suit individuals. I understand and appreciate simplicity, equality, self-control, but not the mortification of

the flesh. Just as an athlete requires to train his body, I believe that the mind and habits have also to be trained and brought under control. (*Nehru*)

Asceticism has a great attraction for women. You know Kalidas describes in his poem how Uma mortified the flesh for the sake of an ascetic.

The callousness of asceticism pitted against the callousness of luxury is merely fighting one evil with the help of another, inviting the pitiless demon of the desert in place of the indiscriminate demon of the jungle. (*Tagore*)

ASIA

Owing to false and incomplete history many of us have been led to think that Europe has always dominated over the rest of the world, and Asia has always let the legions of the West thunder past and has plunged in thought again. We have forgotten that for millennia the legions of Asia overran Europe, and modern Europe itself largely consists of the descendants of these invaders from Asia. We have forgotten that it was India that finally broke the military power of Alexander. Thought has undoubtedly been the glory of Asia and specially of India, but in the field of action the record of Asia has been equally great.

Western Asia has, during the ages, looked more towards Europe than towards Asia or the East. In a way it has been Asia's window to Europe.

There is a strange unity between India and eastern and south-eastern Asia. The unity has been given by the thread of the Buddha legend which has bound these people together and woven many a common motive in art and literature and music and song.

Whenever I think of Western Asia I am apt to lose myself in the past; so many images of the old

days crowd into my mind and I find it difficult to resist their fascination.

While Europe was taking advantage of and exploiting the powers of Nature, Asia, static and dormant, still carried on in the old traditional way relying on man's toil and labour.

We are of Asia and the peoples of Asia are nearer and closer to us than others. India is so situated that she is the pivot of Western, Southern and South-East Asia. In the past her culture flowed to all these countries and they came to her in many ways. Those contacts are being renewed and the future is bound to see a closer union between India and South-East Asia on the one side, and Afghanistan, Iran and the Arab world on the other. To the furtherance of that close association of free countries we must devote ourselves.

This dynamic Asia from which great streams of culture flowed in all directions gradually became static and unchanging. Other peoples and other continents came to the fore and with their new dynamism spread out and took possession of great parts of the world. This mighty continent became just a field for the rival imperialisms of Europe, and Europe became the centre of history and progress in human affairs.

We have no designs against anybody; ours is the great design of promoting peace and progress all over the world. Far too long have we, of Asia, been petitioners in western courts and chancelleries. That story must now belong to the past. We propose to stand on our own legs and to co-operate with all others who are prepared to co-operate with us. We do not intend to be the playthings of others.

In this atomic age, Asia will have to function effectively in the maintenance of peace. Indeed, there can be no peace unless Asia plays her part.

The whole spirit and outlook of Asia are peaceful and the emergence of Asia in world affairs will be a powerful influence for world peace.

India is interested in Asian countries even more than the rest of the world.

I had a feeling, and I still have that feeling, that the continent of Asia is somewhat neglected, somewhat overlooked. It is not considered important enough for as much attention to be given to it as is given to certain other parts of the world.

If one thing is certain, it is that there will be no peace in any part of Asia if there is a tendency for another country to dominate over an Asian country by force. I regret that some such attempts continue to be made in parts of Asia.

Any attempt to pay inadequate attention to Asian problems is likely to defeat the end which the United Nations has in view.

There is a legacy of conflict in Europe. In Asia, at the present moment at least, there is no such legacy. The countries of Asia may have their quarrels with their neighbours here and there, but there is no basic legacy of conflict such as the countries of Europe possess. That is a very great advantage for Asia and it would be folly in the extreme for the countries of Asia or for India to be dragged in the wake of the conflicts in Europe.

There is a great deal of talk of Asia being a unit. Asia is in a sense a geographical unit, has been a unit in many other ways but in the main it was a unit in a negative sense. That is to say, practically all of Asia became the colonial domain of various European powers. It was a unit in that sense; a colonial domain where various different peoples were struggling for freedom against European imperialists; it was a unit because of their struggles and a certain commonness of purpose. But there is, at the same

time, a great deal of diversity. It is not quite correct to think of Asia as a compact unit. There is not very much in common between the Chinese and those who live in Western Asia; they represent entirely different cultural, historical and other backgrounds.

People talk about India's desire for leadership in Asia. We have no desire for leadership anywhere. Our greatest anxiety and yearning to-day is to build up India

India, in Southern, Western and South-Eastern Asia, has to play a distinctive and important role. If she is not capable of playing it properly, then she will just fade out.

Asia, the mother of continents and the cradle of history's major civilizations, is renascent to-day. The dawn of its newly acquired freedom is turbulent because during these past two centuries its growth was arrested, frustration was widespread and new forces appeared.

A change of supreme importance has now come over the world scene and that is the renascence of Asia.

The world is full of unsolved problems to-day; perhaps all of them can be considered as parts of one single problem. This problem cannot be solved unless the full implication of the renascence of Asia is kept in mind, for Asia will inevitably play an ever-growing part in world affairs. Asia, arrested in her growth, faces this world problem in two of its major aspects, political and economic. The political problem, that is, the achievement of political freedom, has a certain priority because without it no effective progress is possible. But owing to the delay in the achievement of political freedom, the economic problem has become equally important and urgent.

National freedom is thus the first essential in Asia and, although most of the countries of Asia have achieved this, some still remain under colonial domination. These relics of foreign rule will have to go, giving place to national freedom, thus satisfying nationalism, which is the predominant urge of Asian peoples. The economic betterment of the vast masses of Asia is equally essential, both from their point of view and from the point of view of world peace and stability.

Perhaps, one of the biggest facts of to-day is this new and changing phase of Asia. What is happening in Asia is a fact of tremendous historical significance. It is difficult to grasp it entirely or to understand it but I think any person must see that something very big has happened and is happening all over Asia. There is a certain dynamism about it.

The biggest fact of the modern world is the resurgence of Asia.

In Asia we have been kept down and are now trying to catch up with others who are ahead of us. We have been engrossed in things of the past and time has passed us by. We have not been able to keep pace with it and so we must run now. We cannot afford to walk but then when we run we also stumble and fall and try to get up again We realize that speed, especially in an age-old continent like Asia, involves risks and dangers but we have no choice in the matter.

Asia is a huge continent and the peoples of Asia are all different from one another, as they were reared in different cultures and traditions. In spite of all this, I think it is still true to say that there is such a thing as Asian sentiment.

Asia is essentially peaceful but it is also proud and sensitive and very conscious of its newly-won freedom. In its exuberance it may go wrong occasionally. It has mighty problems of its own and

wishes to live at peace with the rest of the world but it is no longer prepared to tolerate any domination or threat of domination or any behaviour after the old pattern of colonialism.

If the Great Powers think that the problems of Asia can be solved minus Asia or minus the views of Asian countries, then it does seem to be rather odd.

We are great countries of the world, who live in freedom without dictation. If there is anything that Asia wants to tell the world, it is that there is going to be no dictation in the future. There will be no yes-men in Asia nor in Africa, I hope. We had enough of that in the past. We value the friendship of the great countries, but we can only sit with them as brothers. *(Nehru)*

We forget that in Asia great kingdoms were founded, philosophy, science, arts and literatures flourished, and all the great religions of the world had their cradles. Therefore, it cannot be said that there is anything inherent in the soil and climate of Asia to produce mental inactivity and to atrophy the faculties which impel men to go forward. For centuries we did hold torches of civilization in the East when the West slumbered in darkness, and that could never be the sign of sluggish mind or narrowness of vision.

Then fell the darkness of night upon all the lands of the East. The current of time seemed to stop at once, and Asia ceased to take any new food, feeding upon its own past, which is really feeding upon itself. The stillness seemed like death and the great voice was silenced which sent forth messages of eternal truth that have saved man's life from pollution for generations, like the ocean of air that keeps the earth sweet, ever cleansing its impurities.

The worst form of bondage is the bondage of dejection, which keeps men hopelessly chained in

loss of faith in themselves. We have been repeatedly told, with some justification, that Asia lives in the past,—it is like a rich mausoleum which displays all its magnificence in trying to immortalize the dead. It was said of Asia that it could never move in the path of progress, its face was so inevitably turned backward. (*Tagore*)

ASTROLOGY

There is a weakness in our country—a tendency to look to the sky and stars for guidance and to try to foresee the future by astrology. Blessed be those who are so interested. But our work lies in visualizing the future of our country not by looking to the stars and basing our calculations on their movements but by assessing our strength, resources and means and knowing how best to use them. (*Nehru*)

ASTRONOMY

Astronomy, oldest of sciences, was a regular subject of the university curriculum and with it was mixed up astrology. A very accurate calendar was worked out and this calendar is still in popular use. (*Nehru*)

ATHEISM

India has desired to acknowledge, fully, both the opposite aspects of subtle and gross,—inner and outer, spirit and body,—that those who cannot grasp the subtle aspect have the opportunity to seize upon the gross, and, their ignorance working on it, results in these extra-ordinary distortions. All the same, it would never do for us to cut ourselves off from the great, the varied, the wonderful way in which India has tried to realize in body, mind and action, and from every point of view, the One who is true, both in forms and in formlessness, in material as well as in spiritual manifestation, alike to outer sense and inner perception ;—or to commit the folly of accepting instead, as the only religion, the

combination of Theism and Atheism, dry, narrow, and unsubstantial, evolved by eighteenth-century Europe. *(Tagore)*

ATOMIC ENERGY

Atomic energy for peaceful purposes is far more important to the under-developed countries of the world than to the developed ones. And if the developed countries have all the powers they may well stop the use of atomic energy everywhere, including in their own countries, because they do not need it so much, and in consequence we might suffer.

I have no doubt that just as we were affected by the advent of steam and electric power, the advent of atomic power in the next ten, fifteen or twenty years, will make a vast difference to the running of all our factories.

It is obvious that all this technological and scientific progress in the world, unless it is balanced by some kind of moral standards and ethical values, is likely to lead to destruction. That is why we are so concerned over the basic question presented by atomic energy. Use it for evil, and it will destroy the world ; use it for good, and it will raise the world to unknown standards of progress and happiness. *(Nehru)*

ATTACHMENT

God has revealed to me plainly enough the form of attachment, and has shown me that it is not pure, and that in it there is no peace. Life when it is red and pungent—it does not allow the mind to be tranquil, it makes one thing appear another—I am a *Sanyasi*, that in my realization and worship it can have no place. *(Tagore)*

BANARAS

Banaras city is a bad place for young girls. *(Tagore)*

BARBARITY

Barbarity is the gift of the male. (*Tagore*)

BEAUTY

True beauty consists in purity of heart. (*Gandhi*)

Truth reveals itself in beauty. For if beauty were mere accident, a rent in the eternal fabric of things, then it would hurt, would be defeated by the antagonism of facts. Beauty is no phantasy, it has the everlasting meaning of reality. The facts that cause despondence and gloom are mere mist, and when through the mist beauty breaks out in momentary gleams, we realize that Peace is true and not conflict, Love is true and known and honoured. Therefore I have come to thy door, thou world-vanquishing Love, and thou, *Vasanta*, youthful Lord of the Seasons, take from my young body this primal injustice, and an unattractive plainness. For a single day make me superbly beautiful, even as beautiful as was the sudden blooming of love in my heart. Give me but one brief day of perfect beauty, and I will answer for the days that follow.

A creation of beauty suggests a fulfilment, which is the fulfilment of love. We have heard some poets scoff at it in bitterness and despair; but it is like a sick child beating its own mother—it is a sickness of faith, which hurts truth, but proves it by its very pain and anger. And the faith itself is this, that beauty is the self-offering of the one to the other one.

The vast powers of nature do not reveal their truth in hideousness, but in beauty. Beauty is the signature which the Creator stamps upon His works when He is satisfied with them. All our products that insolently ignore the laws of perfection and are unashamed in their display of ungainliness bear the perpetual weight of God's displeasure.

Beauty and her twin brother Truth require leisure and self-control for their growth. But the greed of

gain has no time or limit to its capaciousness. Its one object is to produce and consume. It has pity neither for beautiful nature nor for living human beings. It is ruthlessly ready without a moment's hesitation to crush beauty and life out of them, moulding them into money.

The heart of the earth must heave in joy under her bare white feet. Methought the vague veilings of her body should melt in ecstasy into air as the golden mist of dawn melts from off the snowy peak of the eastern hill. She bowed herself above the shining mirror of the lake and saw the reflection of her face. She started up in awe and stood still; then smiled, and with a careless sweep of her left arm unloosed her hair and let it trail on the earth at her feet. She bared her bosom and looked at her arms, so flawlessly modelled, and instinct with an exquisite caress. Bending her head she saw the sweet blossoming of her youth and the tender bloom and blush of her skin. She beamed with a glad surprise. So, if the white lotus-bud on opening her eyes in the morning were to arch her neck and see her shadow in the water, would she wonder at herself the live-long day? But a moment after the smile passed from her face and a shade of sadness crept into her eyes. She bound up her tresses, drew her veil over her arms, and sighing slowly, walked away like a beauteous evening fading into the night. To me the supreme fulfilment of desire seemed to have been revealed in a flash and then to have vanished.

(*Tagore*)

BENGAL

Many look down on Bengal as being only a flat country, but that is just what makes me revel in its scenery all the more. Its unobstructed sky is filled to the brim, like an amethyst cup, with the descending twilight and peace of the evening; and the golden skirt of the still, silent noonday spreads over the whole of it without let or hindrance.

Where is there another such country for the eye to look on, the mind to take in?

The soft breeze-cooled land of pure water and sweet fruit. (*Tagore*)

BENGALIS

It's snobbish to find fault with the English of a Bengali.

I am certain that even an angel would have seemed a veritable messenger of *Yama* to any Bengali boy if he came to him at the end of his miserable day at school, and lighted a dismally dim lamp to teach him English.

How well Bengalis may do in their examinations, they will never be any good as administrators. (*Tagore*)

BIRTH

Both the Hindus and Buddhists believe that human birth is the highest stage that the Being has reached on the road to self-realization. Even the *devas* can only achieve this freedom and realization through human birth. (*Nehru*)

The time during which the seed lies underground is long, so long indeed that one forgets that there is any danger of its sprouting. But once its shoot shows up above the surface, it grows and grows so fast, there is no time to cover it up, neither with skirt, nor body, nor even life itself.

Tree is hidden in the seed. (*Tagore*)

BIRTH AND DEATH

Birth and Death are not two different states, but they are different aspects of the same state. There is as little reason to deplore the one as there is to be pleased over the other. (*Gandhi*)

BIRTH CONTROL

There can be no two opinions about the necessity of birth control. But the only method handed down from ages past is self-control or *Brahmacharya.* It is an infallible sovereign remedy doing good to those who practise it. And medical men will earn the gratitude of mankind, if, instead of devising artificial means of birth control, they will find out the means of self-control. The union is meant not for pleasure but for bringing forth progeny. And union is a crime when the desire for progeny is absent.

Artificial methods are like putting a premium upon vice. They make man and woman reckless. And respectability that is being given to the methods must hasten the dissolution of the restraints that public opinion puts upon one. Adoption of artificial methods must result in imbecility and nervous prostration. The remedy will be found to be worse than the disease. It is wrong and immoral to seek to escape the consequences of one's acts. It is good for a person who over-eats to have an ache and a fast. It is bad for him to indulge his appetite and then escape the consequence by taking tonics or other medicine. It is still worse for a person to indulge in his animal passions and escape the consequences of his acts. Nature is relentless and will have full revenge for any such violation of her laws. *(Gandhi)*

BITTERNESS

The soreness which may not pass the lips is felt the more keenly within. *(Tagore)*

BLAME

Let not the sword-blade mock its handle for being blunt.

Do not blame your food because you have no appetite. *(Tagore)*

BLESSINGS

With blessing everything is possible. (*Tagore*)

BLUNDER

After it had once been committed there was no way back. (*Tagore*)

BOASTING

Those who boast are seldom the great. (*Nehru*)

Boasting is only a masked shame, it does not truly believe in itself. (*Tagore*)

BONDAGE

Alas, that fetters should beguile you, seeming ornaments; alas, that death should bewitch you, seeming beauty! (*Tagore*)

BOOKS

We read so many books now-a-days, most of them, I am afraid, rather silly books. In the old days people read few books, but they were good books, and they knew them well.

If a book is worth reading it is worth reading with some care and thoroughness.

One extravagance which I have kept up will be hard to give up, and this is the buying of books.

Books, for instance, not newspapers so much, would obviously have a greater and deeper influence on those individuals who can take advantage of them. The cinema will not have that effect on them, nor the newspapers. In that sense, book reading is an influence powerful in its quality, provided one knew how to read and what to read. But quantitatively the number of book-readers in India is pitifully and woefully small. It makes me sad to think what a small number of people in India read books, judging from sales. (*Nehru*)

BOOKS AND BEAUTY

The evening was lonely for me, and I was reading a book till my heart became dry, and it seemed to me that beauty was a thing fashioned by the traders in words. Tired, I shut the book and snuffed the candle. In a moment the room was flooded with moonlight.

Spirit of Beauty, how could you, whose radiance overbrims the sky, stand hidden behind a candle's tiny flame ? How could a few vain words from a book rise like a mist, and veil her whose voice has hushed the heart of earth into ineffable calm ? (*Tagore*)

BORROWING

It is folly to borrow when there is no prospect of or ability to pay back. (*Nehru*)

BOYHOOD

In this world of human affairs there is no worse nuisance than a boy at the age of fourteen. He is neither ornamental nor useful. It is impossible to shower affection on him as on a little boy ; and he is always getting in the way. If he talks with a childish lisp he is called a baby, and if he answers in a grown-up way he is called impertinent. In fact any talk at all from him is resented. Then he is at the unattractive, growing age. He grows out of his clothes with indecent haste; his voice grows hoarse and breaks and quavers; his face grows suddenly angular and unsightly. It is easy to excuse the short-comings of early childhood, but it is hard to tolerate even unavoidable lapses in a boy of fourteen. The lad himself becomes painfully self-conscious. When he talks with elderly people he is either unduly forward or else so unduly shy that he appears ashamed of his very existence.

Yet it is at this very age when in his heart of hearts a young lad most craves for recognition and love ; and he becomes the devoted slave of any one

who shows him considera
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BRAHMA

God of Creation, more terrible, far than
of Destruction ! (Tag reat

BRAHMACHARYA

With the gradual disappearance in me of the carnal appetite, my domestic life became, and is becoming, more and more peaceful, sweet and happy.

Brahmacharya is not mere mechanical celibacy ; it means complete control over all the senses and freedom from lust in thought, word and deed. As such it is the royal road to self-realization or attainment of *Brahman.*

The fact that the world rests on the observance, more or less, of *Brahmacharya* or restraint means that it is necessary and practicable.

A *Brahmachari* must needs control his palate. He must eat to live, and not for enjoyment. He must see only clean things and close his eyes before anything unclean. It is thus a sign of polite breeding to walk with one's eyes towards the ground and not wandering about from object to object. A *Brahmachari* will likewise hear nothing obscene or unclean, smell no strong, stimulating things.

Brahmacharya is to be observed in thought, word and deed. It is harmful to suppress the body if the mind is at the same time allowed to go astray.

BOOKS AND BEAUTY ahmacharya, fasting is as
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BOSummer months.

Brahmacharya means control of the senses in thought, word and deed.

The existence of God within makes even control of the mind possible. Let no one think that it is impossible because it is difficult.

It is the highest goal, and it is no wonder that the highest effort should be necessary to attain it.

Brahmachari means searcher after God, one who conducts himself so as to bring himself nearest to God in the least possible time. And all the great religions of the world, however much they may differ, are absolutely one on this fundamental thing that no man or woman with an impure heart can possibly appear before the Great White Throne.

(*Gandhi*)

BRAHMINS

Foreign critics are too often ready to misread the conservative spirit of India, putting it down as the trade artifice of an interested priestcraft. But they forget that there was no racial difference between *Brahmin* and *Kshatriya*. These merely represented two different natural functions of the body politic,

which, though from the outside presenting the appearance of antagonism, have as a matter of fact co-operated in the evolution of Indian History. Sowing seed in one's own land and reaping the harvest for distant markets are apparently contradictory. The seed-sowers naturally cling to the soil which they cultivate, while the distributors of the harvest develop a different mentality, being always on the move. The *Brahmins* were the guardians of the seed of culture in ancient India and the *Kshatriyas* strove to put into wide use the harvest of wisdom.

It is significant to note that the lives of great *Brahmins* of the olden times, like that of Yajnavalkya, have the association of intellectual profundity and spiritual achievement, while those of great *Kshatriyas* represent ethical magnanimity which has love for its guiding principle. It is also significant that the people of India, though entertaining deep veneration for the *Brahmin* sages, instinctively ascribe divine inspiration to the *Kshatriya* heroes who actively realized high moral ideals in their personalities.

The dust of a *Brahmin's* feet purifies a man!

A *Brahmin's* wrath could never be in vain.

(*Tagore*)

BREAD-LABOUR

There seems to be some confusion about the principle of bread-labour. It is never opposed to social service. Intelligent bread-labour is any day the highest form of social service. For what can be better than that a man should, by his personal labour, add to the useful wealth of the country? 'Being' is 'doing'.

The adjective 'intelligent' has been prefixed to 'labour' in order to show that labour to be social service must have that definite purpose behind it. Otherwise every labourer can be said to render social

service. He does in a way, but what is meant here is something much more than that. A person who labours for the general good of all serves society and is worthy of his hire. Therefore, such bread-labour is not different from social service. What the vast mass of mankind does for self or at best for family, a social servant does for general good. *(Gandhi)*

BREEZE

God's great power is in the gentle breeze, not in the storm. *(Tagore)*

BROAD-MINDEDNESS

Whatever we may do in our limited outlook and failings, we have had a type of philosophy which is a live and let-live philosophy of life. We have no particular desire to convert other people to any view or thought.

When we undertake a big work we have to do so with a large heart and a large mind. Small minds or small-minded nations cannot undertake big works. When we see big works our stature grows with them, and our minds open out a little. *(Nehru)*

BROTHER-IN-LAW

The ancient perscriptive right to be insulted, is the brother-in-law's. *(Tagore)*

BRUTALITY

Brutality degrades everybody. It degrades the sufferer ; it degrades also the person who makes others suffer. *(Nehru)*

They have a big beast inside them, that's why their heads are not lowered by the indignity of man, rather the inner brute's tail swells and wags with pride at man's downfall. *(Tagore)*

BRUTE FORCE

The wielder of brute force does not scruple about the means to be used.

I am more concerned in preventing the brutalization of human nature than in preventing the suffering of my own people.

In this age of the rule of brute force, it is almost impossible for any one to believe that any one else could possibly reject the law of the final supremacy of brute force. *(Gandhi)*

BUDDHA

Buddha came as a great popular reformer, and he attacked the priestly tyranny and all the evils which had crept into the old Vedic religion. He laid stress on people living a good life and performing good deeds, and not performing *pujas* and the like.

Buddha has always had a great appeal for me. It is difficult for me to analyze this appeal but it is not a religious appeal, and I am not interested in the dogmas that have grown up round Buddhism. It is the personality that has drawn me. So also the personality of Christ has attracted me greatly.

Buddha had the courage to attack popular religion, superstition, ceremonial and priestcraft, and all the vested interests that clung to them. He condemned also the metaphysical and theological outlook, miracles, revelation and dealings with the supernatural. His appeal was to logic, reason and experience ; his emphasis was on ethics, and his method was one of psychological analysis, a psychology without a soul. His whole approach comes like the breath of the fresh wind from the mountains after the stale air of metaphysical speculation.

Buddha gives no clear answer about the existence of the soul. He does not deny it and he does not affirm it.

Buddha's way was the Middle Path, between the extremes of self-indulgence and self-mortification.

The Buddha story attracted me even in early boyhood and I was drawn to the young Siddhartha who, after many inner struggles and pain and torment, was to develop into the Buddha.

The conception of the Buddha, to which innumerable loving hands have given shape in carven stone and marble and bronze, seems to symbolize the whole spirit of Indian thought, or at least one vital aspect of it. Seated on the lotus flower, calm and impassive, above passion and desire, beyond the storm and strife of this world, so far away he seems, out of reach, unattainable. Yet again we look and behind those still, unmoving features there is a passion and an emotion, strange and more powerful than the passions and emotions we have known. His eyes are closed, but some power of the spirit looks out of them and a vital energy fills the frame. The ages roll by and Buddha seems not so far away after all, his voice whispers in our ears and tells us not to run away from the struggle but calm-eyed, to face it, and to see in life ever greater opportunities for growth and advancement.

Personality counts to-day as ever, and a person who has impressed himself on the thought of mankind as Buddha has, so that even to-day there is something living and vibrant about the thought of him, must have been a wonderful man—a man who was, as Barth says, the 'finished model of calm and sweet majesty of infinite tenderness for all that breathes and compassion for all that suffers, of perfect moral freedom and exemption from every prejudice.' And the nation and the race which can produce such a magnificent type, must have deep reserves of wisdom and inner strength.

Buddha had repeatedly warned his people against learned controversy over metaphysical problems.

He emphasized the ethical aspects of life and evidently felt that these suffered and were neglected because of a pre-occupation with metaphysical subtleties. Early Buddhism reflected to some extent this philosophic and rational spirit of the Buddha, and its inquiries were based on experience. In the world of experience the concept of pure being could not be grasped and was, therefore, put aside; so also the idea of a Creator God, which was presumption not capable of logical proof.

Buddha had sown the seeds of revolt against the conventional practice of the religion of his day. So inevitably, Buddhism tended to break away from the old faith, and after Buddha's death, the breach widened.

Buddha had denied the moral value of austere asceticism. But the whole effect of his teaching was one of pessimism towards life. This was especially the Hinayana view and even more so that of Jainism. There was an emphasis on other worldliness, a desire for liberation, of freedom from the burdens of the world, sexual continence was encouraged and vegetarianism increased. All these ideas were present in India before the Buddha but the emphasis was different. The emphasis of the old Aryan ideal was on a full and all-rounded life. The student stage was one of continence and discipline, the house-holder participated fully in life's activities and took sex as part of them. Then came a gradual withdrawal and a greater concentration on public service and individual improvement. Only the last stage of life, when old age had come, was that of *sanyasa* or full withdrawal from life's normal work and attachments.

The bond of the Buddha and all that it stands for is a bond between India and Ceylon which nothing can break. Whenever one thinks of the Buddha, one inevitably thinks of his great teaching; and I often

feel that, perhaps, if we think more of that basic teaching of the avoidance of hatred and violence, we may be nearer the solution of our problems.

Let us remember the message of this greatest son of India whose light has illumined not only our country but the world for these thousands of years. That message was inscribed later by the great Ashoka on rock and stone which stand to-day to bear witness to the truth that has guided India through the ages. It is only by the recognition of this great truth that our country and the world will prosper. If the world denies and repudiates it and goes along its violent courses, it will perish.

I believe that it is essentially through the message of the Buddha that we can look at our problems in the right perspective, and draw back from conflict, and from competing with one another in the realm of conflict, violence and hatred. Every action has certain consequences. A good action has certain good consequences. An evil action has evil consequences. That I believe is as good a law of nature as any physical or chemical law. If that is so, hatred, which is evil, must have evil consequences. It can never bring good results. Violence which is evil, must have evil consequences and, indeed, leads to the growth of violence.

It seems to me that people in the Buddha's time were more advanced in tolerance and compassion than we are although they were not so advanced in technology and science. *(Nehru)*

BUDDHISM

It is my deliberate opinion that the essential part of the teachings of Buddha now forms an integral part of Hinduism. It is impossible for Hindu India to-day to retrace her steps and go behind the great reformation that Gautama effected in Hinduism. By his immense sacrifice, by his great renunciation

and by the immaculate purity of his life, he left an indelible impress upon Hinduism, and Hinduism owes an eternal debt of gratitude to that great teacher. And if you will also give me the permission to say so, I would venture to tell you that what Hinduism did not assimilate of what passes as Buddhism to-day was not an essential part of Buddha's life and his teaching. (*Gandhi*)

Buddhism to-day is the religion of the greatest number of people in the world. Other religions which have the largest number of followers are Christianity, Islam and Hinduism. There are, besides, the religions of the Hebrews, of the Sikhs, of the Parsis, and others.

Buddhism was a revolt against caste and priest-craft and ritualism. Gautama did not approve of image-worship. He did not claim to be a God to be worshipped. He was the enlightened one, the Buddha.

Buddhism declined in India. This decline was due, not so much to outside pressure on the part of the *Brahmins* or the Government of the day, as to the power of Hinduism to absorb it gradually.

I saw many Buddhist *Bhikkus* (monks) in their monasteries and on the highways, meeting with respect wherever they went. The dominant expression of almost all of them was one of peace and calm, a strange detachment from the cares of the world. They did not have intellectual faces, as a rule, and there was no trace of the fierce conflicts of the mind on their countenances. Life seemed to be for them a smooth-flowing river moving slowly to the great ocean.

It is one of the wonders of history how India succeeded in absorbing Buddhism without any physical conflict. Buddhism, which had spread throughout India and had made progress from

Western Asia right across Central Asia to the Far East, gradually faded out of the land of its birth. The man who is supposed to be largely responsible for this was Shankaracharya, who lived in the eighth century after Christ. This amazingly brilliant young man travelled all over India arguing, debating, convincing large audiences, and in a few years (he died at the age of 32) changed the mental atmosphere of the country. The appeal was to reason and logic, not to force.

Buddhism, in spite of its theoretical approach, or rather approaches, for there are several, as a matter of fact, avoids extremes : it is the doctrine of the golden mean, the Middle Path. Even the idea of *Nirvana* was very far from being a kind of nothingness, as it sometimes supposed to be ; it was a positive condition but because it was beyond the range of human thought, negative terms were used to describe it. If Buddhism, a typical product of Indian thought and culture had merely been a doctrine of life negation or denial, it would surely have had some such effect on the hundreds of millions who profess it. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Buddhist countries are full of evidence to the contrary, and the Chinese people are an outstanding example of what affirmation of life can be.

Both Jainism and Buddhism were breakaways from the Vedic religion and its offshoots, though in a sense they had grown out of it.

The pessimism of Buddhism did not fit in with my approach to life, nor did the tendency to walk away from life and its problems. I was, somewhere at the back of my mind, a pagan with a pagan's liking for the exuberance of life and nature, and not very much averse to the conflicts that life provides. All that I had experienced, all that I saw around me, painful and distressing as it was, had not dulled that instinct.

Buddhism spread rapidly in India from Kashmir to Ceylon. It penetrated into Nepal and later reached Tibet and China and Mongolia. In India one of the consequences of this was the growth of vegetarianism and abstention from alcoholic drinks. Till then both *Brahmins* and *Kshatriyas* often ate meat and took wine. Animal sacrifice was forbidden.

With the decline of early Buddhism, the Mahayana form developed, the other form being known as the Hinayana. It was in this Mahayana that Buddha was made into a god and devotion to him as a personal god developed. The Buddha image also appeared from the Grecian north-west. About the same time there was a revival of *Brahminism* in India and of Sanskrit scholarship. Between the Hinayana and the Mahayana there was bitter controversy and the debate and opposition to each other has continued throughout subsequent history. The Hinayana countries (Ceylon, Burma, Siam) even now rather look down upon the Buddhism that prevails in China and Japan, and I suppose this feeling is reciprocated.

Four definite schools of philosophy developed in Buddhism, two of these belonged to the Hinayana branch, and two to the Mahayana. All these Buddhist systems of philosophy have their origin in the Upanishads but they do not accept the authority of the Vedas. It is this denial of the Vedas that distinguishes them from the so-called Hindu systems of philosophy which developed about the same time.

There is nothing in Buddha's teachings that cannot be reconciled with the wide-flung range of Hindu thought.

Much of the ritualism and ceremonial associated with the *Vedic*, as well as more popular forms of religion, disappeared, particularly animal sacrifices. The idea of non-violence, already present in the Vedas and Upanishads, was emphasized by Buddhism

and even more so by Jainism. There was a new respect for life and a kindness to animals. And always behind all this was the endeavour to lead the good life, the higher life.

The caste system in the time of the Buddha was flexible and had not developed the rigidity of later periods. More importance was attached to capacity, character and occupation than to birth. Buddha himself often uses the term *Brahmin* as equivalent to an able, earnest and disciplined person.

It was through Buddhism that China and India came near each other and developed many contacts.

(*Nehru*)

Western scholars are never tired of insisting that Buddhism is of the nature of a moral code, coldly leading to the path of extinction. They forget that it was held to be a religion that roused in its devotees an inextinguishable fire of enthusiasm and carried them to life-long exile across the mountain and desert barriers. To say that a philosophy of suicide can keep kindled in human hearts for centuries such fervour of self-sacrifice is to go against all the laws of sane psychology. The religious enthusiasm which cannot be bound within any daily ritual, but overflows into adventures of love and beneficence, must have in its centre that element of personality which rouses the whole soul. In answer, it may possibly be said that this was due to the personality of Buddha himself. But that also is not quite true. The personality which stirs the human heart to its immense depths leading it to impossible deeds of heroism, must in that process itself reveal to men the infinite which is in all humanity. And that is what happened in Buddhism, making it a religion in the complete sense of the word.

Like the religion of the Upanishads, Buddhism also generated two divergent currents; the one impersonal, preaching the abnegation of self through

discipline, and the other personal, preaching the cultivation of sympathy for all creatures, and devotion to the infinite truth of love; the latter, which is called the Mahayana, had its origin in the positive element contained in Buddha's teachings, which is immeasurable love. It could never, by any logic, find its reality in the emptiness of the truthless abyss. And the object of Buddha's meditations and his teachings was to free humanity from sufferings. But what was the path that he revealed to us? Was it some negative way of evading pain and seeking security against it? On the contrary, his path was the path of sacrifice—the utmost sacrifice of love. The meaning of such sacrifice is to reach some ultimate truth, some positive ideal, which in its greatness can accept suffering and transmute it into the profound peace of self-renunciation. True emancipation from suffering, which is the inalienable condition of the limited life of the self, can never be attained by fleeing from it, but rather by changing its value in the realm of truth—the truth of the higher life of love. *(Tagore)*

BUREAUCRACY

An authoritarian system of government, and especially one that is foreign, must encourage a psychology of subservience and try to limit the mental outlook and horizon of the people. It must crush much that is finest in youth enterprise, spirit of adventure, originality, 'pep'—and encourage sneakishness, rigid conformity, and a desire to cringe and please the bosses. Such a system does not bring out the real service mentality, the devotion to public service or to ideals; it picks out the least public-spirited persons whose sole objective is to get on in life. *(Nehru)*

BUTTERFLY

Bees sip honey from flowers and hum their thanks when they leave.

The gaudy butterfly is sure that the flowers owe thanks to him. *(Tagore)*

CAPITALISM

The rich people to-day are those who have plenty of surplus, the poor have none at all. It is not so much because one person works more than another, but now-a-days a person who does not work at all gets the surplus, while the hard worker often gets no part of it. This seems a very silly arrangement. Many people think that it is because of this stupid arrangement that there are so many poor people in the world. *(Nehru)*

CASTE SYSTEM

Caste helped in the past in strengthening India's social system. But even so it had the seeds of decay in it. It was based on perpetuating inequality and injustice, and any such attempt was bound to fail in the end.

No sound and stable society can be built up on the basis of inequality and injustice, or on the exploitation of one class or group by another.

Out of the conflict and inter-action of races gradually rose the caste system, which, in the course of succeeding centuries, was going to affect Indian life so profoundly. Probably this was neither Aryan nor Dravidian. It was an attempt at the social organization of different races, a rationalization of the facts as they existed at the time. It brought degradation in its train afterwards, and it is still a burden and a curse. But we can hardly judge it from subsequent standards or later developments. It was in keeping with the spirit of the times and some such grading took place in most of the ancient civilizations, though apparently China was free from it.

Buddha did not attack caste directly, yet in his own order he did not recognize it, and there is no

doubt that his whole attitude and activity weakened the caste system.

It is curious and significant that throughout the long span of Indian history there have been repeated warnings given by great men against priestcraft and the rigidity of the caste system, and powerful movements have risen against them; yet slowly, imperceptibly, almost, it seems, as if it were the inevitable course of destiny, caste has grown and spread and seized every aspect of Indian life in its strangling grip.

In our own period numerous movements to break the tyranny of caste have risen among the middle-classes and they have made a difference, but not a vital one, so far as the masses were concerned.

But while we struggle with caste in India (which, in its origin, was based on colour), new and exclusive overbearing castes have arisen in the West with doctrines of racial exclusiveness, sometimes clothed in political and economic terms, and even speaking in the language of democracy.

The change that is taking place before our eyes is due essentially to basic economic changes which have shaken up the whole fabric of Indian society and are likely to upset it completely. Conditions of life have changed and thought-patterns are changing so much that it seems impossible for the caste system to endure. What will take its place is more than I can say, for something much more than the caste system is at stake. The conflict is between two approaches to the problem of social organization, which are diametrically opposed to each other; the old Hindu conception of the group being the basic unit of organization, and the excessive individualism of the West, emphasizing the individual above the group.

Caste has been essentially functional and similar to the medieval trade-guides of Europe.

The organization of society being, generally speaking, non-competitive and non-acquisitive, these divisions into caste did not make as much difference as they might otherwise have done. The *Brahmin* at the top, proud of his intellect and learning and respected by others, seldom had much in the way of worldly possessions. The merchant, prosperous and rich, had no very high standing in society as a whole. The vast majority of the population consisted of agriculturists. There was no landlord system.

In the context of society to-day, the caste system and much that goes with it are wholly incompatible, re-actionary, restrictive, and barriers to progress. There can be no equality in status and opportunity within its framework, nor can there be political democracy and much less economic democracy. Between these two conceptions conflict is inherent and only one of them can survive.

Caste is the symbol and embodiment of exclusiveness among the Hindus. It is sometimes said that the basic idea of caste might remain but its subsequent harmful development and ramifications should go ; that it should not depend on birth but on merit. This approach is irrelevant and merely confuses the issue. In a historical context a study of the growth of caste has some value, but we cannot obviously go back to the period when caste began ; in the social organization of to-day it has no place left.

Caste has in the past not only led to the suppression of certain groups but to a separation of theoretical and scholastic learning from craftsmanship and a divorce of philosophy from actual life and its problems. It was an aristocratic approach based on traditionalism. This outlook has to change completely for it is wholly opposed to modern conditions and the democratic ideal.

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We have a glorious past and our history goes back thousands of years; but our civilization had its evils also, the caste system not the least of them.

When the caste system came into being it may have been very good, but for the last few hundred years it has weakened us nationally and socially. It has divided us up into small groups. It has separated us into hierarchies of people, some calling themselves high caste and some middle caste and some low caste and some no caste at all. And so we have this inequality perpetuated, one group being exploited by another. I think, that was the main reason for India's weakness and India's downfall. (*Nehru*)

Is caste a thing of my own creation that I should not believe in it? Since I owe allegiance to society, I must respect caste also.

There is no caste in men's hearts—there God brings men together and there He Himself comes to them. Will it ever do to keep Him at a distance and leave the duty of uniting men to creeds and forms?

Aversion of man for man in our country is dividing and sub-dividing our people. Can we gain any consolation in such circumstances by trying to dwell on some imaginary 'real' thing?

The caste-idea is a collective idea in India. When we approach an Indian who is under the influence of this collective idea, he is no longer a pure individual with his conscience fully awake to the judging of the value of a human being. He is more or less a passive medium for giving expression to the sentiment of a whole community.

It is evident that the caste-idea is not creative; it is merely institutional. It adjusts human beings according to some mechanical arrangement. It emphasizes the negative side of the individual—his separateness. It hurts the complete truth in man.

Women alone can in a moment overstep the bounds of caste; when once the curtains of destiny are drawn aside, they all stand revealed in their queenliness.

When you hold a little child to your breast then you feel certain that no one is born into this world with caste.

Impartial vision was an intellectual achievement, —it had nothing to do with the heart. In it there was room for neither love nor hate, it transcended likes and dislikes. But man's heart can never find its rest in an abstraction so empty of the heart's requirements. So in spite of the existence of this philosophical equality in our country, we see that the low caste is not allowed entry even into God's temple. If equality be not observed even on God's own ground, what matters it whether its conception is to be found in our philosophy or not?

There's no harm in a cat sitting by and eating right beside you, but if certain men so much as enter the room, the food has to be thrown away! How can one not condemn the caste system which has resulted in this contempt and insult of man by man? If that is not unrighteous, I do not know what is. Those who can despise their fellow-men so terribly can never rise to greatness; for them, in turn, shall be reserved the contempt of others.

India offered one great solution to the social problem, namely the caste system—that solution is still being worked out before the eyes of all the world. Europe has not yet been able to give anything more satisfactory, for their society is one long struggle and wrangle. Human society is still waiting for the final success of the solution offered by India. (*Tagore*)

CAUSE

The cause is everything. Those even who are dearest to us must be shunted for the sake of the cause.

No cause can survive internal difficulties if they are indefinitely multiplied. Yet there can be no surrender in the matter of principles for the avoidance of splits. You cannot promote a cause when you are undermining it by surrendering its vital parts.

A cause has the best of success, when it is examined and followed on its own merits. Measures must always, in a progressive society, be held superior to men who are after all imperfect instruments working for their fulfilment. (*Gandhi*)

When a person is prepared to die for a cause, and indeed to glory in such a death, it is impossible to suppress him or the cause he represents.

Great causes and litttle men go ill together. (*Nehru*)

Men have always been fighting for a cause. (*Tagore*)

CAUTION

Nothing could be more cowardly than for us to remain unanxious and unwatchful. (*Tagore*)

CHALLENGE

It does not cost much courage to challenge. (*Tagore*)

CHANGE

Nothing in the world that is alive remains unchanging. All nature changes from day to day and minute to minute, only the dead stop growing and are quiescent. Fresh water runs on, and if you stop it, it becomes stagnant. So also is it with the life of man and the life of a nation.

The wheel of change moves on, and those who were down go up and those who were up go down.

Everything changes continually. What is history, indeed, but a record of change. And if there had

been very few changes in the past, there would have been little of history to write.

It is always difficult to make the root-and-branch changes. The people at the top profit by the existing system and shout a lot when change is proposed. But if the change is not made in time, it has a habit of coming without invitation and of upsetting the whole apple-cart.

An order that is doomed seldom sees the signs of the times, seldom realizes that it has fulfilled its purpose and its function, and should retire gracefully before all powerful events force it into undignified retreat, seldom understands the lesson of history, and seldom appreciates that the world is marching on, leaving it behind in the "dustbin of history", as somebody has said.

People who have interest in an existing order do not want change, and resist it with all their might. And yet progress or any betterment means such change; an institution or a method of government has to give place to a better one. Those who desire such progress must necessarily attack the old institution or the old custom, and thus their path leads to constant repudiation of existing conditions and conflict with those who profit by them.

Changes work consciously and unconsciously, but when the superior outside power dominates a certain situation, the various forces that are working inside the country are curbed by that power and they cannot easily find balance and adjustment between themselves.

There are many things in this world which we would like to change but we cannot shape the world to our will.

(*Nehru*)

Many changes come in our lives and we have to give up many things.

A few days' change of air is an excellent thing. Whether one goes up country or anywhere else—it's only for a few days that one gets any benefit. For the first week or so one's appetite improves and one eats heartily, but after that there's no difference.

Along with the changes of the ages some changes take place also in religion and society. (*Tagore*)

CHARACTER

All our learning or recitation of the Vedas, correct knowledge of Sanskrit, Latin, Greek and what not, will avail us nothing, if they do not enable us to cultivate absolute purity of heart. The end of all knowledge must be building up of character.

All your scholarship, all your study of Shakespeare and Wordsworth would be in vain, if at the same time you do not build your character, and attain mastery over your thoughts and actions. When you have attained self-mastery and learnt to control your passions, you will not utter notes of despair. You cannot give your hearts and profess poverty of action. To give one's heart is to give all. You must, to start with, have hearts to give. And this you can do if you will cultivate them.

A chivalrous boy would always keep his mind pure, his eyes straight, and his hands unpolluted. You do not need to go to any school to learn these fundamental maxims of life, and if you will have this triple character with you, you will build on a solid foundation.

A man of character will make himself worthy of any position he is given.

There are no two opinions about the fact that intellect rather than riches will lead. It might equally be admitted that the heart rather than the intellect will eventually lead. Character, not brain, will count at the crucial moment. (*Gandhi*)

Intellect without character is likely to be dangerous, but what is character without intellect? How, indeed, does character develop ? *(Nehru)*

CHARITY

The canal loves to think that rivers exist solely to supply it with water. *(Tagore)*

CHASTITY

Chastity is a wealth that comes from abundance of love. *(Tagore)*

CHILDREN

Children inherit the qualities of the parents no less than their physical features. Environment does play an important part, but the original capital on which a child starts in life is inherited from its ancestors. I have also seen children successfully surmounting the effects of an evil inheritance. That is due to purity being an inherent attribute of the soul.

We labour under a sort of superstition that the child has nothing to learn during the first five years of its life. On the contrary, the fact is that the child never learns in after-life what it does in first five years. The education of the child begins with conception.

One virtuous son is better than one hundred loafers. *(Gandhi)*

According to scientific tests it has been found that the average peasant child ranks higher in intelligence than the town child. This is probably due to their closer contact with nature.

An only son of prosperous parents is apt to be spoilt, especially so in India.

The vast army of children all over the world, outwardly different in many ways, speaking different languages, wearing different kinds of clothes and yet

so very like one another. If you bring them together, they play or quarrel but even their quarrelling is some kind of play. They do not think of differences amongst themselves, differences of class or caste or colour or status. They are wiser than their fathers and mothers. As they grow up, unfortunately, their natural wisdom is often eclipsed by the teaching and behaviour of their elders. At school they learn many things which are no doubt useful but they gradually forget that the essential thing is to be human and kind and playful and to make life richer for ourselves and others. *(Nehru)*

Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man.

Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children. *(Tagore)*

CHIVALRY

Both in the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata,* the wedding of the principal heroes is connected with the story of a preliminary trial. This is not a mere chance coincidence. It is the crystallization, in the memory of the race, of a great fact which had an epoch-making character. In both cases, it was the acknowledgement of a difficult ideal which involved the heroic responsibility of upholding it in the teeth of desperate opposition. In both cases the bride was not a mortal woman, but a great mission. The trial described in the *Mahabharata* is the piercing of a disc in the sky, difficult to discern, fixed in the centre of a revolving wheel, which has to be reached by concentrating one's attention on its shadow reflected in a vessel of water. This trial is obviously of a spiritual nature. The fixed centre of Truth in the heart of the revolving wheel of the World (*Samsara*) is reflected in the depth of our own being, which can

be reached by the one-pointed concentration of *Yoga*. Is not this the doctrine of the Gita in the language of a picture ? (*Tagore*)

CHRIST

Christ preached peace when he preached love, when he preached the oneness of the Father with the brothers who are many. And this was the truth of peace. Christ never held that peace was the best policy. For policy is not truth. (*Tagore*)

CHRISTIANITY

Christianity came to India long before it went to England or Western Europe, and when even in Rome it was a despised and proscribed sect. Within 100 years or so of the death of Jesus, Christian missionaries came to South India by sea. They were received courteously and permitted to preach their new faith. They converted a large number of people, and their descendants have lived there, with varying fortunes, to this day.

Few people realize that Christianity came to India as early as the first century after Christ, long before Europe turned to it, and established a firm hold in South India. Although these Christians have their religious head in Antioch or somewhere in Syria, their Christianity is practically indigenous and has few outside contacts.

Christianity came to India in the first century after Christ, long before Europe knew much about it, and found a welcome and a home. There was no opposition whatever. Even now there flourish in India many early Christian sects which were crushed out of existence in Europe. There are the Nestorians and various Syrian Christian sects. The Jews came to India also about eighteen hundred years ago or more, and were welcomed. They still carry on their community life and parts of an ancient city where they live are supposed to resemble old Jerusalem.

The Zoroastrians also came to India, driven out of Persia, and made their home here, and have flourished ever since.

Many of us are apt to forget that Christianity is one of the oldest of religions in India. It came to our country more than eighteen hundred years ago, long before it spread in Europe. Not being associated with political domination in any way, it found a welcome, as India has always welcomed religions and ideas from abroad, and it spread in South India.

Christianity is politically the dominant religion to-day, because it is the religion of the dominant peoples of Europe. But it is strange to think of the rebel Jesus preaching non-violence and *ahimsa* and a revolt against the social order, and then to compare him with his loud-voiced followers of to-day, with their imperialism and armaments and wars and worship of wealth. The Sermon on the Mount and modern European and American Christianity—how amazingly dissimilar they are ! It is not surprising that many people should think that Bapu is far nearer to Christ's teaching than most of his so-called followers in the West to-day.

Christianity did something also to preserve learning and art. Monasteries like the Buddhist Sangha were founded and spread rapidly. In these monasteries sometimes the old learning found a home.

To enjoy anything was almost a sin. This idea of suffering coloured the Christian mentality. There is not much of this in Europe to-day ; indeed, everybody there seems bent on rushing about madly and having what is called a good time. And the rushing about often ends in weariness and ennui and not in the good time.

Christian missions in India have undoubtedly done good work in many fields, notably in education, and we must be grateful to them. But they

have always worked with a political background that was unfavourable and, in the public eye, they have been allies of Imperialism. This has somewhat lessened their capacity for good work even in the constructive field, and the barriers that separated them from the mass of Indian humanity have remained.

If Christianity is to be a popular religion in India it must rest on the strength of its message and on the goodwill of the people. (*Nehru*)

CINEMA

We seem to pay too much attention to the cinema. It is undoubtedly an excellent medium for many good things but unfortunately it has not proved to be particularly inspiring. (*Nehru*)

CITIES

Cities and culture and civilization seem to go together.

With the growth of cities learning also grows and the spirit of freedom. Men living in rural areas are scattered and are often very superstitious. (*Nehru*)

CITIZENSHIP

Citizenship consists in the service of the country. (*Nehru*)

CIVILITY

Incivility should be answered not by incivility but by a dignified and calm endurance of all suffering in the name of God.

What is readily yielded to courtesy is never yielded to force.

Bluntness is better than put-up courtesy.

When restraint and courtesy are added to strength, the latter becomes irresistible. (*Gandhi*)

CIVILIZATION

Fine buildings, fine pictures and books and everything that is beautiful are certainly signs of civilization. But an even better sign is a fine man who is unselfish and works with others for the good of all. To work together is better than to work singly, and to work together for the common good is the best of all.

Civilization to-day, such as it is, is not the creation or the monopoly of one people or nation. It is a composite fabric to which all countries have contributed and then have adapted to suit their particular needs. And if India has a message to give to the world, as I hope she has, she has also to receive and learn much from the messages of other peoples.

Nowhere else, apart from India and China, has there been a real continuity of civilization. In spite of all the changes and battles and invasions, the thread of the ancient civilizations has continued to run on in both these countries.

Sometimes civilized people themselves act barbarously, and if this happens, civilization may destroy itself.

History has numerous instances of old and well-established civilizations fading away or being ended suddenly, and vigorous new cultures taking their place. Is it some vital energy, some inner source of strength that gives life to a civilization or a people, and without it all effort is ineffective, like the vain attempt of an aged person to play the part of a youth ?

Civilizations, like empires, fall, not so much because of the strength of the enemy outside, as through the weakness and decay within.

A civilization decays much more from inner failure than from an external attack. It may fail

because in a sense it has worked itself out and has nothing more to offer in a changing world, or because the people who represent it deteriorate in quality and can no longer support the burden worthily.

—Civilization is the product of the human mind.

If the world suffers from mental deterioration or from moral degradation, then something goes wrong at the very root of civilization or culture. Even though that civilization may drag out for a considerable period, it grows less and less vital and ultimately tumbles down. (*Nehru*)

It is difficult to find a suitable Bengali equivalent for the English word 'civilization'. That phase of civilization with which we were familiar in this country has been called by Manu *Sad-achar* (lit. proper conduct), that is, the conduct prescribed by the tradition of the race. Narrow in themselves these time-honoured social conventions originated and held good in a circumscribed geographical area, in that strip of land, Brahmavarta by name, bound on either side by the rivers Saraswati and Dirsadvati. That is how a pharisaic formalism gradually got the upper hand of free thought and the ideal of 'proper conduct' which Manu found established in Brahmavarta steadily degenerated into socialized tyranny.

As I look around I see the crumbling ruins of a proud civilization strewn like a vast heap of futility. And yet I shall not commit the grievous sin of losing faith in Man. I would rather look forward to the opening of a new chapter in his history after the cataclysm is over and the atmosphere rendered clean with the spirit of service and sacrifice. Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon, from the East where the sun rises. A day will come when unvanquished Man will retrace his path of conquest, despite all barriers, to win back his lost human heritage.

It is the mission of civilization to bring unity among people and establish peace and harmony.

(*Tagore*)

CIVIL LIBERTY

Civil liberty is not merely for us an airy doctrine or a pious wish, but something which we consider essential for the orderly development and progress of a nation. It is the civilized approach to a problem about which people differ, the non-violent way of dealing with it. To crush a contrary opinion forcibly and allow it no expression, because we dislike it, is essentially of the same genus as cracking the skull of an opponent because we disapprove of him. It does not even possess the virtue of success. The man with the cracked skull might collapse and die, but the suppressed opinion or idea has no such sudden end and it survives and prospers the more it is sought to be crushed with force. History is full of such examples. Long experience has taught us that it is dangerous in the interest of truth to suppress opinions and ideas ; it has further taught us that it is foolish to imagine that we can do so. It is far easier to meet an evil in the open and to defeat it in fair combat in people's minds, than to drive it underground and have no hold on it or proper approach to it. Evil flourishes far more in the shadows than in the light of day.

The full establishment of civil liberties is an essential preliminary to any progress. (*Nehru*)

CIVIL WAR

War at any time is a terrible affair, but civil war is often more horrible still. (*Nehru*)

CLEANLINESS

The idea of ceremonial purity has been extraordinarily strong among the Hindus. This has led to one good consequence and many bad ones. The good one is bodily cleanliness. A daily bath has

always been an essential feature of a Hindu's life, including most of the depressed classes. It was from India that this habit spread to England and elsewhere. The average Hindu, and even the poorest peasant, takes some pride in his shining pots and pans. This sense of cleanliness is not scientific and the man who bathes twice a day will unhesitatingly drink water that is unclean and full of germs.

The evil consequence of ceremonial purity was a growth of exclusiveness, touch-me-notism, and of not eating and drinking with people of other castes. This grew to fantastic lengths unknown in any other part of the world. It led also to certain classes being considered untouchable because they had the misfortune to do some kinds of essential work which were considered unclean. (*Nehru*)

CLIMATE

People's complexions are the result of the climate they live in. They have nothing to do with the worthiness or goodness or beauty of a person. A white person living long in a hot country will get dark unless of course he hides himself from the sun and the heat behind *tattis* and under fans.

Climate is the chief cause of colour and complexion. Of course, it may be that some people, even though they may live in a hot country, do not work in the open and are rich enough to live in big houses and take care of themselves and their complexion. A rich family may live like this for generations and may thus not be affected by the climate very much. (*Nehru*)

CO-EXISTENCE

Once you recognize, as I believe it is recognized the world over, that war is no solution, and that the two major protagonists are too powerful to be dismissed one by the other, then you have to co-exist, you have to understand, you have to be

restrained and you have to deal with each other. If you reject co-existence the alternative is war and mutual destruction. (*Nehru*)

COMMUNISM

It is admittedly framed to keep all power in the hands of the workers, and to give no quarter to capitalism or to those who want to bring back capitalism.

Communism is the outcome of widespread misery due to social conditions, and unless these conditions are improved, mere repression can be no remedy.

The conviction of the Communist that he represents the interests of the future of humanity can only be compared with the faith and zeal of a religious enthusiast. (*Nehru*)

COMMUNITIES

When individual communities, who come to dwell in the same neighbourhood, differ from each other in race and culture the first attempts at unity become too obviously mechanical in their classified compartments. Some system of adjustment is needed in all kinds of society, but in order that a system should be successful it must completely submit itself to the principle of life and become the organ for the vital functions. (*Tagore*)

COMPANIONSHIP

Let us suppose that the Man from the Moon comes to the earth and listens to some music in a gramophone. He seeks for the origin of the delight produced in his mind. The facts before him are a cabinet made of wood and a revolving disc producing sound; but the one thing which is neither seen nor can be explained is the truth of the music, which his personality must immediately acknowledge as a personal message. It is neither in the wood nor in the sound of the notes. If the Man from the Moon

be a poet, as can reasonably be supposed, he will write about a fairy imprisoned in that box, who sits spinning fabrics of songs expressing her cry for a far away magic casement opening on the foam of some perilous sea, in a fairyland forlorn. It will not be literally, but essentially true. The facts of the gramophone make us aware of the laws of sound but the music gives us personal companionship.

The bare facts about April are alternate sunshine and showers; but the subtle blending of shadows and lights, of murmurs and movements, in April, gives us not mere shocks of sensation, but unity of joy as does music. Therefore when a poet sees the vision of a girl in April, even a downright materialist is in sympathy with him. But we know that the same individual would be menacingly angry if the law of heredity or a geometrical problem were described as a girl or a rose—or even as a cat or a camel. For these intellectual abstractions have no magical touch for our lute strings of imagination. They are no dreams, as are the harmony of bird-songs, rainwashed leaves glistening in the sun, and pale clouds floating in the blue.

The ultimate truth of our personality is that we are no mere biologists or geometricians; we are the dreamers of dreams, "we are the music-makers." This dreaming or music-making is not a function of the lotus-eaters, it is the creative impulse which makes songs not only with words and tunes, lines and colours, but with stones and metals, with ideas and men.

How terribly alone is he, who misses companionship in midst of the multitudinousness of love.

(Tagore)

COMPROMISE

Life is always forcing us to compromise.

You cannot do without compromises, but a compromise is a bad compromise if it is opportunist

in the sense that it is not always aiming at the truth. It may be a good compromise if it is always looking at that truth and trying to take you there.

Even when one compromises, one should never compromise in regard to the basic truth. One may limit the application of it, remembering always the basic way, the basic objective and where the aim lies. If we always remember the basic objective, and always aim that way, it may be permissible, as a next step, to say something much less than that which people understand. But if we forget the basic objective, then the small step may lead us astray. (*Nehru*)

CONCEIT

Conceit, like fat on the human body, grows imperceptibly, layer upon layer, and the person whom it affects is unconscious of the daily accretion. Fortunately the hard knocks of a mad world tone it down or even squash it completely, and there has been no lack of these hard knocks for us in India during recent years. The school of life has been a difficult one for us, and suffering is a hard task-master. (*Nehru*)

When Providence wishes to destroy the small, it does so by putting big words into their little mouths. (*Tagore*)

CONDEMNATION

We are all, I am afraid, in the habit of considering ourselves or our friends as angels and others the reverse of angels. We are all apt to think that we stand for the forces of progress and democracy and others do not, I must confess that in spite of my own pride in India and her people. I have grown more humble about talking in terms of our being in the vanguard of progress of democracy.

For my part I am a little chary now of condemning this or that person or this or that nation, because

the hands of no individual or nation are clean in such matters. And there is far too much of the habit of condemning other nations as the wrong-doers or the war-mongers, and yet doing exactly the same thing oneself. (*Nehru*)

CONFESSION

A clean confession combined with a promise never to commit the sin again, when offered before one who has the right to receive it, is the purest type of repentance.

There could not be a cleansing without a clean confession. (*Gandhi*)

CONFIDENCE

That man who has inspired confidence in another has never lost anything in this world. (*Gandhi*)

Is it quite wise to be confident ? (*Tagore*)

CONFLAGRATION

A mighty forest only smokes and smoulders before it bursts into a conflagration. (*Tagore*)

CONFLICT

Where two "supremes" meet there is bound to be trouble.

I do not think it is possible to charm away the conflicts merely by friendly contacts between well-intentioned persons.

Conflict is undesirable but obviously conflict cannot be avoided at all costs, for sometimes such avoidance itself is a more costly and harmful affair. (*Nehru*)

CONSCIENCE

I simply want to please my own conscience, which is God.

In matters of conscience, the law of majority has no place.

There is a higher court than courts of justice and that is the court of conscience. It supersedes all other courts.

The human voice can never reach the distance that is covered by the still small voice of conscience.

The only tyrant I accept in this world is the still voice within. (*Gandhi*)

It is easy enough to reconcile one's conscience to any step that one desires to take. (*Nehru*)

Obey your own conscience !

If you put the blame on the outside elements they cannot defend themselves, but the real reason is known to the inner conscience.

Only one's own conscience can tell who is advancing and who is backsliding. We often needlessly exercise ourselves, misjudging things from the outside.

Those whom a sudden gust of passion brings down to the dust can rise up again with a new strong impulse of goodness. But those who, day by day, become dried up in the very fibre of their moral being ; those who by some outer parasitic growth choke the inner life by slow degrees,—such men reach one day a deadness which knows no healing. (*Tagore*)

CONSISTENCY

Constant development is the law of life, and a man who always tries to maintain his dogmas in order to appear consistent drives himself into a false position.

There is a consistency that is wise and a consistency that is foolish. A man who, in order to be consistent, would go barebodied in the hot sun of

India and sunless Norway in midwinter would be considered a fool and would lose his life in the bargain.

Change is a condition of progress. An honest man cannot afford to observe mechanical consistency when the mind revolts against anything as an error.

(*Gandhi*)

CONSTITUTION

A Constitution if it is out of touch with the people's life, aims and aspirations, becomes rather empty; if it falls below those aims, it drags the people down. It should be something higher to keep people's eyes and minds up to a certain high mark.

A Constitution to be living must be growing, must be adaptable, must be flexible, must be changeable. And if there is one thing which the history of political developments has pointed out, it is this.

(*Nehru*)

CONTENTMENT

Man falls from the pursuit of the ideal of plain living and high thinking the moment he wants to multiply his daily wants. History gives ample proof of this. Man's happiness really lies in contentment.

He who is discontented, however much he possesses, becomes a slave to his desires. All the sages have declared, from the housetops, that man can be his own worst enemy as well as his best friend. To be free or to be a slave lies in his own hands.

(*Gandhi*)

The wise man is content with half a loaf, or any fraction for that matter, rather than no bread.

When loss and gain are alike to one that is real gain.

(*Tagore*)

CONVENTIONS

When one does unconventional things, even in supposed privacy, then people take notice. Observe the ordinary conventions and no one will waste a glance on you.

So long as one keeps oneself within the limits of convention no occasion for remark arises. Personally, I'm quite content to tread the same path as other people. Once you overstep the boundaries, a crowd collects. Whether it scoffs or prays is immaterial. Life in the middle of a crowd would be insupportable! Their society is altogether closed, but there are thousands of ways out. (*Tagore*)

CONVERSION

Cases of real honest conversion are quite possible. If some people, for their inward satisfaction and growth, change their religion, let them do so. I am, then, not against conversion. But I am against the modern methods of it. Conversion, now-a-days, has become a matter of business, like any other.

Conversion in self-purification, self-realization, is the crying need of the times.

Surely conversion is a matter between man and his Maker who alone knows His creatures' hearts.

Conversion without a clean heart is, in my opinion, a denial of God and religion.

Conversion without cleanliness of heart can only be a matter for sorrow, not joy to a godly person.

Conversion, without conviction, is a mere change and not conversion which is a revolution in one's life. (*Gandhi*)

There is a natural law of protection, and he who forsakes that law of nature is naturally forsaken by all. The Hindu Society insults and abandons men,

and for that reason now-a-days it is becoming increasingly difficult to preserve our self-respect. In these days it is no longer possible to shelter ourselves behind a screen—the roads of the world are open in all directions, and people from all sides are invading our society—it is no longer possible, by raising walls, and building dams with codes of laws and scriptures, to cut ourselves off from all connections with everyone else. If the Hindu Society does not at once arouse all its accumulated forces, and gives free scope to this wasting disease, then this unobstructed connection with the outside world will deal it a deadly blow.

It takes time to realize when a Society is suffering loss. In olden times the back entrances to the Hindu Society were left open, and it used to be considered one of the glories of this country that one of non-Aryan nationality could become a Hindu. Even in the time of the Mohammedans the influence of Hindu *rajas* and *zamindars* could be felt everywhere, and for that reason there was no limit to the obstacles and punishments placed in the way of those who wanted to come out of the Hindu Society. Now that the English, by their laws, protect every one there is not the same facility for forcibly closing the outlets of society by artificial means—that is why for some time past Hindus have been on the decrease in India and Mohammedans on the increase. If things go on like this, gradually the Mussalmans will predominate, and it will be wrong to call this country Hindustan.

The portal of the Mussalman Society stands open for all to enter—the Christian Society also welcomes all. Even in the different branches of Christianity the same rule holds good. If I want to become English that is not absolutely impossible for me—if I live in England long enough and follow their customs, then I can be included in the English Society—it is not even necessary for me to become

a Christian. It is easy enough to know how to enter a maze, but it is not so easy to know the way out. Now for a Hindu it is just the opposite. (*Tagore*)

CONVICTION

One needs to be slow to form convictions, but once formed they must be defended against the heaviest odds. (*Gandhi*)

We can be staunch in our own convictions, but we have no control over those of others. (*Tagore*)

CORRESPONDENCE

It is curious that the letters we desire to write most should often get delayed. The casual note, the routine letter is sent off and yet the letter which we are thinking of most remains unwritten. (*Nehru*)

COURAGE

Boldness has no veil, but is naked as fire. One finds no time to stop it : it is like trying to resist a thunderbolt : the lightning flashes : it laughs at all resistance.

Bravery ceases to be bravery at a certain point, and becomes mere foolhardiness.

Those in this world who have the courage to try and solve in their own lives new problems of life are the ones who raise society to greatness ! Those who merely live according to rule do not advance society, they only carry it along.

Give me the supreme courage of love, this is my prayer—the courage to speak, to do, to suffer at Thy will, to leave all things or be left alone. Strengthen me on errands of danger, honour me with pain, and help me climb to that difficult mood which sacrifices daily to Thee.

Give me the supreme confidence of love, this is my prayer—the confidence that belongs to life in

death, to victory in defeat, to the power hidden in frailest beauty, to that dignity in pain which accepts hurt but disdains to return it. (*Tagore*)

COURTESY

How beautiful is humble courtesy !

The disadvantage of politeness is that it is not intelligible to all classes of people.

Civility is beauty of behaviour. It requires for its perfection patience, self-control, and an environment of leisure. For genuine courtesy is a creation like pictures, like music. It is a harmonious blending of voice, gesture and movement, words and action, in which generosity of conduct is expressed. It reveals the man himself and has no ulterior purpose. (*Tagore*)

COW

Cow-protection is the dearest possession of Hindu heart. It is the one concrete belief common to all Hindus. No one who does not believe in cow-protection, can possibly be a Hindu. It is a noble belief. Cow-protection means brotherhood between man and beast. It is a noble sentiment that must grow by patient toil and *tapasya*. *Rishis* of old are said to have performed penance for the sake of the cow. Let us follow in the footsteps of the *Rishis*, and ourselves do a penance, so that we may be pure enough to protect the cow and all that the doctrine means and implies.

Cow-protection is the gift of Hinduism to the world.

The cow is an object of worship and veneration to millions in India. I count myself among them. (*Gandhi*)

COWARDICE

Cowards can never be moral.

Bullies are always to be found where there are cowards.

Fear has its use but cowardice has none. (*Gandhi*)

CREATION

Creation is the sign of life, not repetition and imitation. (*Nehru*)

Our own creation often proves our ruin and destruction.

Man despises the broken pot of his own creation more than the withered leaf fallen from the tree.

I am not merely what I want, what I think,—I am also what I do not love, what I do *not* wish to be. My creation had begun before I was born. I had no choice in regard to my surroundings and so must make the best of such material as comes to my hand.

We realize that Creation is the perpetual harmony between the infinite ideal of perfection and the eternal continuity of its realization ; that so long as there is no absolute separation between the positive ideal and the material obstacle to its attainment, we need not be afraid of suffering and loss. This is the poet's religion.

God never under any conditions binds His creation with fetters ; He awakens it through constant changes to ever new life.

God finds Himself by creating.

The mystery of creation is like the darkness of night—it is great. Delusions of knowledge are like the fog of the morning.

There are rifts in the armour through which something peeps out which is extremely soft and sensitive. The best part of myself was created before I came to this stage of existence.

God can create new things, but has even He the power to create afresh that which has been destroyed ?

When once we perceive the unity of the scheme of that creation which is going on in us, we realize our relation to the ever-unfolding Universe. We realize that we are in the process of being created in the same way as are the glowing heavenly orbs which revolve in their courses,—our desires, our sufferings, all finding their proper place within the whole.

(Tagore)

CREED

Are creeds such simple things like the clothes which a man can change at will and put on at will ? Creeds are such for which people live for ages and ages.

When anything assumes the strength of a creed, it becomes self-sustained and derives the needed support from within. *(Gandhi)*

Attempt to adhere rigidly to an outworn creed may take us off at a tangent from this curve of life and lead us to disaster. *(Nehru)*

Creeds and rites have no value in themselves ; that human welfare is the one object towards which religious enthusiasm has to be directed. *(Tagore)*

CRIME

All crime is a kind of disease and should be treated as such. *(Gandhi)*

Ignorant people imagine that if the punishment is not severe enough crimes will increase. As a matter of fact, the exact reverse is the truth.

If people starve, what are they to do ? Judges and magistrates wax eloquent about the increase of crime ; but are blind to the obvious economic causes of it. *(Nehru)*

CRISIS

Crises and deadlocks when they occur have at least this advantage, that they force us to think.

Every little thing counts in a crisis. (*Nehru*)

CRITICISM

Criticism of public men is a welcome sign of public awakening. It keeps workers on the alert.

Healthy, well-informed, balanced criticism is the ozone of public life. A most democratic minister is likely to go wrong without ceaseless watch from the public.

Throughout my life I have gained more from my critic friends than from my admirers, especially when the criticism was made in courteous and friendly language.

It is good to see ourselves as others see us. Try as we may, we are never able to know ourselves fully as we are, especially the evil side of us. This we can do only if we are not angry with our critics; but, will take, in good heart, whatever they might have to say.

Do not judge others. Be your own judge and you will be truly happy. If you will try to judge others, you are likely to burn your fingers. (*Gandhi*)

It is easy to criticize and blame others, and the temptation is almost irresistible to find some excuse for the failure of one's plans.

It is very unfortunate that foolish and ill-informed criticisms of a personal nature are made, because they divert attention from the real issues.

I think it is right that we should encourage honest criticism, and have as much public discussion of our problems as possible.

No one, however great he may be, should be above criticism. But when criticism becomes a mere

refuge for inaction there is something wrong with it. (*Nehru*)

CRITICS

As acidity is characteristic of the unripe mango so is abuse of the immature critic. When other powers are lacking, the power of pricking seems to be at its sharpest. (*Tagore*)

CROWD

Man goes into the noisy crowd to drown his own clamour of silence.

The road is lonely in its crowd, for it is not loved. (*Tagore*)

CROWD PSYCHOLOGY

Crowd psychology is a blind force. Like steam and other physical forces, it can be utilized for creating a tremendous amount of power. And therefore, rulers of men, who, out of greed and fear, are bent upon turning their peoples into machines of power, try to train this crowd psychology for their special purposes. They hold it to be their duty to foster in the popular mind universal panic, unreasoning pride in their own race, and hatred of others. Newspapers, school-books, and even religious services are made use of for this object ; and those who have the courage to express their disapprobation of this blind and impious cult are either punished in the law-courts, or are socially ostracized. The individual thinks, even when he feels ; but the same individual, when he feels with the crowd does not reason at all. His moral sense becomes blurred. This suppression of higher humanity in crowd minds is productive of enormous strength. For the crowd mind is essentially primitive ; its forces are elemental. Therefore the Nation is for ever watching to take advantage of this enormous power of darkness.

(*Tagore*)

CRUELTY

No cruelty can be uglier in its ferocity than the cruelty of the coward. The people who have sacrificed their souls to the passion of profit-making and the drunkenness of power are constantly pursued by phantoms of panic and suspicion, and therefore they are ruthless even where they are least afraid of mischances. They become morally incapable of allowing freedom to others, and in their eagerness to curry favour with the powerful they not only connive at the injustice done by their own partners in political gambling, but participate in it. A perpetual anxiety for the protection of their gains at any cost strikes at the love of freedom and justice, until at length they are ready to forgo liberty for themselves and for others.

Cruelty is the inherent force of existence,—the cruelty which with its unrelenting might keeps the world beautiful.

Kicks only raise dust and not crops from the earth. *(Tagore)*

CULTURE

A nation's culture resides in the hearts and in the soul of its people.

No culture can live, if it attempts to be exclusive.

Culture of the mind must be subservient to the heart. *(Gandhi)*

Culture and civilization are difficult to define, and I shall not try to define them. But among the many things that culture includes are certainly restraint over oneself and consideration for others. If a person has not got this self-restraint and has no consideration for others, one can certainly say that he is uncultured.

Culture cannot be copied suddenly ; it has to take root. A backward nation merely aping advanced

nations changes the gold and silver of real culture into tinsel.

Does culture mean some inner growth in the man ? Of course, it must. Does it mean the way he behaves to others ? Certainly it must. Does it mean the capacity to understand the other person ? I suppose so. Does it mean the capacity to make yourself understood by the other person ? I suppose so. It means all that. A person who cannot understand another's viewpoint is to that extent limited in mind and culture, because nobody, perhaps, barring some very extra-ordinary human beings, can presume to have the fullest knowledge and wisdom. The other party or the other group may also have some inkling of knowledge or wisdom or truth, and if we shut our minds to that then we not only deprive ourselves of it but we cultivate an attitude of mind which, I would say, is opposed to that of a cultured man. The cultured mind, rooted in itself, should have its doors and windows open. It should have the capacity to understand the other's viewpoint fully even though it cannot always agree with it. The question of agreement or disagreement only arises when you understand a thing. Otherwise it is blind negation which is not a cultured approach to any question.

It is folly to talk of culture or even of God when human beings starve and die.

Culture is the widening of the mind and of the spirit.

We may talk a great deal about national culture, Muslim culture and Hindu culture ; but those who talk most often know least about it. *(Nehru)*

Communication of life can only be through a living agency. And culture, which is the life of mind, can only be imparted through man to man. Book learning, or scriptural texts, may merely make

us pedants. They are static and quantitative; they accumulate and are hoarded up under strict guards. Culture grows and moves and multiplies itself in life.

Man's intellect has a natural pride in its own aristocracy, which is the pride of its culture. Culture only acknowledges the excellence whose criticism is in its inner perfection, not in any external success. When this pride succumbs to some compulsion of necessity or lure of material advantage, it brings humiliation to the intellectual man. (*Tagore*)

CURE

A thorn can only be extracted if you know where it is. (*Tagore*)

CURSE

When a man fights the power of the gods, does he care for the curses of men?

Oh, the evil age, when the *Brahmin's* futile curse recoils upon himself, to sting him into madness! (*Tagore*)

CURSED SLEEP

He came and sat by my side but I woke not. What a cursed sleep it was, O miserable me!

He came when the night was still; he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alas, why are my nights all thus lost? Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep? (*Tagore*)

CUSTOM

We must gladly give up custom that is against reason, justice, and religion of the heart. We must not ignorantly cling to bad custom and part with it when we must, like a miser parting with his ill-gotten hoard out of pressure and expediency. (*Gandhi*)

The custom that comes through all ages is not the King's own. Like heaven's air, it belongs to all men. (*Tagore*)

DANCE OF LIFE

My night has passed on the bed of sorrow, and my eyes are tired. My heavy heart is not yet ready to meet morning with its crowded joys.

Draw a veil over this naked light, beckon aside from me this glaring flash and dance of life.

Let Thy mantle of tender darkness cover me in its folds, and cover my pain awhile from the pressure of the world. (*Tagore*)

DANCING-GIRLS

A dancing-girl has to dance, even in heaven itself.

The feet of a dancing-girl to tread the royal shrine—that I cannot bear. (*Tagore*)

DANGER

External danger can only be faced effectively when there is internal peace and order and an organized nation.

The person who runs away exposes himself to that very danger more than a person who sits quietly. (*Nehru*)

Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers but to be fearless in facing them.

Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain but for the heart to conquer it.

Let me not look for allies in life's battlefield but to my own strength.

Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved but hope for the patience to win my freedom.

Grant me that I may not be a coward, feeling your mercy in my success alone; but let me find the grasp of your hand in my failure. (*Tagore*)

DAUGHTER

A daughter is no dream—I am beginning to see that she is a very real object—one that you can't easily forget!

The immense burden that an unmarried daughter is in an Indian home, what a cause of intolerable anxiety she is to her guardians! (*Tagore*)

DEATH

Fear of death makes us devoid both of valour and religion. For, want of valour is want of religious faith.

Death, which is an eternal verity, is revolution, at birth and after is slow and steady evolution. Death is as necessary for man's growth as life itself.

Our scriptures tell us that childhood, old age and death are incidents only, to this perishable body of ours and that man's spirit is eternal and immortal. That being so, why should we fear death? And where there is no fear of death there can be no sorrow over it, either.

It is because we fear death so much for ourselves that we shed tears over the deaths of others.

To be afraid of death is like being afraid of discarding an old worn-out garment.

I have often thought of death and have the intellectual conviction, that it is sheer ignorance which makes us afraid of death. (*Gandhi*)

Wonderful is the courage that conquers death!

I am not enamoured of death, though I do not think it frightens me. I do not believe in the negation of or abstention from life.

Those who complain so bitterly of life have always a way out of it, if they so choose. That is always in our power to achieve. If we cannot master life we can at least master death. A pleasing thought lessening the feeling of helplessness.

It is better to die in war than through famine ; it is better to die than to live a miserable, hopeless life. Out of death, life is born afresh, and individuals and nations who do not know how to die, do not know also how to live. (*Nehru*)

The last freedom !

Sometimes the imminence of death provokes so desperate a reaction in the body that the life is saved.

Release me, I pray Thee, from these earthly ties !

The immovable world shall sway under oui feet, fire shall flash from our eyes, a storm shall roar in our ears, what is or is not in front shall become equally dim. And then with tottering footsteps we shall plunge to our death,—in a moment all fire will be extinguished, the ashes will be scattered, and nothing will remain behind.

✓ Death, beautiful alluring death !

When the funeral pyre has ceased to smoke, the huge complexity of worldly concern loses weight for a time, and the mourner feels relieved—almost like a child when school over, the door opens.

Who says that the world's ways are difficult ? Anyhow we reach the end,—the end where all laws and rules are no more, where the errors and hurts of life are forgotten, where is rest, eternal rest !

No lack of men to die if we have men to whip them up.

Possibly there is a beauty, like that of a sunset, in this lingering death in life which seems to fascinate.

In the twinkling of an eye, one is drawn away, irresistibly, from all light, all good, all freedom of the sky, all air that can be breathed,—from lifelong accumulations, from everyday cares—right to the bottom of dissolution.

Dust is no respecter of persons.

We have come to look upon life as a conflict with death—the intruding enemy, not the natural ending—in impotent quarrel with which we spend every stage of it. When the time comes for youth to depart, we would hold it back by main force. When the fervour of desire slackens, we would revive it with fresh fuel of our own devising. When our sense organs weaken, we urge them to keep up their efforts. Even when our grip has relaxed we are reluctant to give up possession. We are not trained to recognize the inevitable as natural, and so cannot give up gracefully that which has to go, but needs must wait till it is snatched from us. The truth comes as conqueror only because we have lost the art of receiving it as a guest.

If it is necessary to die in order to live like men, what harm in dying?

The dense, black, wild, roaring torrent of death!

Alas, the younger generation was unwilling to die according to ancient custom!

The light of a lamp losing itself in eternal darkness, and the going out of the light of our little human lives, by day or by night, were much the same thing.

Why should I die to enable others to reap the harvest?

If it gives you pleasure to say that one must die to live, well, say so by all means; but those who say that others must die that they themselves may live,—it's only they who are actually alive. You may cry

out that this shows a lack of humanity, but you forget, in your indignation, that this is what humanity itself happens to be. The tiger does not feed on the tiger, it's only man who fattens on his fellowman.

Death : where the changing mist of doubts will vanish at a breath, and the mountain peaks of eternal truth will appear.

This world is death spread out to eternity.—It dies every moment, yet never comes to the end.—And we, the creatures of this world, live by feeding upon death.

Why do you whisper so faintly in my ears, O Death, my Death ?

When the flowers droop in the evening and cattle come back to their stalls, you stealthily come to my side and speak words that I do not understand.

Is this how you must woo and win me with the opiate of drowsy murmur and cold kisses, O Death, my Death ?

Will there be no proud ceremony for our wedding ?

Will you not tie up with a wreath your tawny coiled locks ?

Is there none to carry your banner before you, and will not the night be on fire with your red torch-lights, O Death, my Death ?

Come with your conch-shells sounding, come in the sleepless night.

Dress me with a crimson mantle, grasp my hand and take me.

Let your chariot be ready at my door with your horses neighing impatiently.

Raise my veil and look at my face proudly, O Death, my Death ! (*Tagore*)

DECEIT

Have I not told you times without number that ultimately a deceiver only deceives himself ?

(*Gandhi*)

DEFEAT

Heroes are made in the hour of defeat. Success is, therefore, well described as a series of glorious defeats.

Defeat cannot dishearten me. It can only chasten me.

A soldier cannot plead difficulties in defence of his defeat. (*Gandhi*)

Those who are prepared to die for any cause are seldom defeated. (*Nehru*)

DEFECTS

If there be deformity then try and cure it from within, but see it with your own eyes, understand it, think over it, turn your face towards it, become one with it. You will never understand if you stand opposed and, imbued to the bone with Christian ideas, view it from outside. Then you will only try to wound and never be of any service. (*Tagore*)

DEFENCE

Why when a man is struck does he defend himself ? Because he has life. A stone can bear all sorts of blows quietly.

When the enemy attacks a fortress from all sides it shows no lack of a liberal mind to guard with your very life every road, lane, door, window, and even cracks leading into the fortress. (*Tagore*)

DEHUMANIZING

Take away man from his natural surroundings, from the fulness of his communal life, with all its

living associations of beauty and love and social obligations, and you will be able to turn him into so many fragments of a machine for the production of wealth on a gigantic scale. Turn a tree into a log and it will burn for you, but it will never bear living flowers and fruit. (*Tagore*)

DEITY

Deity of the ruined temple! The broken strings of *Vina* sing no more your praise. The bells in the evening proclaim not your time of worship. The air is still and silent about you.

In your desolate dwelling comes the vagrant spring breeze. It brings the tidings of flowers—the flowers that for your worship are offered no more.

Your worshipper of old wanders ever longing for favour still refused. In the eventide, when fires and shadows mingle with the gloom of dust, he wearily comes back to the ruined temple with hunger in his heart.

Many a festival day comes to you in silence, deity of the ruined temple. Many a night of worship goes away with lamp unlit.

Many new images are built by masters of cunning art and carried to the holy stream of oblivion when their time is come.

Only the deity of the ruined temple remains unworshipped in deathless neglect. (*Tagore*)

DEJECTION

There is a poem which confesses by its title its origin in a mood of dejection. Nobody can say that to a lucid mind the feeling of despondency has anything pleasantly memorable. Yet these verses are not allowed to be forgotten, because directly a poem is fashioned, it is eternally freed from its genesis, it minimizes its history and emphasizes its

independence. The sorrow which was solely personal in an emperor was liberated directly it took the form of verses in stone, it becomes a triumph of lament, an overflow of delight, hiding the black boulder of its suffering source. The same thing is true of all creation. A dewdrop is a perfect integrity that has no filial memory of its parentage.

(*Tagore*)

DELAYS

Sweet are the fruits of delay ! (*Tagore*)

DELUSIONS

Cannibalism is the best means of promoting true communion between man and man. But those who deal in delusion end by deluding themselves.

When the thirsty heart despairs of finding water it's easy enough for it to be deluded by a mirage, and driven in barren quest from desert to desert.

The silly stone,—deaf, dumb, blind,—the whole sorrowing world weeping at her door,—the noblest hearts wrecking themselves at her stony feet ! Give me back my Jaising ! Oh, it is all in vain. Our bitterest cries wander in emptiness,—the emptiness that we vainly try to fill with these stony images of delusion.

Our modern mind, a hasty tourist, in its rush over the miscellaneous, ransacks cheap markets of curios which mostly are delusions. This happens because its natural sensibility for simple aspects of existence is dulled by constant pre-occupations that divert it. The literature that it produces seems always to be poking her nose into out-of-the-way places for things and effects that are out of the common. She racks her resources in order to be striking. She elaborates inconstant changes in style, as in modern millinery ; and the product suggests more the polish of steel than the bloom of life.

When I thought I would mould you, an image from my life for men to worship, I brought my dust and desires and all my coloured delusions and dreams.

When I asked you to mould with my life an image from your heart for you to love, you brought your fire and force, and truth, loveliness and peace.

(*Tagore*)

DEMOCRACY

Democracy, if it means anything, means equality; not merely the equality of possessing a vote, but economic and social equality.

Democracy does not simply mean shouting loudly and persistently, though that might occasionally have some value. Freedom and democracy require responsibility and certain standards of behaviour and self-discipline.

Democracy requires obviously a higher standard among far more people than other forms of government. If they do not reach their standard it may be that their democratic apparatus may fail.

With all my admiration and love for democracy, I am not prepared to accept the statement that the largest number of people are always right.

Even democracy can go mad ; democracy can be incited to do wrong. Democracy, in fact, is sometimes more warlike than individuals who at least have some training.

Democracy has many virtues, but one of its concomitants is wastage of time and energy.

Parliamentary democracy demands many virtues. It demands, of course, ability. It demands a certain devotion to work. But it demands also a large measure of co-operation, of self-discipline, of restraint.

(*Nehru*)

DEPENDENCE

Those who lean too much on others tend to become weak and helpless themselves. (*Nehru*)

DESTINY

Though the law of causality, of cause and effect, functions, yet there is a measure of freedom to the individual to shape his own destiny. (*Nehru*)

DESTRUCTION

It is possible to make a garden into a wilderness quickly ; but it is not easy to re-convert the wilderness into a garden. (*Nehru*)

DETERMINATION

What faith can you place in a general or a soldier who lacks resolution and determination, and who says, "I shall keep guard as long as I can"?

One never can achieve anything lasting in this world by being irresolute.

Only he can take great resolves who has indomitable faith in God and has fear of God. (*Gandhi*)

DICTATORSHIP

The appetite for power of a dictator always grows with its use : it is never satisfied ; it cannot brook any opposition.

A dictator can be very thorough, especially if he happens to be popular. (*Nehru*)

DIFFERENCES

Honest differences are often a healthy sign of progress.

Even differences prove helpful, where there are tolerance, charity and truth.

It is not our differences that really matter. It is the meanness behind, that is ugly.

Our besetting sin is not difference, but our littleness. (*Gandhi*)

If love is unable to acknowledge differences, then why are there differences anywhere in this world ? (*Tagore*)

DIFFICULTIES

Life would be dull and colourless but for the obstacles that we have to overcome and the fights that we have to win.

Personal misfortune is of little account in this world of sorrow and strife, which demands from us all our strength in the struggles that convulse it. (*Nehru*)

DIPLOMACY

One thorn drives out another. (*Tagore*)

DISCIPLINE

If boys and girls do not learn discipline in their school-days, money and time spent on their education is so much national loss.

A disciplined army of a few hundred picked men has, time without number, routed countless undisciplined hordes.

A true soldier does not argue, as he marches, how success is going to be ultimately achieved. But he is confident that if he only plays his humble part well, somehow or other the battle will be won. It is in that spirit that every one of us should act.

There will have to be rigid and iron discipline before we achieve anything great and enduring, and that discipline will not come by mere academic argument and appeal to reason and logic.

Discipline is learnt in the school of adversity (*Gandhi*)

I am myself a believer in discipline. And yet I suppose there can be too much of discipline.

I like discipline in life, and dislike anarchy and disorder and inefficiency.

To be in good moral condition requires at least as much training as to be in good physical condition.

I react strongly against the idea of regimentation anywhere and much more so in a vast country like India, where there are so many different approaches, so many different aspects, to life. But I am also against the loose and incorrect behaviour of the people and their lack of discipline. This weakens us physically but, what is worse, weakens us psychologically, too.

You may define democracy in a hundred ways but surely one of its definitions is self-discipline of the community. The less the imposed discipline and the more the self-discipline, the higher is the development of democracy. (*Nehru*)

DISCOVERY OF INDIA

All my life I have been engaged in a quest—the discovery of my own country—India. During this life's journey of discovery, I have found much in my country that inspired me, much that interested me and much that made me understand a little of what India was and is to-day. And yet India, with the weight of ages behind her and with her urges and desires in the present, has only been partially discovered by me and I am continually finding out new facts of her many-sided personality that continually surprise me. (*Nehru*)

DISCRETION

Wrong is wrong only when you are at liberty to choose. (*Tagore*)

DISCUSSION

I have always thought that the best way to find out what is right and what is not right, what should

be done and what should not be done, is not to give a sermon, but to talk and discuss, and out of the discussion sometimes a little bit of the truth comes out. (*Nehru*)

Like a rudderless boat, the discussion kept turning round and round the same point.

It is a simple matter to warm up to a grim battle, but not to an easy, inconsequent talk.

Power of justifying any particular side in a discussion is no uncommon gift. (*Tagore*)

DISHONESTY

Leaving out the people who may not be up to the right standard in fair dealing and honesty, the real difficulty comes when honest people are in conflict. If they are completely honest, they hold different views and they come into conflict. Normally, people who are not honest sometimes make up their differences sooner, because they have nothing strong to hold on to. They are not used to any anchorage, they just float about, and so, under pressure of events, they come to terms. But honest people who hold opinions very stoutly do not come to terms, because they think that any other way is the wrong way. (*Nehru*)

DISTANCE

The thing which seems so glorious when viewed from the heights of the country's cause, looks so muddy when seen from the bottom. One begins by getting angry, and then feels disgusted. (*Tagore*)

DIVERSITY

If we recognize that this world is a diverse place and there iare diverse ways of living and functioning and thinking in it, then let us try to get rid of the evil in world and allow the variety of the world to continue. (*Nehru*)

DIVINE TOUCH

You have made me great with your love, though I am but one among the many, drifting in the common tide, rocking in the fluctuant favour of the world.

You have given me a seat where poets of all time bring their tribute, and lovers with deathless names greet one another across the ages.

Men hastily pass me in the market,—never noting how my body has grown precious with your caress, how I carry your kiss within, as the sun carries in its orb the fire of the divine touch and shines for ever. (*Tagore*)

DIVINITY

We are all tarred with the same brush, and are children of one and the same Creator, and as such the divine powers within us are infinite. To slight a single human being is to slight those divine powers, and thus to harm not only that being but with him the whole world.

The divine guidance often comes when the horizon is the blackest. (*Gandhi*)

If we can have our feet firmly planted on the soil and do not lose ourselves in imaginary vagaries and at the same time have some of that divine fire in us too, then, perhaps, we might be able to balance ourselves and develop some kind of an integrated life. (*Nehru*)

Do you imagine that divinity of the heart is a mere divinity of stone ?

Deity belongs to all, Hindu, Mussulman, Christian, and Brahmo alike—the doors to whose temple are never closed to any person of any caste whatever. (*Tagore*)

DIVORCE

Many people seem to imagine that by bringing in divorce you break up the system of marriage. I am absolutely convinced that by bringing in divorce you make for happier marriages, normally.

Divorce must not be looked upon as something which makes the custom of marriage fragile. I do not accept that. If that is so, I say that marriage itself has become a cloak. It is not a real marriage of the minds or bodies. If you compel and force people in this way, it will just be an enforced thing which has no value left in ethics and morality. Certainly stop them from acting rashly. Give them time. Make attempts to bring about a reconciliation. If all that fails, don't permit a state of affairs which, I think, is the essence of evil, which is bad for them, which is bad for the children, bad for everybody.

Divorce by mutual consent, subject to time, subject to re-conciliation, subject to all such approaches, so that nothing may be done in a hurry, is right and proper. It will produce a happier adjustment and a better relationship between the parties than would be produced if one party thinks that he can misbehave as much as he likes and nothing will happen. (*Nehru*)

DOCILITY

It is the docile who achieve the most impossible things in this world. (*Tagore*)

DOCTRINES

Hope of heaven is false. Vainly have I wandered in the wilderness of doctrines,— I never found peace. (*Tagore*)

DOCUMENTS

A deed or document is not finished with when it has merely been written. (*Tagore*)

DOMESTIC WORK

Housework displays feminine beauty in its most varied and alluring forms. (*Tagore*)

DOMINATION

It is a sign of laziness and impotency to accept conditions imposed upon us by others who have other ideals than ours. (*Tagore*)

DOUBT

Doubt is invariably the result of want or weakness of faith. (*Gandhi*)

The real difficulties seldom come from an external source. Real difficulties are those which arise in our own minds when we are in doubt ; they can also arise when we are not able to act in accordance with our conviction for some reason. Then there is difficulty and obstruction within ourselves and complexes arise. (*Nehru*)

If you once begin to be afraid of "but," you will hardly find a place in this world safe enough for you.

A hesitating perhaps !

Doubt is only the result of trying to see great things in too much detail,—to regard the broken branches and withered leaves as the ultimate nature of a tree is simply the result of intellectual impatience. (*Tagore*)

DOWRY

The parents should so educate their daughters that they would refuse to marry a young man who wanted a price for marrying and would rather remain spinsters than be a party to the degrading terms. The only honourable terms in marriage are mutual love and mutual consent. [(*Gandhi*)

DREAMS

I am a dreamer. I am, indeed, a practical dreamer. My dreams are not airy nothings. I want to convert my dreams into realities, as far as possible.

(*Gandhi*)

DRINKING

Nothing but ruin stares a nation in the face that is prey to the drink habit.

Drink is more a disease than a vice. I know scores of men who would gladly leave off drink if they could. Diseased persons have got to be helped against themselves. The drink curse has desolated many a labourer's home.

Only those women who have drunkards as their husbands know what havoc the drink devil works in homes that once were orderly and peace-loving.

(*Gandhi*)

Alcohol taken once has to be taken again to drown the regret.

Must you drink just because it's a holiday ?

Cup in hand, we forget that we are chained to our limits.

God in His mercy has everywhere provided a liberal allowance of drink. We men with our arms supply the output of our muscles, you women with yours supply the wine of embraces. In this world there is hunger to force us to work ; but there's also the green of the woods, the gold of the sun-shine to make us drunk with their holiday-call.

There's always an end to things of need, no doubt ; so we stop when we've had enough to eat. But we don't need drunkenness ; therefore there's no end to it.

Does not drunkenness, up to a point, give strength ?

(*Tagore*)

DUMBNESS

They who from birth have had no other speech than the trembling of their lips learn a language of the eyes, endless in expression, deep as the sea, clear as the heavens, wherein play dawn and sunset, light and shadow. The dumb have a lonely grandeur like Nature's own.

If she lacked speech, she did not lack a pair of large dark eyes, shaded with long lashes; and her lips trembled like a leaf in response to any thought that rose in her mind.

Nature fulfilled her want of speech, and spoke for her. The murmur of the brook, the voice of the village folk, the songs of the boatmen, the crying of the birds and rustle of trees mingled, and were one with the trembling of her heart. They became one vast wave of sound, which beat upon her restless soul. This murmur and movement of Nature were the dumb girl's language; that speech of the dark eyes, which the long lashes shaded, was the language of the world about her. From the trees, where the cicalas chirped, to the quiet stars there was nothing but signs and gestures, weeping and sighing. And in the deep mid-noon, when the boatmen and fisherfolk had gone to their dinner, when the villagers slept, and birds were still, when the ferry-boats were idle, when the great busy world paused in its toil, and became suddenly a lonely, awful giant, then beneath the vast impressive heavens there were only dumb Nature and a dumb girl, sitting very silent—one under the spreading sunlight, the other where a small tree cast its shadow. (*Tagore*)

DUTY

The never-ending cycle of duty and right goes ceaselessly on.

Duty will be merit when debt becomes a donation.

Performance of one's duty should be independent of public opinion. I have all along held that one is bound to act according to what to one appears to be right even though it may appear wrong to others. And experience has shown that that is the only correct course. I admit that there is always a possibility of one's mistaking right for wrong and *vice versa* but often one learns to recognize wrong only through unconscious error. On the other hand, if a man fails to follow the light within for fear of public opinion or any other similar reason, he would never be able to know right from wrong and in the end lose all sense of distinction between the two. (*Gandhi*)

Those who seek rights must share in the obligations also. Indeed, if the duties and obligations are accepted, then rights flow of themselves.

We talk of the rights of individuals and nations, but it must be remembered that every right carries an obligation with it. There has been far too much emphasis on rights and far too little on obligations; if obligations were undertaken, rights would naturally flow from them. (*Nehru*)

EAST

Looking towards the East, there is endless blue above, endless white beneath. Sky empty, earth empty too—the emptiness below hard and barren, that overhead arched and ethereal—one could hardly find elsewhere such a picture of stark desolation. (*Tagore*)

EAST AND WEST

I would heartily welcome the union of East and West provided it is not based on brute-force.

I do not hold for one moment that East and West cannot combine. I think the day is coming when East must meet West, or West meet East, but I think

the social evolution of the West to-day lies in one channel, and that of India in another channel.

(*Gandhi*)

I have become a queer mixture of the East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere.

I am a stranger and alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also, sometimes, I have an exile's feeling.

I do not believe that any profound difference exists between the Orient and the Occident.

I have always resisted this idea of dividing the world into the Orient and the Occident. I do not believe in such divisions. There have, of course, been differences in racial and national outlook and in ideals but to talk of the East and the West as such has little meaning. (*Nehru*)

The meeting of the East and the West has remained incomplete, because the occasions of it have not been disinterested. The political and commercial adventures carried on by Western races—very often by force and against the interest and wishes of the countries they have dealt with—have created a moral alienation, which is deeply injurious to both parties. The perils threatened by this unnatural relationship have long been contemptuously ignored by the West. But the blind confidence of the strong in their apparent invincibility has often led them from their dream of security, into terrible surprises of history.

It is not the fear of danger or loss to one people or another, however, which is most important. The demoralizing influence of the constant estrangement between the two hemispheres, which affects the baser passions of man,—pride, greed and hypocrisy on the one hand ; fear, suspiciousness and flattery on the other,—has been developing, and threatens us with a world-wide spiritual disaster.

I refuse to think that the twin spirits of the East and the West, the Mary and Martha, can never meet to make perfect the realization of truth. And in spite of our material poverty in the East and the antagonism of time I wait patiently for this meeting.

When a stranger from the West travels in the Eastern world he takes the facts that displease him and readily makes use of them for his rigid conclusions, fixed upon the unchallengeable authority of his personal experience. It is like a man who has his own boat for crossing his village stream, but, on being compelled to wade across some strange watercourse, draws angry comparisons as he goes from every patch of mud and every pebble which his feet encounter.

The fact still remains that the Western mind, after centuries of contact of the East, has not evolved the enthusiasm of a chivalrous ideal which can bring this age to its fulfilment. It is everywhere raising thorny hedges of exclusion and offering human sacrifices to national self-seeking. It has intensified the mutual feelings of envy among Western races themselves, as they fight over their spoils and display a carnivorous pride in their snarling rows of teeth.

We must guard our minds from any encroaching distrust of the individuals of a nation. The active love of humanity and the spirit of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth which I have met with in the Western countries have been a great lesson and inspiration to me. I have no doubt in my mind that the West owes its true greatness, not so much to its marvellous training of intellect, as to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. Therefore, I speak with a personal feeling of pain and sadness about the collective power which is guiding the helm of Western civilization. It is a passion, not an ideal. The more success it has brought to Europe, the more costly it will prove to her at last, when the accounts

have to be rendered. And the signs are unmistakable, that the accounts have been called for. The time has come when Europe must know that the forcible parasitism which she has been practising upon the two large Continents of the World—the two most unwieldy whales of humanity—must be causing to her moral nature a gradual atrophy and degeneration.

Earnestly I ask the poet of the Western world to realize and sing to you with all the great power of music which he has, that the East and the West are ever in search of each other, and that they must meet not merely in the fulness of physical strength, but in fulness of truth; that the right hand, which wields the sword, has the need of the left, which holds the shield of safety.

The East has its seat in the vast plains watched over by the snow-peaked mountains and fertilized by rivers carrying mighty volumes of water to the sea. There, under the blaze of a tropical sun, the physical life has bedimmed the light of its vigour and lessened its claims. There man has had the repose of mind which has ever tried to set itself in harmony with the inner notes of existence. In the silence of sunrise and sunset, and on star-crowded nights, he sat face to face with the Infinite, waiting for the revelation that opens up the heart of all that there is.

The East did once meet the West profoundly in the growth of her life. Such union became possible, because the East came to the West with the ideal that is creative, and not with the passion that destroys mortal bonds. The mystic consciousness of the Infinite, which she brought with her, was greatly needed by the man of the West to give him his balance.

On the other hand, the East must find her own balance in Science—the magnificent gift that the West can bring to her. Truth has its nest as well as

its sky. That nest is definite in structure, accurate in laws of construction ; and though it has to be changed and rebuilt over and over again, the need of it is never-ending and its laws are eternal. For some centuries the East has neglected the nest-building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless Infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth, till, buffeted by storms, her wings are hurt and she is tired, sorely needing help. But has she then to be told that the messenger of the sky and the builder of the nest shall never meet ?

Tha most significant fact of modern days is this, that the West has met the East. Such a momentous meeting of humanity, in order to be fruitful, must have in its heart some great emotional idea, generous and creative. There can be no doubt that God's choice has fallen upon the knights-errant of the West for the service of the present age ; arms and armour have been given to them ; but have they yet realized in their hearts the single-minded loyalty to their cause which can resist all temptations of bribery from the devil ? The world to-day is offered to the West. She will destroy it, if she does not use it for a great creation of man. The materials for such a creation are in the hands of science ; but the creative genius is in Man's spiritual ideal. (*Tagore*)

ECONOMIC FREEDOM

We talk of freedom, but to-day political freedom does not take us far unless there is economic freedom. Indeed, there is no such thing as freedom for a man who is starving or for a country which is poor. The poor whether they are nations or individuals have little place in this world. (*Nehru*)

ECONOMICS

If a religion cuts at the very fundamentals of economics it is not a true religion but only a delusion.

I must confess that I do not draw a sharp or any distinction between economics and ethics. Economics that hurt the moral well-being of an individual or a nation are immoral and therefore sinful. Thus the economics that permit one country to prey upon another are immoral. It is sinful to eat American wheat and let my neighbour, the grain dealer, starve for want of custom. (*Gandhi*)

EDUCATION

Literary education is intended only to quicken our service.

Rest assured that literary education is no good without character.

That education alone is of value which draws out the faculties of a student so as to enable him or her to solve correctly the problems of life in every department.

It is a crime to make education merely literary and to unfit the boys and girls for manual work in after-life. (*Gandhi*)

All the world over there is a realization that only through right education can a better order of society be built up.

Education is not something in the air, cut off from the daily life of the student or from his future work as a citizen. Real education, it is felt, must be based on the actual environment and experiences of the child, and it must fit him for the work he will have to do in after-life.

A boy or a girl may be quite smart and may become a clever and efficient person if suitable education and training are given. But if no arrangements are made for the education or training what is the poor boy or girl to do.

By education I mean education and not merely learning to be lady-like. Learning to be lady-like

may be good in itself but it is not education as such. Education has mainly two aspects, the cultural aspect which makes a person grow, and the productive aspect which makes a person do things. Both are essential. Everybody should be a producer as well as a good citizen and not a sponge on another person even though the other person may be one's own husband or wife. (*Nehru*)

No one has been able to give us a complete definition of life, because, at every moment, it transcends its parts and is mysteriously more than what we get from its analysis. What it gives out is far greater, in quality and value, than the materials it consumes. It is not a mere sum total of the carbon, nitrogen, and other ingredients which it takes in with its food. Our mind, also, in the fulness of its life, is infinitely greater than the information it appropriates, the training it acquires. That education is true, which acknowledges the mind to be a living thing, and therefore stimulates it to give out more in quality and quantity than is imparted to it from outside. And we are to judge our education by this standard.

To make the paraphernalia of our education so expensive that education itself becomes difficult of attainment would be like squandering all one's money in buying money-bags.

We require openings in the walls more than the walls themselves. Light and air have more to do with our wearing apparel than the weavers' loom, the sun makes for us the heat producing factors which elsewhere are required from food-stuffs. All these natural advantages have moulded our life to a particular shape, which I cannot believe it will be profitable to ignore in the case of our education.

We are always afraid lest we should lose some petty advantage in our attempts to acquire true learning, lest our preparedness for clerical work

should be delayed, lest the English of our petition-writing lose its correct grammatical whine. Our education to us is like the carriage to a horse; a bondage, the dragging of which merely serves to provide it with food and shelter in the stable of its master; the horse has not the same freedom of relationship with the carriage as its owner, and therefore the carriage ever remains for it an imposition of beggarly necessity.

Concentration of intellectual forces of the country is the most important mission of a University; for it is like the nucleus of a living cell, the centre of the creative life of the national mind.

It is, as if, some tribe which had the primitive habit of decorating its tribal members with birds' plumage were some day to hold these very birds guilty of the crime of being extinct. There are belated attempts on the part of our governors to read us pious homilies about disinterested love of learning, while the old machinery goes on working, whose product is not education but certificates. It is good to remind the fettered bird that its wings are for soaring; but it is better to cut the chain which is holding it to its perch. The most pathetic feature of the tragedy is that the bird itself has learnt to use its chain for its ornament, simply because the chain jingles in fairly respectable English.

The great use of education is not merely to collect facts, but to know man and to make oneself known to man. It is the duty of every human being to master, at least to some extent, not only the language of intellect, but also that personality which is the language of Art. It is a great world of reality for man,—vast and profound,—this growing world of his own creative nature. This is the world of Art.

On each race is the duty laid to keep alight its own lamp of mind as its part in the illumination of

the world. To break the lamp of any people is to deprive it of its rightful place in the world festival. He who has no light is unfortunate enough, but utterly miserable is he who having it, has been deprived of it, or has forgotten all about it.

India has proved that it has its own mind, which has deeply thought and felt and tried to solve according to its light the problems of existence. The education of India is to enable this *mind* of India to find out truth, to make this truth its own wherever found and to give expression to it in such a manner as only it can do.

In order to carry this out, first of all the mind of India has to be concentrated and made conscious of itself and then only can it accept education from its teachers in a right spirit, judge it by its own standard and make use of it by its own creative power. The fingers must be joined together to take as well as to give. So when we can bring the scattered minds of India into co-ordinated activity, they will then become receptive as well as creative—and the waters of life will cease to slip through the gaps, to make sodden the ground beneath.

In education, the most important factor must be the inspiring atmosphere of creative activity. And therefore the primary function of our University should be the constructive work of knowledge. Men should be brought together and full scope given to them for their work of intellectual exploration and creation; and the teaching should be like the overflow water of this spring of culture, spontaneous and inevitable. Education can only become natural and wholesome when it is the direct fruit of a living and growing knowledge.

The last point is that our education should be in full touch with our complete life, economical, intellectual, aesthetic, social and spiritual; and our educational institutions should be in the very heart

of our society, connected with it by the living bonds of varied co-operations. For true education is to realize at every step how our training and knowledge have organic connection with our surroundings.

I had been blessed with that sense of wonder which gives a child his right of entry into the treasure-house of mystery which is in the heart of existence. I neglected my studies because they rudely summoned me away from the world around me, which was my friend and my companion, and when I was thirteen I freed myself from the clutch of an educational system that tried to keep me imprisoned within the stone-walls of lessons.

The best function of education is to enable us to realize that to live as a man is great, requiring profound philosophy for its ideal, poetry for its expression, and heroism in its conduct. Owing to this vital method of culture the common people of India, though technically illiterate, have been made conscious of the sanctity of social relationships, entailing constant sacrifice and self-control, urged and supported by ideals collectively expressed in one word, *Dharma*. (*Tagore*)

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

There is no school equal to a decent home and no teachers equal to honest virtuous parents.

It is my conviction that our schools and colleges, instead of making us manly, make us obsequious, timid, indecisive and ballastless. Manliness consists not in bluff, bravado or lordliness. It consists in daring to do the right, and facing consequences, whether it is in matters social, political or other. It consists in deeds not in words.

It is gross superstition to suppose that knowledge can be obtained only by going to schools and colleges. The world produced brilliant students before schools and colleges came into being. There

is nothing so ennobling or lasting as self-study. Schools and colleges make most of us mere receptacles for holding the superfluities of knowledge. Wheat is left out and mere husk is taken in. (*Gandhi*)

EFFICIENCY

Loyal and efficient work in a great cause, even though it may not be immediately recognized, ultimately bears fruit.

Obviously, the highest type of efficiency is that which can utilize existing material to the best advantage. (*Nehru*)

EFFORT

It is for us to make the effort. The result is always in God's hands.

Providence has its appointed hour for everything. We cannot command results ; we can only strive.

Glory lies in the attempt to reach one's goal and not in reaching it.

Prayerful well-meaning effort never goes in vain and man's success lies only in such an effort. The result is in His hands. (*Gandhi*)

No man can be a prophet enough to say what is going to happen. Nevertheless, any man can work effectively with the faith in him that the forces of constructive and creative effort shall win.

Everything depends upon our own effort and our will to achieve. Given that will, success is certain, even though ill fortune may sometimes attend our efforts. (*Nehru*)

To get fire from a tree you have to burn it.

Without the churning, how can the well be cleansed ?

The birds remain gloomily confined to their

nests, but the sons of men fare forth, for in spite of the weather the world's work must go on.

The journey itself is the business. (*Tagore*)

ELEPHANTS

Sometimes the whim takes them to draw up the dust into their trunks, and then with a snort they squirt it all over their bodies ; this is their elephantine toilet.

I love to look on these overgrown beasts, with their vast bodies, their immense strength, their ungainly proportions, their docile harmlessness. Their very size and clumsiness make me feel a kind of tenderness for them—their unwieldy bulk has something infantile about it. Moreover, they have large hearts. When they get wild they are furious, but when they calm down they are peace itself.

The uncouthness which goes with bigness does not repel, it rather attracts. (*Tagore*)

ELLORA CAVES

In the seventh and eighth centuries the mighty caves of Ellora were carved out of solid rock with the stupendous Kailasa temple in the centre ; it is difficult to imagine how human beings conceived this or, having conceived it, gave body and shape to their conception. (*Nehru*)

ELOQUENCE

There's nothing like eloquence to attract women. (*Tagore*)

EMOTION

Emotions have a way of upsetting logic, and we may not ignore them simply because they seem so unreasonable. (*Nehru*)

Why blame as unreasonable these women, whose very life is emotion, for the curious courses into

which their hearts lead them ? If the foundation of love be right, the leadership of the heart becomes so simple and sweet that reason has to hide its head in shame, but if there be any defect in this foundation, then the intellect is powerless to correct it, and it becomes futile to ask for any explanation, whether it be of attraction or repulsion, laughter or tears.

It mattered little that the words were unintelligible for when emotions are at a high pitch the merest hint suffices. (*Tagore*)

ENDS AND MEANS

For me it is enough to know the means. Means and ends are convertible terms in my philosophy of life.

They say—"Means are after all means". I would say—"Means are after all everything".

As the means, so the end.

Violent means will give violent *swaraj*.

There is no wall of separation between means and end.

Indeed the Creator has given us control (and that too, very limited) over means, none over the end.

Realization of the goal is in exact proportion to that of the means.

For over 50 years I have trained myself never to be concerned about the result. What I should be concerned about is the means, and when I am sure of the purity of the means, faith is enough to lead me on. All fear and trembling melt away before that faith.

We must rest satisfied with a knowledge only of the means and if these are pure, we can fearlessly leave the end to take care of itself. (*Gandhi*)

The means that are not good often defeat the end in view and raise new problems and difficulties.

The means should be such as lead to the end, otherwise they are wasted effort, and they might even result in even greater degradation, both outer and inner.

There is always a close and intimate relationship between the end we aim at and the means adopted to attain it. Even if the end is right but the means are wrong, it will vitiate the end or divert us in a wrong direction. Means and ends are thus intimately and inextricably connected and cannot be separated. That, indeed, has been the lesson of old taught us by many great men in the past, but unfortunately it is seldom remembered.

The older I grow, the more I feel that the manner things are done is more important than the things themselves. Means are more important than ends. All our trouble in this business has been not that the ends were not good, but that the means employed somehow tarnished the ends, made difficulties and actually came in the way of achievement of those ends.

Means were always important and could not be ignored even though the end in view was right, for the means governed the end and varied it.

Moral values must prevail, the ends can never justify unworthy means, or else the individual and the race perish. *(Nehru)*

When the fruit is so near the hand, it is cowardly and foolish to go away without plucking it.

Once the end is attained, it is futile to burden oneself with the means. *(Tagore)*

ENEMY

I admire a straightforward enemy. *(Tagore)*

ENGAGEMENT RING

The price of the ring is no measure of my value : it's my worth that lends value to the ring. *(Tagore)*

ENGLISH EDUCATION

English education has emasculated us, constrained our intellect, and the manner of imparting this education has rendered us effeminate. We want to bask in the sunshine of freedom, but the enslaving system emasculates our nation. Pre-British period was not a period of slavery. We had some sort of *Swaraj* under Moghul rule. In Akbar's time the birth of a Pratap was possible and in Aurangzeb's time a Shivaji could flourish. Has 150 years of British rule produced any Pratap and Shivaji ?

It is my considered opinion that English education in the manner it has been given has emasculated the English-educated Indian, it has put a severe strain upon the Indian students' nervous energy, and has made of us imitators. The process of displacing the vernacular has been one of the saddest chapters in the British connection. Ram Mohan Roy would have been a greater reformer and Lokmanya Tilak would have been a greater scholar, if they had not to start with the handicap of having to think in English and transmit their thoughts chiefly in English. Their effect on their own people, marvellous as it was, would have been greater if they had been brought up under a less unnatural system. No doubt they both gained from their knowledge of the rich treasures of English literature. But these should have been accessible to them through their own vernaculars. No country can become a nation by producing a race of translators. Think of what would have happened to the English if they had not an Authorised Version of the Bible. I do believe that Chaitanya, Kabir, Nanak, Guru Gobind Singh, Shivaji and Pratap were greater than Ram Mohan Roy and Tilak. I know that comparisons are odious. All are great in their own way.

Among the many evils of foreign rule, this blighting imposition of a foreign medium upon the youth of the country will be counted by History as one of

the greatest. It has sapped the energy of the nation, it has shortened the lives of the pupils. It has estranged them from the masses, it has made education unnecessarily expensive. If this process is still persisted in, it bids fair to rob the nation of its soul. The sooner, therefore, educated India shakes itself free from the hypnotic spell of the foreign medium, the better it would be for them and the people. (*Gandhi*)

One great benefit the English did confer on India. The very impact of their new and vigorous life shook up India and brought about a feeling of political unity and nationality. Perhaps such a shock, painful as it was, was needed to rejuvenate our ancient country and people. English education, intended to produce clerks, also put Indians in touch with current western thought. (*Nehru*)

ENGLISH LITERATURE

I must not be understood to decry English or its noble literature. The columns of *Harijan* are sufficient evidence of my love of English. But the nobility of its literature cannot avail the Indian nation any more than the temperate climate or the scenery of England can avail her. India has to flourish in her own climate, and scenery, and her own literature, even though all the three may be inferior to the English climate, scenery and literature. We and our children must build on our own heritage. If we borrow another, we impoverish our own. We can never grow on foreign victuals. I want the nation to have the treasures contained in that language, and for that matter the other languages of the world, through its own vernaculars.

Do you know that the English language would be empty without the Bible? Three parts Bible and one part Shakespeare is the description of English language. (*Gandhi*)

In India to-day everything is topsy-turvy, and we use English a great deal even amongst ourselves. It is perfectly ridiculous for me to write in English—and yet I am doing so! We shall get out of the habit soon, I hope.

English words seem to change their meaning when they cross the Suez Canal. (*Nehru*)

The best and noblest gifts of humanity cannot be the monopoly of a particular race or country; its scope may not be limited nor may it be regarded as the miser's hoard buried underground. That is why English literatuie which nourished our minds in the past, does even now convey its deep resonance to the recesses of our heart.

It was mainly through their mighty literature that we formed our ideas with regard to these new-comers to our Indian shores. In those days the type of learning that was served out to us was neither plentiful nor diverse, nor was the spirit of scientific enquiry very much in evidence. Thus their scope being strictly limited, the educated of those days had recourse to the English language and literature. Their days and nights were eloquent with the stately declamations of Burke, with Macaulay's long-rolling sentences; discussions centred upon Shakespeare's drama and Byron's poetry and above all upon the large-hearted liberalism of nineteenth-century English politics. (*Tagore*)

ENGLISHMEN

I had no feeling whatever, so far as I can remember, against individual Englishmen. I had had English governesses and occasionally I saw English friends of my father's visiting him. In my heart I rather admired the English.

The British are an insular race, and long success and prosperity has made them look down on almost all others.

The English are a sensitive people and yet, when they go to foreign countries, there is a strange lack of awareness about them. In India, where the relation of ruler and ruled makes mutual understanding difficult, this lack of awareness is peculiarly evident. Almost, one would think that it is deliberate, so that they may see only what they want to see and be blind to all else. But facts do not vanish because they are ignored, and when they compel attention, there is feeling of displeasure and resentment at the unexpected happening, as of some trick having been played. (*Nehru*)

I was impressed by the evidence of liberal humanity in the character of the English and thus I was led to set them on the pedestal of my highest respect. This generosity in their national character had not yet been vitiated by imperialist pride.

I have a deep love and a great respect for the British race as human beings. It has produced great-hearted men, thinkers of great thoughts, doers of great deeds. It has given rise to a great literature. I know that these people love justice and freedom, and hate lies. They are clean in their minds, frank in their manners, true in their friendship; in their behaviour they are honest and reliable. The personal experience which I have had of their literary men has roused my admiration not merely for their power of thought or expression but for their chivalrous humanity. We have felt the greatness of this people as we feel the sun; but as for the Nation, it is for us a thick mist of a stifling nature covering the sun itself.

My good fortune has often brought me into close contact with really large-hearted Englishmen. Without the slightest hesitation I may say that the nobility of their character was without parallel—in no country or community have I come across such greatness of soul. (*Tagore*)

ENTHUSIASM

How much easier it was to do great and venturesome deeds in moments of enthusiasm and excitement than to carry on from day to day when the glow was past.

In the excitement of the moment few people think ; they act in accordance with their long-suppressed urges which drive them forward. (*Nehru*)

ENVIRONMENT

To some extent, the environment reflects itself in the behaviour of the individual, as a beautiful environment helps in developing a sense of beauty in the people who live there. It is desirable, therefore, that what we build, however simple and humble it may be, should have some artistic value. (*Nehru*)

EQUALITY

It can never be an act of merit to look down upon any human being as inferior to us.

Had He made any distinctions of high and low between man and man, they would have been visible as are the distinctions between, say, an elephant and an ant. But He has endowed all human beings impartially with the same shape and the same natural wants.

Forget altogether that some are high and some are low.

I know that you all believe in God as I do and God cannot be so cruel and unjust as to make distinction of high and low between man and man and woman and woman.

On God's earth nobody is low and nobody is high.

In the eyes of God, who is the Creator of all, His creatures are all equal.

We are all His creatures ; and just as in the eyes of parents all their children are absolutely equal, so also in God's eyes all His creatures must be equal.

It is wrong, it is sinful, to consider some people lower than ourselves.

There will never be real equality so long as one feels inferior or superior to the other.

Assumption of superiority by any person over any other is a sin against God and Man.

Classless society is the ideal not merely to be aimed at but to be worked for.

I should treat the daughters and sons on a footing of perfect equality.

Nor do I believe in inequalities between human beings. We are all absolutely equal. But equality is of souls and not of bodies. Hence, it is a mental state.

We need to think of, and to assert, equality because we see great inequalities in the physical world. We have to realize equality in the midst of this apparent external inequality. (*Gandhi*)

Where there is inequality and discrimination and suppression, there is injustice and evil and untruth.

Not merely from moral and humanitarian grounds but also from the point of view of political commonsense has it become essential to raise the standard of the common man and to give him full opportunity of progress. A social structure which denies him this opportunity stands self-condemned and must be changed.

Political freedom or political equality is the very basis on which you build up other equalities. At the same time political equality may cease to have meaning if there is gross economic inequality.

[illegible]

[illegible]

The good things of life must become available to more and more people and gross inequalities must be removed. (*Nehru*)

You have no caste, you make no distinctions, and have no hatred—you are only the image of our welfare ! It is you who are India.

What's the harm in honest work ? You people with an English education prate about equality. If you regard sweeping as degrading work why do you allow a servant to do it ? I haven't your education, but if you ask me my opinion it's this ; when I see a virtuous woman handling a broom every fibre of it sparkles in my eyes like a sunbeam !

May it be my greatest desire never to keep apart from the rest, even by becoming superior ! When at last we are really one, then which of our orthodox practices shall remain and which be abolished, the country, and He who is the God of our country, shall decide.

God sends some men into the world with heavy burdens ready-made, while others are let eff delightfully light—if you yoke these two kinds of creatures together, one has to be loaded up to pull evenly with the other. (*Tagore*)

ERROR

It is best to own the error. It is sure to add to our strength.

Realization of an error, which amounts to a fixed resolve never to repeat it, is enough penance.

There is no defeat in the confession of one's error. The confession itself is victory.

Error ceases to be error when it is corrected.

To err is human and it must be held to be equally human to forgive if we, though being fallible, would like rather to be forgiven than punished and reminded of our misdeeds. (*Gandhi*)

ESSENCE

To extract the essential from the diluted, is what scholars aim at. (*Tagore*)

ETHICS

So far as we can use or comprehend words, it is emphasized that ethical relations have a definite value in our finite world. So in our lives and in our human relations we have to conform to ethics and live the good life. To that life and to this phenomenal world we can and should apply reason and knowledge and experience. The infinite, or whatever it may be called, lies somewhere in the beyond and to it therefore these cannot be applied. (*Nehru*)

EUROPE

All the great nations of Europe have their victims in other parts of the world. This not only deadens their moral sympathy but also their intellectual sympathy, which is so necessary for the understanding of races which are different from one's own.

We have to remember that in Europe, where peoples had their racial unity from the beginning, and where natural resources were insufficient for the inhabitants, the civilization has naturally taken the character of political and commercial aggressiveness. For on the one hand, they had no internal complications, and on the other, they had to deal with neighbours who were strong and rapacious. To have perfect combination among themselves and a watchful attitude of animosity against others was taken as the solution of their problems. In former days they organized and plundered, in the present age the same spirit continues—and they organize and exploit the whole world.

I have great faith in human nature, and I think the West will find its true mission. I speak bitterly of Western civilization when I am conscious that it is betraying its trust and thwarting its own purpose.

The West must not make herself a curse to the world by using her power for her own selfish needs, but by teaching the ignorant and helping the weak, and should save herself from the worst danger that the strong is liable to incur by making the feeble acquire power enough to resist her intrusion. And also she must not make her materialism to be the final thing, but must realize that she is doing a service in freeing the Spiritual Being from the tyranny of Matter.

The West could never have risen to the eminence she has reached if her strength were merely the strength of the brute or of the machine. The divine in her heart is suffering from the injuries inflicted by her hands upon the world,—and from this pain of her higher nature flows the secret balm which will bring healing to those injuries. Time after time she has fought against herself and has undone the chains which with her own hands she had fastened round helpless limbs : and though she forced poison down the throat of a great nation at the point of the sword for gain of money, she herself woke up to withdraw from it, to wash her hands clean again. This shows hidden springs of humanity in spots which look dead and barren. It proves that the deeper truth in her nature, which can survive such a career of cruel cowardliness, is not greed, but reverence for unselfish ideals. It would be altogether unjust, both to us and to Europe, to say that she has fascinated the modern Eastern mind by the mere exhibition of her power. Through the smoke of cannons and dust of markets the light of her moral nature has shone bright, and she has brought to us the ideal of ethical freedom whose foundation lies deeper than social conventions and whose province of activity is world-wide.

(*Tagore*)

EUROPEAN CULTURE

The perennial centre of European culture is sure to be in Europe. And therefore, if we must accept it as the only source of light for our mind, then it

would be like depending upon some star for our daybreak, which is the sun of a far distant. The star may give us light, but not the day ; it may give us direction in our voyage of exploration but it can never open the full view of truth before our eyes. In fact, we can never use this starlight for stirring sap in our invisible depths and giving colour and bloom to our life.

I have no distrust of any culture because of its foreign character. On the contrary, I believe that the shock of such forces is necessary for the vitality of our intellectual nature.

The European culture has come to us not only with its knowledge but with its velocity. Though our assimilation of it is imperfect and the consequent aberrations numerous, still it is rousing our intellectual life from its inertia of formal habits into glowing consciousness by the very contradiction it offers to our own mental traditions.

What I object to is the artificial arrangement by which this foreign education tends to occupy all the space of our national mind and thus kills, or hampers, the great opportunity for the creation of a new thought-power by a new combination of truths. It is this which makes me urge that all the elements in our own culture have to be strengthened, not to resist the Western culture, but truly to accept and assimilate it, and use it for our food and not as our burden ; to get mastery over this culture, and not to live at its outskirts as the hewers of texts and drawers of book-learning. (*Tagore*)

EVENING

The gold of the evening is melting in the heart of the blue sea. The forest, on the hillside, is drinking the last cup of the daylight. On the left, the village huts are seen through the trees with their evening lamps lighted, like a veiled mother watching

by her sleeping children. Nature, thou art my slave. Thou hast spread thy many-coloured carpet in the great hall where I sit alone, like a king, and watch thee dance with thy starry necklace twinkling on thy breast. (*Tagore*)

EVENTS

The majority of events in life were not accidental. (*Tagore*)

EVIL

A bad thing has only to continue for long for the world to get used to it.

Evil unchecked grows, evil tolerated poisons the whole system.

With all the evil that we see around us and with all its degradation, we have to live in this world. There is, nevertheless, plenty of good in the world and we have to see that there is plenty of what I as a Hindu would call the element of divinity in the individual as well as in the group.

You cannot fight evil with evil; you cannot fight barbarism with barbarism.

To surrender to evil is always bad. But in resisting evil, we must not allow ourselves to be swept away by our own passions and fears and act in a manner which is itself evil.

People who always seek evil in others find it. This applies to nations as well as individuals.

We are all much too apt to look at the evil in other individuals and countries rather than the good.

We can take it that all of us have something angelic in us, something divine in us, but also that we have a good deal of the Satan in us. Whether we are a country or an individual, we should try out the good in ourselves and take the good from others and thereby suppress the evil aspects. (*Nehru*)

Evils are, like meteors, stray fragments of life, which need the attraction of some great ideal in order to be assimilated with the wholesomeness of creation. The evil forces are literally outlaws; they only need the control and cadence of spiritual laws to change them into good. The true goodness is not the negation of badness, it is in the mastery of it. Goodness is the miracle which turns the tumult of chaos into a dance of beauty.

Do you believe that evil can be permanently kept in check by competition with evil, and that conference of prudence can keep the devil chained in its makeshift cage of mutual agreement ?

There are some evils which are best left alone.

May all evil turn to good !

Rend all veils for ever.

Man is at times attacked with evil as with the plague. Some germ finds its way in from somewhere, and then in the space of one night Death stalks in. Why cannot the stricken one be kept far away from the rest of the world ? I, at least, have realized how terrible is the contagion,—like a fiery torch which burns that it may set the world on fire.

One puts a premium on evil by suffering it without protest. The proper remedy for evil is to fight against it. (*Tagore*)

EVIL AND GOOD

It is one of the most difficult things to make bad and good harmonize—and yet in this world they are found together—and in that union sorrow and happiness are found—it is not always evil that is seen but also good. And if that is possible then I fail to understand why it should be difficult for two people whose opinions differ to unite happily. Is true union between two human beings merely a matter of opinion ? (*Tagore*)

EXAMINATIONS

Mind, when long deprived of its natural food of truth and freedom of growth, develops an unnatural craving for success; and our students have fallen victims to the mania for success in examinations. Success consists in obtaining the largest number of marks with the strictest economy of knowledge. It is a deliberate cultivation of disloyalty to truth, of intellectual dishonesty, of a foolish imposition by which the mind is encouraged to rob itself. But as we are by means of it made to forget the existence of mind, we are supremely happy at the result. We pass examinations and shrivel up into clerks, lawyers and police inspectors, and we die young. (*Tagore*)

EXAMPLE

Man is so great that he can despise not only the success, but also the example. Possibly example is lacking, just as there is no example of the flower in the seed. But there is the urgence of the flower in the seed all the same. (*Tagore*)

EXCESS

To increase that which we already possess there is no need for any sort of exertion, but we await what should make it more manifest in radiance and loveliness.

A river flowing within banks is truly our own, and it can contain its due tributaries; but our relations with a flood can only prove disastrous.

The gods can stand excesses, but man is frail. (*Tagore*)

EXCITEMENT

In the face of excitement a blind pride obscures our minds, but when one by one the fruits of our actions begin to ripen, the strength to bear the consequences of our acts vanishes. (*Tagore*)

EXERCISE

Among my exercises one pleased me particularly the *Shirshasana*, standing on the head with the palms of the hands, fingers interlocked, supporting the back of the head, elbows on the floor, body vertical, upside down. I suppose physically this exercise is very good ; I liked it even more for its psychological effect on me. The slightly comic position increased my good humour and made me a little more tolerant of life's vagaries. (*Nehru*)

EXISTENCE

Merely to exist is not enough.

In joy and in sorrow, in work and in rest, in life and in death, in victory and in defeat, in this world and in the next, all hail to the "I exist." (*Tagore*)

EXPERIENCE

I have not had time in this life to apply the lessons I have learnt. But they will keep for my next birth.

When one has reached my time of life, it is beyond any one's power to mislead me.

Let those who have made the mistake learn their error by knocking against the world. (*Tagore*)

EXPRESSION

The sin is not in the thing expressed, but in the failure to express it.

Through creation man expresses his truth ; through that expression he gains back his truth in its fulness. Human society is for the best expression of man, and that expression, according to its perfection, leads him to the full realization of the divine in humanity. When that expression is obscure, then his faith in the infinite that is within him becomes weak ; then aspiration cannot go beyond the ideas of success. His faith in the infinite is creative ; his desire for

success is constructive ; one is his home, and the other is his office. (*Tagore*)

FAILURE

Failure comes only when we forget our ideals and objectives and principles and begin to wander away from the road which leads to their realization. (*Nehru*)

FAIRIES

When the sky-nymphs send hail on the *shiuli* flowers, they are not angry. That is their way of caressing them. (*Tagore*)

FAITH

Indeed one's faith in one's plans and methods is truly tested when the horizon before one is the blackest.

Faith knows no disappointment.

There is no cause for despondency for a man who has faith and resolution.

It is a poor faith that needs fair weather for standing firm. That alone is true faith that stands the foulest weathers.

One's faith has got to be bright and intelligent before it can enkindle faith in others.

Blind enthusiasm and blind faith can lead to no lasting good.

Faith is the function of the heart. It must be enforced by reason. The two are not antagonistic as some think. The more intense one's faith is, the more it whets one's reason. When faith becomes blind it dies.

But I know that if we have faith and grit we shall win at every point and reach our goal without shedding a drop of blood. (*Gandhi*)

Learning and knowledge make people think, and doubt and questioning are difficult companions for

faith to have. And the way of science is the way of inquiry and experiment, which is not the way of faith.

It is strange how much people with simple faith will put up with. It is because of this that religion has become one of the biggest and most paying businesses in many countries.

To believe in something which your reason tells you cannot be true, for if your reason approved of it there could be no question of blind faith.

I sometimes wonder at the faith of people in a beneficent Providence : how it survives shock after shock, and how disaster itself and disproof of beneficence are considered but tests of the soundness of that faith. (*Nehru*)

What is difficult is to see things in their completeness with the vision of faith.

If only you have faith, you will find joy in the austerity of your devotion.

I had to keep my faith, even at the cost of my love.

God's will be done ! What are we but His instruments ?

When men differ in their virtues, natures, or beauty, there is no obstacle in the way of their unity, so why should there be obstacles when it is a question of opinions or faith ?

To let falsehood and truth live side by side in amity, the infinite world is not wide enough. That the corn ripening for the food of man should make room for thorny weeds, love is not so hatefully all-loving. That one should be allowed to sap the sure ground of friendship with betrayal of trust, could tolerance be so traitorously wide as that ? That one should die like a thief to defend his faith and the

other live in honour and wealth who betrayed it—no, no, the world is not so stony-hard as to bear without pain such hideous contradictions in its bosom.

Because there was a hollow space in your mind you had to use plenty of mortar to fill it up. So much would not have been so necessary if your faith had been simple.

Is it only truth that we gain through faith ? By faith we also sometimes misjudge things and get hold of what is false.

Is not this world wide enough to hold men whose natures are widely different ? Those countless stars of the sky, do they fight for the mastery of the one ? Cannot faiths hold their separate lights in peace for the separate worlds of minds that need them ?

Faith in God, this faith in the reality of the ideal of perfection, has built up all that is great in the human world. To keep indefinitely walking on, along a zigzag course of change, is negative and barren. A mere procession of notes does not make music, it is only when we have in the heart of the march of sounds some musical idea that it creates song. Our faith in the infinite reality of Perfection is that musical idea, and there is that one great creative force in our civilization. When it wakens not, then our faith in money, in material power, takes its place ; it fights and destroys, and in brilliant fireworks of starmimicry suddenly exhausts itself and dies in ashes and smoke.

Men of great faith have always called us to wake up to great expectations, and the prudent have always laughed at them and said that these did not belong to reality. But the poet in man knows that reality is a creation, and human reality has to be called forth from its obscure depth by man's faith which is creative. There was a day when the human

reality was the brutal reality. That was the only capital we had with which to begin our career. But age after age there has come to us the call of faith.

My faith has come to me perfected in the form of that woman. Your sacred books were dumb to me. I have read, by the help of the light of those eyes, the ancient book of creation, and I have known that true faith is there, where there is man, where there is love. It comes from the mother in her devotion, and it goes back to her from her child. It descends in the gift of a giver and it appears in the heart of him who takes it. I accepted the bond of this faith which reveals the infinite in man when I set my eyes upon that face full of light and love and peace of hidden wisdom. (*Tagore*)

FAITH AND LOGIC

Faith is the spectator in us which finds the meaning of the drama from the unity of the performance ; but logic lures us into the greenroom where there is stagecraft but no drama at all ; and then this logic nods its head and wearily talks about disillusionment. But the greenroom, dealing with its fragments, looks foolish when questioned, or wears the sneering smile of Mephistopheles ; for it does not have the secret of unity, which is somewhere else. It is for faith to answer. Unity comes to us from the One, and the One in ourselves opens the door and receives it with joy. (*Tagore*)

FALSEHOOD

An untruth will not succeed and will not prosper. (*Nehru*)

Kill the falsehood that sucks the life-blood of man.

Where untruth truly exists, there it is indeed the truth.

For those of little understanding untruth is the truth.

These are the ghosts of lies around you, who hold their market of illusions.

Oh ! what lies we women have to tell ! When we are mothers, we tell lies to pacify our children ; and when we are wives, we tell lies to pacify the fathers of our children. We are never free from this necessity.

You cannot keep up a dead lie for ever.

Those who would rule do not dread untruths ; the shackles of truth are reserved for those who will fall under their sway. Have you not read history ? Do you not know that in the immense cauldrons, where vast political developments are simmering, untruths are the main ingredients ?

Falsehood is a sin, false censure is a still greater sin, but there are few sins to compare with the false revilement of one's own people. (*Tagore*)

FAME

How vain is fame, the pride of prowess ? Everything seems to me a dream.

What can be more damaging than to suppress the name of a man, whose name is his best asset ?

Does the river take any heed of its foam ? Fame is that foam on life's stream. (*Tagore*)

FAMILIARITY

The familiarity which one gets in the home with women at their household work, does not make for true knowledge. (*Tagore*)

FAREWELL

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers !

I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door—and t give up all claims to my house. I only ask for lasI kind words from you.

We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.
(*Tagore*)

FASTING

Fasting is useful, when mind co-operates with starving body, that is to say, when it cultivates a distaste for the objects that are denied to the body.

More caution and perhaps more restraint are necessary in breaking a fast than in keeping it.

Of what use is it to force the flesh merely if the spirit refuses to co-operate? You may starve even unto death but if at the same time the mind continues to hanker after objects of the sense, your fast is a sham and a delusion. (*Gandhi*)

Any one who has been fasting for a month will look spiritual and gentle. (*Nehru*)

FATE

The Goddess of Fortune deserts him who gives way to melancholy.

In this world nothing happens in the way we want it to—events seem first of all to go about silently, prowling like tigers hunting for their prey, and then, suddenly, without any warning, they have pounced on one's neck. News too seems at first to remain smothered like a fire, and then suddenly it bursts out into a blaze and there is no putting it out.

Fate is working on her own lines and she is taking her time.

Man may propose; but there is Another who disposes, and I leave the matter in His hands.

Had my fate been merely unjust, it could be forgiven,—but its bad taste is unpardonable.

Fate involved me in such an inextricable web of falsehood that I could see no remedy except to draw everything into its meshes.

We often choose our own fate thus, without knowing it !

Indeed, it does not need much intelligence to anticipate. What must happen does happen, and no more need happen. Nor is it necessary to imagine that in the game of life Fortune will necessarily keep back her cards.

I fear none except Fate, before which courage or heroism is as futile as it is absurd.

Let happen what will.

Fortune has granted me a boon far above my deserts.

Everything will come right in good time. (*Tagore*)

FAULTS

There is no one without faults, not even men of God. They are men of God not because they are faultless, but because they know their own faults, they strive against them, they do not hide them and are ever ready to correct themselves. (*Gandhi*)

We all have our dark spots, and some of ours are pretty bad ; or else we might not have fallen quite so low as we have done.

One can seldom see the beam in one's own eye.

It is far better to know our own weaknesses and failings than to point out those of others.

I believe all of us are liable to error and I rebel against the notion that an organization or idea or country can be infallible. Such a belief may yield temporary results but ultimately it is fatal to the growth of a nation : it curbs the mind and spirit and stunts the community.

We learn by trial and error. And if we have the capacity to learn by trial and error, then, on the whole, it is well with us. It is only those who refuse to learn that get into great difficulties. (*Nehru*)

FEAR

There is only one Being, if Being is the proper term to be used, whom we have to fear, and that is God. When we fear God, we shall fear no man, no matter how high-placed he may be. And if you want to follow the vow of truth in any shape or form, fearlessness is the necessary consequence. And so you find, in the *Bhagwad Gita*, fearlessness is declared as the first essential quality of a *Brahman*. We fear consequences, and, therefore we are afraid to tell the Truth. A man who fears God will certainly not fear any earthly consequences.

Fear has its use, but cowardice has none. I may not put my finger into the jaws of a snake, but the very sight of the snake need not strike terror into me. The trouble is that we often die many times before death overtakes us. (*Gandhi*)

A man who is afraid will do anything.

Logic and cold reason are poor weapons to fight fear and distrust. Only faith and generosity can overcome them.

Fear often produces cruelty and frightfulness.

Fear blinds and makes desperate.

When fear comes our vision is clouded, and it becomes difficult to distinguish between the guilty and innocent.

As fear is close companion to falsehood, so truth follows fearlessness.

There is no remedy for fear except the absence of fear.

The only way to enjoy life was to be fearless, and not to worry about defeat and disaster. For defeat

and disaster have a way of keeping away from those who are not afraid. (*Nehru*)

Everything looks inauspicious to the eye of fear.

There are fears the want of which is cowardice.

Our atmosphere breeds fear just as it breeds malaria. (*Tagore*)

FEAST

If a certain fair hand were to serve you the food of an outcast, that might make it a feast fit for the gods. (*Tagore*)

FEATURES

We can trust features that are plain enough to understand. (*Tagore*)

FEELINGS

It is difficult for an appeal to the mind and to the intellect to go far. Most people unfortunately do not think. They feel and act according to their feelings. (*Nehru*)

In her silent heart there sounded an endless, voiceless weeping, which only the Searcher of Hearts could hear.

Because she did not speak, therefore she did not feel.

When the heart is full it is impossible to restrain one's feelings.

The emptiness of the human heart could never be filled except by an unlimited feeling.

My eyes feel the deep peace of this sky, and there stirs through me what a tree feels when it holds out its leaves like cups to be filled with sunshine.

A thought rises in my mind, like the warm breath from grass in the sun ; it mingles with the gurgle of lapping water and the sigh of weary wind in village

lanes,—the thought that I have lived along with the whole life of this world and have given to it my own love and sorrows. (*Tagore*)

FETTERS

Golden fetters are no less galling to a self-respecting man than iron ones. The sting lies in the fetters, not in the metal. (*Gandhi*)

FISHING

When one is catching fish, a silent companion is best of all. (*Tagore*)

FLIRTATION

God has given you women a plentiful supply of coquetry to start with, and on the top of that you have the milliner and the jeweller to help you. (*Tagore*)

FLOODS

The water has penetrated every possible place. I have never before seen such a complete defeat of the land. A little more and the water will be right inside the cottages and their occupants will have to put up *machans* to live on. The cows will die if they have to remain standing like this in water up to their knees. All the snakes have been flooded out of their holes, and they, with sundry other homeless reptiles and insects, will have to chum with man and take refuge on the thatch of his roof. (*Tagore*)

FORBEARANCE

Supposing someone showers abuse on us, what shall we do? We will not ask him to be quiet, but will shut our own ears. Supposing someone calls me names, shall I go to his house and receive more abuse? I wonder if you know the statues of the three monkeys in Kobe. It represents three monkeys with closed ears, with closed mouth, and closed eyes, eloquently teaching the world to hear no evil, to speak no evil, and to see no evil.

We should meet abuse by forbearance. Human nature is so constituted that if we take absolutely no notice of anger or abuse, the person indulging in it will soon weary of it and stop. (*Gandhi*)

Sorrow, which it is unbearable even to imagine, can be borne by man. (*Tagore*)

FORCE

It's no good trying to force people against their inclination.

A goaded elephant gets no time to forget its driver.

Force is not destroyed, but is merely converted to another form, and applied to another point.

Only the pressure of gross muscle can move our governors.

That which has come to my share is mine. And the weak man assents. That is really mine which I can snatch away. My country does not become mine simply because it is the country of my birth. It becomes mine on the day when I am able to win it by force.

In order to get, you must snatch. (*Tagore*)

FOREIGNERS

The strong fellow from across the sea does not bow his head in shame when you catch him in the act of house-breaking. On the contrary he raises his crowbar on you with all the assurance of innocence itself.

If we rub shoulders with them they get too familiar. One's own folk may be won by affection; outsiders must be held by fear. (*Tagore*)

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

For the perfect irrigation of learning a foreign language cannot be a true medium. This is a truism,

whose utterance would bore men to sleep, or to something worse, in any other part of world; but in our country truisms appear as dangerous heresies, rousing our phlegmatic souls into active hostility. Therefore, for us, all truisms are a tonic, though we relish platitudes far better. And this makes me bold to reiterate that when we are compelled to learn through the medium of English, the knocking at the gate and turning of the key take away the best part of our life. The feast may be waiting for us inside the room, but the difficulty and delay of admission spoil our appetite and the long privation permanently injures our stomach. The ideas are very late in coming to us, and the tediously long trial of our teeth over the grinding of the grammar, and a system of spelling, which is devoid of all conscience, takes away our relish for the food when it does come at last.

If you want to grow a tree on the sandy soil of a rainless desert, then you not only have to borrow your seed from some distant land, but also the soil itself and the water. Yet, after the immense trouble you have taken, the tree grows up miserably stunted; and even if it does bear fruit, the seeds do not mature. The education which we receive from our universities takes it for granted that it is for cultivating a hopeless desert, and that not only the mental outlook and the knowledge, but also the whole language must bodily be imported from across the sea. And this makes our education so nebulously distant and unreal, so detatched from all our associations of life, so terribly costly to us in time, health and means, and yet so meagre of results.

English cannot be mastered by a large majority of Indian boys. First of all, to accommodate this language in their minds whose ingrained habit has been to think in an Eastern tongue, is as much a feat as fitting an English sword into the scabbard of a scimitar. Then again, very few boys have the

means of getting anything like a proper grounding in English at the hands of a competent teacher—the sons of the poor certainly have not.

Every people in the world, in order to attain its greatness, must solve some great problem for itself, or accept defeat and degradation. All true civilizations have been built upon the bedrock of difficulties. Those who have rivers for their water supply are to be envied, but those who have not must dig wells and find water from the difficult depth of their own soil. But let us never imagine that dust can be made to do the duty of the water simply because it is more easily available. We must bravely accept the inconvenient fact of the diversity of our languages, and at the same time know that a foreign language, like foreign soil, may be good for pot culture, but not for that cultivation which is widely and permanently necessary for the maintenance of life.

When the great European countries found their individual languages, then only the true federation of cultures became possible in the West and the very differences of the channels made the commerce of ideas in Europe so richly copious and so variedly active. In fact, when natural differences find their harmony, then it is true unity; but artificial uniformity leads to lifelessness. We can well imagine what the loss to European civilization would be, if France, Italy, Germany, England, through their separate agencies, did not contribute to the common coffers their individual earnings. And we know why, when the German culture tried to assert its sole dominance, it was hailed as a calamity by all Europe.

The use of English inevitably tends to turn our mind for its source of inspiration towards the West, with which we can never be in close touch of life; and therefore our education will mostly remain sterile, or produce incongruities. The diversity of our languages should not be allowed to frighten us:

but we should be warned of the futility of borrowing the language of our culture from a far-away land, making stagnant and shallow that which is fluid near its source.

Like the *Hanuman* of our ancient Epic, who, not knowing which herb might be wanted, had to carry away the whole mountain top, these boys, unable to use the language intelligently, have to carry in their heads the whole of the book by rote. Those who have extra-ordinary memories may thus manage to carry on to the end, but this cannot be expected of the poor fellows with only average brain power.

The point is—is the crime committed by this large number of boys, who, owing to congenital or accidental causes, have been unable to become proficient in the English language, so heinous that they must be sentenced to perpetual exile by the University ? In England at one time thieves used to get hanged. But this penal code is even harsher, because the extreme penalty is imposed for not being able to cheat ! For if it be cheating to take a book into the examination hall hidden in one's clothes, why not when the whole of its contents is smuggled in within the head ?

However, I do not wish to lay any charge against those fortunate crammers who manage to get across. But those who are left behind, to whom the Hooghly Bridge is closed, may they not have some kind of ferry, if not a steam launch, at least a country boat ? What a terrible waste of national material to cut off all higher educational facilities from the thousands of pupils who have no gift for acquiring a foreign tongue, but who possess the intellect and desire to learn.

(*Tagore*)

FOREIGN RULE

When we walk barefooted upon ground strewn with gravel, our feet come gradually to adjust themselves to the caprices of the inhospitable earth ; while

if the tiniest particle of gravel finds its lodgment inside our shoes we can never forget and forgive its intrusion. And these shoes are the government by the Nation,—it is tight, it regulates our steps with a closed-up system, within which our feet have only the slightest liberty to make their own adjustments.

Here, in this land of India, amid the mocking laughter of Satan piercing the sky, may the feeling for this truth become real! What a terrible epidemic of sin has been brought into our country from foreign lands.

If we threw over all the live people, we should have only dead bodies from the burning-grounds to carry on the work with! These live men, know what they want and how to get it,—they are born rulers. Those who do not know how to desire for themselves, must live in accordance with, or die by virtue of, the desires of such as these.

Is there any country where submission to Government is not due to fear?

The freedom that exists in any country may be measured by the extent of this reign of fear. (*Tagore*)

FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES

When we see a foreign University, we see only its smaller body—its buildings, its furniture, its regulations, its syllabus; its larger body is not present to us. But as the kernal of the cocoanut is in the whole cocoanut, so the University, in the case of Europeans, is in their society, in their parliament, in their literature, in the numerous activities of their corporate life. They have their thoughts published in their books, as well as the living men who think those thoughts and criticize, compare and disseminate them. One common medium of mind connects their teachers and students in an educational relationship which is living and luminous. In short their education has its permanent vessel which is their own

mind; its permanent supply which is their own living spring of culture; its permanent field for irrigation which is their own social life. This organic unity of their mind and life and culture has enabled them to seek truth from all times, and to make it vitally one with their own culture which is the basis of their civilization.

On the other hand, those who, like our present Indian students, have to rely upon books, not truly for their mental sustenance, but for some external advantage, are sure to become anaemic in their intellects, like babies solely fed with artificial food. They never have intellectual courage, because they never see the process and the environment of those thoughts which they are compelled to learn—and thus they lose the historical sense of all ideas, never knowing the perspective of their growth. They are hypnotized by the sharp black and white of the printed words, formed and fixed, which hide their human genesis. They not only borrow a foreign culture, but also a foreign standard of judgement; and thus, not only is the money not theirs, but not even the pocket. Their education is a chariot that does not carry them in it, but drags them behind it. The sight is pitiful and very often comic. The modern European culture, whose truth and strength lie in its fluid mobility, comes to us rigidly fixed almost like our own *Shastras,* about which our minds have to remain passively uncritical because of their supposed divine origin.

The students of the European Universities not only have their human environment of culture in their society, they also acquire their learning direct from their teachers. They have their sun to give them light; it is the sun of the human relationship between the teachers and the students. We have our hard flints, which give us disconnected sparks after toilsome blows; and the noise is a great deal more than the light. These flints are the abstractions

of learning; they are solid methods, inflexible and cold.

To our misfortune we have, in our own country all the furniture of the European University—except the human teacher. We have, instead, merely purveyors of book-lore, in whom the paper god of the bookshop seems to have made himself vocal. And as a natural result, we find our students to be 'untouchable', even to our Indian professors. These teachers distribute their doles of mental food, gingerly and from a dignified distance, raising walls of notebooks between themselves and their students. This kind of food is neither relished, nor does it give nourishment. It is a famine ration strictly regulated, to save us, not from emaciation, but only from absolute death. It holds out no hope of that culture which is far in excess of man's mere necessity; it is certainly less than enough, and far less than a feast.

The mischief is that as soon as the idea of a University enters our mind, the idea of a Cambridge University, Oxford University, and a host of other European Universities rushes in at the same time and fills the whole space. We then imagine that our salvation lies in a selection of the best points of each patched together in an eclectic perfection. We forget that the European Universities are living organic parts of the life of Europe, where each found its natural birth. Patching up noses and other small missing fractions of our features, with skins from foreign limbs is allowed in modern surgery; but to build up a whole man by piecing together foreign fragments is beyond the resources of science, not only for the present time, but let us fervently hope, for all time to come.

The European University comes before our vision, full-grown. That is why we cannot think of a University except as a fully developed institution. The sight of my neighbour, with a sturdy son to help

and support him, may naturally provoke in my mind an envious wish to have a son myself. But if my wish be to have a full-grown son all at once, then, in my hurry, I may stumble upon somebody who is fully grown-up, but who is no son to me at all. An impatient craving for results and an unfortunate weakness for imitation have led us to cherish just such an unnatural desire for a National University, full-fledged from its very birth. So that most of our endeavours become fruitless, or else the only fruit they produce is of the class of lacquer-ware fruit which may rival the real thing in size and shape and colouring, but which one has to beware of biting, much more of taking into the stomach. These solidly complete Universities, over which our country is brooding, are like hard-boiled eggs from which you cannot expect chickens to come out. (*Tagore*)

FORESIGHT

Most people are not much concerned with the long run; they are far more interested in the tactical advantage of the moment.

A practical approach need not necessarily be just looking one yard ahead of you : it requires looking further ahead also. (*Nehru*)

FORGETFULNESS

Thy nature is to forget Thyself;

But we remember Thee.

Thou shinest in self-concealment revealed by our love.

Thou lendest light from Thine own soul those that obscure.

Thou seekest neither love nor fame;

Love discovers Thee. (*Tagore*)

FORGIVENESS

To forgive is not to forget. The merit lies in loving in spite of the vivid knowledge that the one that must be loved is not a friend. There is no merit in loving an enemy when you forget him for a friend.

To err is human and it must be held to be equally human to forgive if we, though being fallible, would like rather to be forgiven than punished and reminded of our deeds.

Forgiveness is a quality of the soul, and therefore a positive quality. It is not negative.

The weak can never forgive. Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong. (*Gandhi*)

The time is past when I could repay her for all that I received.

Her night has found its morning and thou hast taken her to thy arms : and to thee I bring my gratitude and my gifts that were for her.

For all hurts and offences to her I come to thee for forgiveness.

I offer to thy service those flowers of my love that remained in bud when she waited for them to open.

Thy power to forgive is greater far than my power to offend. (*Tagore*)

FORM

Can form be belittled merely by reviling it ?

If the formless had been the real perfection, then form would have found no place in the Universe at all.

Nothing can become manifest unless it has limits. The Infinite has taken the help of form in order to manifest Himself, otherwise how could He be revealed ? That which is unrevealed cannot attain perfection. The formless is fulfilled in forms just as thought is perfected in words. (*Tagore*)

FORTITUDE

It is an amazing thing how much human beings will put up with, but there is a limit to human endurance, and when this is reached there are burst ups.

Always I have admired sheer physical courage, the courage to face physical suffering in a good cause, even unto death. Most of us, I suppose, admire it.

I suppose the vitality of a group, an individual or a society is measured by the extent to which it possesses courage and, above all, creative imagination. (*Nehru*)

Face bravely whatever fate may have in store for you. Go forward rejoicing, ready with all your strength to choose the Good from whatever may come before you. Surrender yourself fully to God, accepting Him as your only help, and then, even in the midst of loss and error, you will be able to follow the path of the Best. But if you remain divided, offering part of yourself to God and part elsewhere, then everything will become difficult.

Obstacles there will be, but let us fight them through, and not be down-hearted.

If the obstacles become insurmountable then I shall take the path which God will point out to me.

It is in order to nerve us to effort that difficulties are placed in our way. (*Tagore*)

FOUR ASHRAMAS

The Indian mind was extra-ordinarily analytical and had a passion for putting ideas and concepts, and even life's activities, into compartments. The Aryans not only divided society into four main groups but also divided the individual's life into four parts : the first part consisted of growth and adolescence, the student period of life, acquiring knowledge, developing self-discipline and self-control,

continence ; the second was that of the householder and man of the world ; the third was that of the elder statesman, who had attained a certain poise and objectivity, and could devote himself to public work without the selfish desire to profit by it ; and the last stage was that of the recluse, who lived a life largely cut off from the world's activities. In this way also they adjusted the two opposing tendencies which often exist side by side in man—the acceptance of life in its fulness and the rejection of it. (*Nehru*)

FOUR VARNAS

The old Indian theory was that those who were concerned with the exercise of power could not be completely objective. Their personal interests and inclinations would come into conflict with their public duties. Hence the task of determining values and the preservation of ethical standards was allotted to a class or group of thinkers who were freed from material cares and were, as far as possible, without obligations, so that they could consider life's problems in a spirit of detachment. This class of thinkers or philosophers was thus supposed to be at the top of the social structure, honoured and respected by all. The men of action, the rulers and warriors, came after them and however powerful they might be, did not command the same respect. The possession of wealth was still less entitled to honour and respect.

The ideal has continued to be of a man full of learning and charity, essentially good, self-disciplined, and capable of sacrificing himself for the sake of others.

The tradition was one of respecting learning and goodness in any individual who possessed them. There are innumerable examples of non-Brahmins and even persons belonging to the depressed classes, being so respected and sometimes considered as saints. Official status and military power never

commanded the same measure of respect, though they may have been feared. (*Nehru*)

FRANKNESS

A 'No' uttered from deepest conviction is better and greater than a 'Yes' merely uttered to please, or what is worse, to avoid trouble. (*Gandhi*)

Behind the political problems, there are psychological problems, and these are always more difficult to handle. The only way to do so is perfect frankness with each other.

Frankness hurts often enough, but it is almost always desirable, especially between those who have to work together. It helps one to see oneself in proper perspective from another's and a more critical viewpoint. (*Nehru*)

FREEDOM

Freedom is always won by a few brave, self-sacrificing souls who will stake everything for the sake of honour.

Freedom's battles are not fought without paying heavy prices. Just as man would not cherish the thought of living in a body other than his own, so nations do not like to live under other nations, however noble and great the latter may be. (*Gandhi*)

Freedom is a goddess hard to win ; she demands, as of old, human sacrifice from her votaries.

Freedom is a slippery friend, and success demands full payment before it comes and often it mocks us with vain hope, and tests us with many a hardship, before it can be secured.

Freedom, like everything else, indeed, more than everything else, carries certain responsibilities and obligations and a certain discipline with it. If a sense of responsibility, obligation and discipline is lacking, then it is not freedom but the absence of freedom. (*Nehru*)

Freedom from fear is the freedom I claim for you, my Motherland!—fear, the phantom demon, shaped by your own distorted dreams ;

Freedom from the burden of ages, bending your head, breaking your back, blinding your eyes to the beckoning call of the future ;

Freedom from shackles of slumber wherewith you fasten yourself to night's stillness, mistrusting the star that speaks of truth's adventurous path ;

Freedom from the anarchy of a destiny, whose sails are weakly yielded to blind uncertain winds, and the helm to a hand ever rigid and cold as Death ;

Freedom from the insult of dwelling in a puppet's world, where movements are started through brainless wires. repeated through mindless habits ; where figures wait with patient obedience for a master of show to be stirred into a moment's mimicry of life.

I have said in a poem of mine that when the child is detached from its mother's womb it finds its mother in a real relationship whose truth is in freedom. Man in his detachment has realized himself in a wider and deeper relationship with the Universe. In his moral life he has the sense of his obligation and his freedom at the same time, and this is goodness. In his spiritual life his sense of the union and the will which is free has its culmination in love. The freedom of opportunity he wins for himself in Nature's region by uniting his power with Nature's forces. The freedom of social relationship he attains through owning responsibility to his community, thus gaining its collective power for his own welfare. In the freedom of consciousness he realizes the sense of his unity with his larger being, finding fulfilment in the dedicated life of an ever-progressive truth and ever-active love.

The first detachment achieved by Man is physical. It represents his freedom from the necessity of

developing the power of his senses and limbs in the limited area of his own physiology, having for itself an unbounded background with an immense result in consequence. Nature's original intention was that Man should have the allowance of his sight-power ample enough for his surroundings and a little over.

Freedom could only be found by plunging down to the bottom of danger.

Those of us in India who have come under the delusion that mere political freedom will make us free have accepted their lessons from the West as the gospel truth and lost their faith in humanity. We must remember whatever weakness we cherish in our society will become the source of danger in politics. The same inertia which leads us to our idolatry of dead forms in social institutions will create in our politics prison-houses with immovable walls. The narrowness of sympathy which makes it possible for us to impose upon a considerable portion of humanity the galling yoke of inferiority will assert itself in our politics in creating the tyranny of injustice.

Is the mere name of freedom so valuable that we should be willing to sacrifice for its sake our moral freedom ?

Our food is creative, it builds our body; but not so wine, which stimulates. Our social ideals create the human world but when our mind is diverted from them to greed of power then in that state of intoxication we live in a world of abnormality where our strength is not health and our liberty is not freedom. Therefore political freedom does not give us freedom when our mind is not free. An automobile does not create freedom of movement, because it is a mere machine. When I myself am free I can use the automobile for the purpose of my freedom.

My river of life must run free.

Liberty for me means freedom from the slavery of falsehood, and from the attacks of meanness.

Never would I be free until I could set free. If happiness may not be mine, let it go ; if grief needs must be my lot, let it come : but let me not be kept in bondage. To clutch hold of that which is untrue as though it were true, is only to throttle oneself. May I be saved from such self-destruction.

Freedom is the biggest thing for man. Nothing can be compared to it—nothing at all !

Unless we have true faith in freedom, knowing it to be creative, manfully taking all its risks, not only do we lose the right to claim freedom in politics, but we also lack the power to maintain it with all our strength. For that would be like assigning the service of God to a confirmed atheist. And men, who contemptuously treat their own brothers and sisters as eternal babies, never to be trusted in the most trivial details of their personal life,—coercing them at every step by the cruel threat of persecution into following a blind lane leading to nowhere, driving a number of them into hypocrisy and into moral inertia,—will fall over and over again to rise to the height of their true and severe responsibility. They will be incapable of holding a just freedom in politics, and of fighting in freedom's cause.

The victor would of his own grace pave the path of freedom for the vanquished.

When freedom is not an inner idea which imparts strength to our activities and breadth to our creations, when it is merely a thing of external circumstance, it is like an open space to one who is blindfolded.

Real freedom is of the mind and spirit ; it can never come to us from outside. He only has freedom who ideally loves freedom himself and is glad to extend it to others. He who cares to have slaves must chain himself to them ; he who builds walls to

create exclusion for others builds walls across his own freedom ; he who distrusts freedom in others loses his moral right to it. Sooner or later he is lured into the meshes of physical and moral servility. (*Tagore*)

FRIENDSHIP

It is the special privilege of a friend to own the other's faults and redeclare his affection in spite of faults.

True friendship is an identity of souls rarely to be found in this world. Only between like natures can friendship be altogether worthy and enduring. Friends react on one another. Hence in friendship there is very little scope for reform. I am of opinion that all exclusive intimacies are to be avoided, for man takes in vice far more readily than virtue. And he who would be friend with God must remain alone, or make the whole world his friend.

The test of friendship is assistance in adversity, and that, too, unconditional assistance. Co-operation which needs consideration is a commercial contract and not friendship. Conditional co-operation is like adulterated cement which does not bind. (*Gandhi*)

Depth of friendship does not depend upon length of acquaintance.

What a priceless thing true friendship is !

It so happens now and then that one meets a fellow-creature with whom one becomes intimate at first sight.

The friendships of boyhood's days always remain part of our flesh and blood.

A friend has an advantage over relations, for he does not have to bear the opposition of the community.

Those who have large hearts are disinterested friends.

Our friendship must perish for the sake of the greater love, that can't be helped; but if it can survive, then it will be fulfilled indeed. (*Tagore*)

FRUIT

The fruit hangs on the branch by the stem, but that is no reason why the claim of the stem should be eternal. Ripe fruit cannot for ever swear by its slackening stemhold. All its sweetness has been accumulated for me; to surrender itself to my hand is the reason of its existence, its very nature, its true morality. So I must pluck it, for it becomes me not to make it futile.

The sugar-cane filling itself with juice,

Is chewed and sucked dry by all beggars:

O foolish men, take your lesson from this;

Those trees are saved, which are fruitful. (*Tagore*)

FUTURE

Let us have done with the past and its bickering and face the future.

The future has to be lived before it can be written about. (*Nehru*)

Five or six centuries hence, the world will be moved by psychic forces. (*Tagore*)

GALLANTRY

My bonds are cut, my debts are paid, my door has been opened, I go everywhere.

They crouch in their corner and weave their web of pale hours, they count their coins sitting in the dust and call me back.

But my sword is forged, my armour is put on, my horse is eager to run.

I shall win my kingdom. (*Tagore*)

GAMBLING

In a way it is worse than the plague or the quake. For it destroys the soul within. A person without the soul is a burden upon the earth. No doubt war against gambling is not so simple as war against plague or earthquake distress. In the latter there is more or less co-operation from the sufferers. In the former the sufferers invite and hug their sufferings. To wean the gambler from his vice is like weaning the drunkard from the drink habit. This war against gambling is, therefore, an uphill task. (*Gandhi*)

GAME

The game cannot evidently go on if all the chessmen propose moving like kings ! (*Tagore*)

GANGES

I hope you will not use the name 'Ganges'. I dislike it. 'Ganga' sounds infinitely better. I wonder how your forebears managed to change this good name into Ganges. A friend has suggested an explanation which sounds feasible. Ganges, he says, is a corruption of Gangaji.

As the Ganga is history, the historical aspect should be brought out. The Ganga is intimately linked up with tradition, mythology, art, culture and history. You find her cropping up everywhere.

In order to understand Indian mythology and art, the mythological origins of the Ganga might be referred to, that is, Ganga falling on the matted head of Shiva, the matted head apparently representing the Himalaya mountains.

Indian literature is full of the Ganga and you find her name mentioned in songs in Burma and Indo-China and elsewhere. In Harsha's time the Chinese pilgrim, Hieuen Tsan, describes the *Kumbha Mela* at Allahabad, which was even then an ancient festival.

The swift-flowing Ganga, that noble river! How many of our forebears she had carried thus to the sea, how many of those who follow us will take that last journey in the embrace of her waters.

Our noble river, the Ganga! (*Nehru*)

The memory of my last visit to Banaras comes to my mind What impressed me most deeply, while I was there, was the mother call of the river Ganges, ever filling the atmosphere with an "unheard melody" attracting the whole population to its bosom every hour of the day. I am proud of the fact that India has felt a most profound love for this river, which nourishes civilization on its banks, guiding its course from the silence of the hills to the sea with its myriad voices of solitude. The love of this river, which has become one with the love of the best in man, has given rise to this town as an expression of reverence. This is to show that there are sentiments in us which are creative, which do not clamour for gain, but overflow in gifts, in spontaneous generosity of self-sacrifice.

One must die sooner or later, and it is just as well to be on the bank of the holy Ganges before it is too late.

There's only one recipe for immortality and that is to bathe in the Ganges every morning. (*Tagore*)

GARLANDS

When the garlands are ready, the necks will not be wanting. (*Tagore*)

GENEROSITY

Generosity is not only good morals but is often good politics and sound expediency.

Not that it is bad to be generous. On the contrary generosity pays in the end provided you are not generous at somebody's expense or at the expense of your own country. (*Nehru*)

The generous recognize a poor man when they see him. (*Tagore*)

GENIUS

Genius does not argue, it creates. (*Tagore*)

GIFTS

Money-gifts are hardly ever a sure indication of love. In fact, in our epics we have the story often told of God refusing the richest presents from those having great possessions, and preferring to eat the coarse morsel lovingly given by a devotee. (*Gandhi*)

GITA

To me the *Gita* became an infallible guide of conduct. It became my dictionary of daily reference just as I turned to the English dictionary for the meanings of English words that I did not understand. I turned to this dictionary of conduct for a ready solution of all my troubles and trials.

Gita is worshipped not by parrot-like recitation but by following its teachings.

The recitation of *Gita* verses will support you in your trials and console you in your distress, even in the darkness of solitary confinement. (*Gandhi*)

Even apart from the philosophy of the *Gita*, it lays stress on ethical and moral principles in statecraft and in life generally. Without this foundation of *dharma* there is no true happiness and society cannot hold together. The aim is social welfare, not the welfare of a particular group only but of the whole world, for 'the entire world of mortals is a self-dependent organism.'

The *Bhagawad Gita* is part of the *Mahabharata*, an episode in the vast drama. But it stands apart and is complete in itself. It is a relatively small poem of 700 verses—'the most beautiful, perhaps the only true philosophical song existing in any

known tongue', so William Von Humboldt described it. Its popularity and influence have not waned ever since it was composed and written in the pre-Buddhistic age and to-day its appeal is as strong as ever in India. Every school of thought and philosophy looks up to it and interprets it in its own way. In times of crisis, when the mind of man is tortured by doubt and is torn by the conflict of duties, it has turned all the more to the *Gita* for light and guidance. For it is a poem of crisis, of political and social crisis and, even more so, of crisis in the spirit of man. Innumerable commentaries on the *Gita* have appeared in the past and they continue to come out with unfailing regularity. Even the leaders of thought and action of the present day—Tilak, Aurobindo Ghose, Gandhi—have written on it, each giving his own interpretation. Gandhiji bases his firm belief in non-violence on it, others justify violence and warfare for a righteous cause.

During the two thousand five hundred years since it was written, Indian humanity went repeatedly through the processes of change and development and decay; experience succeeded experience, thought followed thought, but it always found something living in the *Gita*, something that fitted into the developing thought and had a freshness and applicability to the spiritual problems that afflict the mind.

(*Nehru*)

GIVE AND TAKE

Where is there space enough, lying fallow on this earth, for men who merely live and do not produce? How can they build an infirmary as big as the country itself? The hard fact must be laid to heart that we shall never get anything even if it be given to us. For it is only the lake, and not the desert, which can accept and retain a contribution from the heaven's cloud because, in its depth, the receiving and the giving have become one. Only to him who

hath is given, otherwise the gift is insulted and he, also, who receives it. (*Tagore*)

GLORY

Let me not shame Thee, Father, who displayest Thy glory in Thy children.

A limitless life of glory can bloom and spend itself in a morning.

Glory there may be in austerity, but the grace of life has its value too.

The foolish achieve success, the worthy glory.

Man is made that way; he responds to the call of glory. One may despise wealth only when it barely and meagerly suffices; but the moment its summit is raised high, men flock to admire it. Not that they are any the better for it, but because they delight in watching the splendour of eminence. (*Tagore*)

GOD

We are merely the instruments of the Almighty's will and are, therefore, ignorant of what helps us forward and what acts as an impediment.

Man's ultimate aim is the realization of God, and all his activities—social, political, religious, have to be guided by the ultimate aim of the vision of God. The immediate service of all human beings becomes a necessary part of the endeavour simply because the only way to find God is to see Him in His creation and be one with it.

If one wishes to work in the fear of God, one should be indifferent about popular praise or blame.

Mankind is notoriously too dense to read the signs that God sends from time to time. We require drums to be beaten into our ears, before we should wake from our trance and hear the warning and see that to lose oneself in all is the only way to find oneself. (*Gandhi*)

What the mysterious is I do not know. I do not call it God because God has come to mean much that I do not believe in. I find myself incapable of thinking of a deity or of any unknown supreme power in anthropomorphic terms, and the fact that many people think so is continually a source of surprise to me. Any idea of a personal God seems very odd to me. Intellectually, I can appreciate to some extent the conception of monism, and I have been attracted towards the *Advaita* (non-dualist) philosophy of the *Vedanta*, though I do not presume to understand it in all its depth and intricacy, and I realize that merely an intellectual appreciation of such matters does not carry one far. At the same time, the *Vedanta*, as well as other similar approaches, rather frighten me with their vague formless incursions into infinity. The diversity and fulness of nature stir me and produce a harmony of the spirit, and I can imagine myself feeling at home in the old Indian or Greek pagan and pantheistic atmosphere, but minus the conception of God or gods, that was attached to it.

Even if God exists, it may be desirable not to look up to Him or to rely upon Him. Too much dependence on supernatural factors may lead, and has often led to a loss of self-reliance in man and to a blunting of his capacity and creative ability. And yet some faith seems necessary in things of the spirt, which are beyond the scope of our physical worldi some reliance on moral, spiritual and idealistic conceptions, or else we have no anchorage, no objectives or purpose in life. Whether we believe in God or not, it is impossible not to believe in something, whether we call it a creative life-giving force, or vital energy inherent in matter which gives it its capacity for self-movement and change and growth, or by some other name, something that is as real, though elusive, as life is real when contrasted with death.

Whether we are conscious of it or not, most of us worship at the invisible altar of some unknown god and offer sacrifices to it—some ideal, personal, national or international; some distant objective that draws us on, though reason itself may find little substance to it ; some vague conception of a perfect man and a better world. Perfection may be impossible of attainment, but the demon in us, some vital force, urges us on and we tread that path from generation to generation. *(Nehru)*

God comes to me in the dusk of my evening with the flowers from my past kept fresh in his basket.

Those who have everything but Thee, my God, laugh at those who have nothing but Thyself.

God's right hand is gentle, but terrible is his left hand.

The God who belongs to the multitude and the God of the books are not my own God. These never answered my questions and never consoled me. But, at last, I have found the divine breathing and alive in the living world of men.

That there is a God ! that there is a God ! you will some day understand !

If we go to Him so lightly, we shall go in vain. Do we really see Him if we merely look at Him ? Do we really hear Him, when His words fall on our outward ears alone ?

God's words are ever ringing in the world, and he who is wilfully deaf cannot hear them.

We can't foresee God's purposes.

How God's punishment invisibly grows from a tiny seed to a giant life !

What's the difference. We call on Him as Hari, they as Allah, that's all.

In His presence, to present oneself is to present an offering.

When all seems lost, then His time is at hand.

This is something that cannot be written in words. He only knows it who sits in the bosom of the world and receives all its pangs in His own heart. The sky is dumb, the stars are mute, the night is still, and in the midst of it all that one sleepless cry !

God must be all sacrifice, pouring out His life in all Creation.

Men cheat the merciful God with empty words, to the vindictive God they give costly offerings. (*Tagore*)

GOD AND KINGS

The day came for the image from the temple to be drawn round the holy town in its chariot.

The Queen said to the King, "Let us go and attend the festival."

Only one man out of the whole household did not join in the pilgrimage. His work was to collect stalks of spear-grass to make brooms for the King's house.

The chief of the servants said in pity to him, "You may come with us."

He bowed his head, saying, "It cannot be."

The man dwelt by the road along which the King's followers had to pass. And when the Minister's elephant reached this spot, he called to him and said, "Come with us and see the God ride in his chariot !"

"I dare not seek God after the King's fashion," said the man.

"How should you ever have such luck again as to see the God in his chariot ?" asked the Minister.

"When God Himself comes to my door," answered the man.

The Minister laughed loud and said, "Fool ! When God comes to your door ! yet a King must travel to see Him !"

"Who except God visits the poor ?" said the man. (*Tagore*)

GODDESS OF LEARNING

In India our Goddess of learning is *Saraswati.* My audience in the West, I am sure, will be glad to know that her complexion is white. But the signal fact is that she is living and she is a woman, and her seat is on a lotus-flower. The symbolic meaning of this is, that she dwells in the centre of life and the heart of all existence, which opens itself in beauty to the light of heaven.

The Western education which we have chanced to know is impersonal. Its complexion is also white, but it is the whiteness of the whitewashed class-room walls. It dwells in the cold storage compartments of lessons and the ice-packed minds of the school-masters. The effect which it had on my mind when, as a boy, I was compelled to go to school, I have described elsewhere. My feeling was very much the same as a tree might have, which was not allowed to live its full life, but was cut down to be made into packing-cases. (*Tagore*)

GODS

The gods have all eternity for their worship, they're not pressed for time. But the sorrows of men cannot wait to reach other men, they have so very little time.

Have only men and demons combined to usurp gods' dominions in this world, and is heaven power-less to defend its honour ?

A man loses his humanity when it concerns his gods.

Who says that the gods do not show themselves to mortal men ?

The gods are invisible only in their heaven,—on earth they show themselves to mortal men.

Evolution is at work amongst the gods as well. The grandson has to remodel the gods created by the grandfather to suit his own taste, or else he is left an atheist. It is my mission to modernize the ancient deities. I am born the saviour of the gods, to emancipate them from the thraldom of the past.

Is there any need of gods in this little world of ours ? Let us be fearlessly godless and come closer to each other. They want our blood. And for this they have come down to the dust of our earth, leaving their magnificence of heaven. For in their heaven there are no men, no creatures, who can suffer. (*Tagore*)

GOD'S MERCY

When God bestows His favours, He is not miserly about it. (*Tagore*)

GOLD

I know that generally speaking it is the experience of the world that possession of gold is inconsistent with the possession of virtue ; but though such is the unfortunate experience in the world, it is by no means an inexorable law. (*Gandhi*)

But can blocks of gold ever answer to the swinging rhythm of your arms in the same way as fields of corn ?

A human being is classed as 'Perishable Goods,' and gold lasts much longer. (*Tagore*)

GOLDSMITH

Consult the goldsmith as to the best way to increase the weight of gold without increasing its cost. (*Tagore*)

GOODNESS

He who is too busy doing good finds no time to be good. (*Tagore*)

GOODWILL

I am quite convinced that in the treatment of nations to one another, as in the case of individuals, only out of goodwill will you get goodwill and no amount of intrigues and cleverness will get you good results out of evil ways.

We attach more importance to a decision arrived at through goodwill, then to the merely logical decision, for logic is a very feeble and unworthy substitute for goodwill. I would rather have goodwill and co-operation than logic. (*Nehru*)

GOSSIP

There are gossip-mongers everywhere. (*Tagore*)

GOVERNMENT

Good government is no substitute for self-government.

We get the government we deserve. When we improve, the government is also bound to improve.

When, therefore, there is only a caricature of responsible government, things can be much worse than under a frankly and purely autocratic government. The latter not depending upon the votes of any class can afford to be impartial to all. The former dare not.

A government is an instrument of service only in so far as it is based upon the will and consent of the people. It is an instrument of oppression when it enforces submission at the point of the bayonet. Oppression, therefore, ceases when people cease to fear the bayonet. (*Gandhi*)

The form of government is after all a means to an end; even freedom itself is a means, the end being human well-being, human growth, the ending of poverty and disease and suffering, and the opportunity for every one to live the "good life", physically and mentally.

A government in a democratic society is a reflection of the will of the people and it should continue to be a reflection of this all the time. (*Nehru*)

GRACE

Skill and grace, the twin brother and sister, are dancing playfully on your finger-tips. I am watching and thinking. (*Tagore*)

GRANTH SAHIB

I hold *Granth Sahib* in high reverence. Several parts of it have passed into our daily speech. So far as my reading of it goes, it inculcates faith, valour and invincible belief in the ultimate triumph of right and justice. (*Gandhi*)

GRATITUDE

Do you think that every debt can be paid off with money ? (*Tagore*)

GREATNESS

Human beings like to make gods of their great men.

No country and no people can rise to greatness unless they have something of the stuff of greatness in them.

Those who are truly great have a message that cannot be confined within a particular country but is for all the world.

Bigness is bigness in spite of a hundred mistakes.

If you try to do great things, the shadow of their greatness partly falls upon you also. If you always dwell on the petty things of life, you inevitably remain petty. And so, in India's fight for freedom, many people of small stature had the high privilege of serving under one of the greatest of men and of being associated with their country's historic struggle. (*Nehru*)

These supermen are best worshipped from afar.

These big men are big babies. They must have plenty of play. When they get tired of one game, if you don't supply them with another, they'll break their toys.

Small ones are consumed to ash, that the great ones may leap up in flame. This is the principle underlying all rise to greatness.

You sit alone upon your peak of greatness, where I do not reach you.

The Great is a born child; when he dies he gives his great childhood to the world.

The Great walks with the Small without fear.

The Middling keeps aloof. (*Tagore*)

GREED

To take what is required may be profitable; to have more given to you is likely to be a burden. To overload a stomach is to court slow death. (*Gandhi*)

Women have a weakness for greedy men; for it is this greed of ours which gives them the upper hand.

In our greed we try to cheapen that which is the greatest thing on earth. That which is eternal within the moment only becomes shallow if spread out in time.

Every man has a natural right to possess, and therefore, greed is natural.

When a man has greed in his heart, he is always on the verge of being beaten. The greed itself supplies his enemies with poison.

Our merciful God beats us with His own hand, and drives away all the poison. He who endures God's beating to the end is saved.

The more he gets, the more he wants. His dry tongue grows longer and longer, like a flame fed with ghee.

He who gives all, keeps all; greed brings you only stolen goods, and they won't last. What you seize by violence can never be yours. What you set free is yours for ever. Clutch at it, and it is gone.

Is there a greater force than greed? It is the steed of the great ones of the earth, as is the elephant, *Airauat*, the steed of *Indra.*

That's the fate of greedy people! They lose the future by yielding to the temptation of the present.

(*Tagore*)

GREEDY AFFECTION

Why are those tears in your eyes, my child?

How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing!

You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing—is that why they call you dirty?

O, fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because it has smudged its face with ink?

For every little trifle they blame you, my child. They are ready to find fault for nothing.

You tore your clothes while playing—is that why they call you untidy?

O, fie! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles through its ragged clouds?

Take no heed of what they say to you my child.

They make a long list of your misdeeds.

Everybody knows how you love sweet things—is that why they call you greedy?

O, fie! What then would they call us who love you? (*Tagore*)

GREY HAIR

"Ah, poet, the evening draws near; your hair is turning grey.

"Do you in your lonely musing hear the message of the hereafter ?"

"It is evening," the poet said, "and I am listening because someone may call from the village, late though it be.

"I watch if young straying hearts meet together, and two pairs of eager eyes beg for music to break their silence and speak for them.

"Who is there to weave their passionate songs, if I sit on the shore of life and contemplate death and the beyond ?

"The early evening star disappears.

"The glow of a funeral pyre slowly dies by the silent river.

"Jackals cry in chorus from the courtyard of the deserted house in the light of the worn-out moon.

"If some wanderer, leaving home, come here to watch the night and with bowed head listen to the murmur of the darkness, who is there to whisper the secrets of life into his ears if I, shutting my doors, should try to free myself from mortal bonds ?

"It is a trifle that my hair is turning grey.

"I am ever as young or as old as the youngest and the oldest of this village.

"Some have smiles, sweet and simple, and some a sly twinkle in their eyes.

"Some have tears that well up in the daylight, and others tears that are hidden in the gloom.

"They all have need for me, and I have no time to brood over the after-life.

"I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey ?" (*Tagore*)

GROWN UP CHILD

"I am small because I am a little child. I shall be big when I am as old as my father is."

My teacher will come and say, "It is late, bring your slate and your books."

I shall tell him, "Do you not know I am as big as father ? And I must not have lessons any more."

My master will wonder and say, "He can leave his books if he likes, for he is grown up."

I shall dress myself and walk to the fair where the crowd is thick.

My uncle will come rushing up to me and say, "You will get lost, my boy ; let me carry you."

I shall answer, "Can't you see, uncle, I am as big as father ? I must go to the fair alone."

Uncle will say, "Yes he can go wherever he likes, for he is grown up."

Mother will come from her bath when I am giving money to my nurse, for I shall know how to open the box with my key.

Mother will say, "What are you about, naughty child ?"

I shall tell her, "Mother, don't you know, I am as big as father, and I must give silver to my nurse."

Mother will say to herself, "He can give money to whom he likes, for he is grown up."

In the holiday time in October father will come home and, thinking that I am still a baby, will bring for me from the town little shoes and small silken frocks.

I shall say, "Father, give them to my *dada*, for I am as big as you are."

Father will think and say, "He can buy his own clothes if he likes, for he is grown up." (*Tagore*)

GROWTH

Growth is the movement of a whole towards a yet fuller wholeness. Living things start with this wholeness from the beginning of their career. A child has its own perfection as a child ; it would be ugly if it appeared as an unfinished man. (*Tagore*)

GURU

The influence of an absent *guru* is often much greater than that of one who is constantly present, for then the mind itself becomes filled from within when it feels the lack of the *guru's* presence. (*Tagore*)

GURU NANAK

He was one of those who tried to find a common platform between Hinduism and Islam. He was succeeded by three other *gurus*, who, like him, were perfectly peaceful and were only interested in religious matters. Akbar gave the site of the tank and the golden temple at Amritsar to the fourth *guru*. Since then Amritsar has been the headquarters of Sikhism. (*Nehru*)

GYPSIES

Their life is lived in the open, and they only creep under shelters at night, to sleep huddled together. That is always the gypsies' way : no home anywhere, no landlord to pay rent to, wandering about as it pleases them with their children, their pigs, and a dog or two ; and on them the police keep a vigilant eye.

These are truly children of the soil, born on it somewhere, bred by the wayside, here, there, and everywhere, dying anywhere. Night and day under the open sky, in the open air, on the bare ground, they lead a unique kind of life ; and yet work, love, children, and household duties—everything is there. They are not idle for a moment, but always doing something. (*Tagore*)

HABITS

Man's destined purpose is to conquer old habits, to overcome the evil in him and to restore good to its rightful place.

We cannot, in a moment, get rid of habits of a lifetime. (*Gandhi*)

Our mind has faculties which are universal, but its habits are insular. There are men who become impatient and angry at the least discomfort when their habits are incommoded. In their idea of the next world they probably conjure up the ghosts of their slippers and dressing-gowns, and expect the latch-key that opens their lodging-house door on earth to fit their front door in the other world. As travellers they are a failure ; for they have grown too accustomed to their mental easy-chairs, and in their intellectual nature love home comforts which are of local make, more than the realities of life, which, like earth itself, are full of ups and downs, yet are one in their rounded completeness. (*Tagore*)

HAPPINESS

Happiness, after all, is an inner state of mind. It is little dependent on outside environment. Happiness has very little to do, for instance, with whether you are rich or not rich. Some of the most miserable persons I have come across in my life are the rich people. It is true that poverty makes one miserable in a very acute way. But my point is that it is not wealth but co-ordination of one's thought and action which removes inner conflicts. It is in that way that integration of personality is achieved. (*Nehru*)

Happiness is like those stars. They don't cover all the darkness; there are gaps between. We make mistakes in life and we misunderstand, and yet there remain gaps through which truth shines.

You'll get with interest all the happiness that is due to you. (*Tagore*)

HARMONY

A strong wind arising somewhere creates a cyclone in one place and an anti-cyclone in another. So if harmony is to be achieved by the individual, it has to be supported by same kind of social harmony throughout the world. (*Nehru*)

HATRED

It is dangerous and harmful to be guided in our life's course by hatreds and aversions, for they are wasteful of energy and limit and twist the mind and prevent it from perceiving the truth. (*Nehru*)

HEALING

It always turned out that the healing forces at bottom proved more powerful than the wounds on the surface. (*Tagore*)

HEALTH

It is health which is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver. (*Gandhi*)

We must lay greater stress on the prevention of disease and on the general raising of standards of public health than on individual treatment.

This type of education which presumes to concern itself only with the reading of books is from any point of view incomplete. You may become a distinguished mathematician or an eminent individual otherwise, but you will find you will be an even better mathematician if your body functions properly. I do not like persons going about with a bent back. I want them to be straight like a ramrod and walk erect. I want them to be quick in their walk and not to saunter and loiter, as many do. Basic education stresses both things—physical or cultural fitness and the ability to do things with the hands. You can take it from me that if your hands can do things, your mind will work more satisfactorily. (*Nehru*)

Saintly life must conduce to bodily fitness.

Most of our greatest men die young. They do a disservice to their country in neglecting their own health.

We have no right to neglect our bodies ; we didn't create them ourselves. *(Tagore)*

HEAVEN

Where is heaven ? you ask me, my child,—the sages tell us it is beyond the limits of birth and death, unswayed by the rhythm of day and night ; it is not of this earth.

But your poet knows that its eternal hunger is for time and space, and it strives evermore to be born in the fruitful dust. Heaven is fulfilled in your sweet body, my child, in your palpitating heart.

The sea is beating its drums in joy, the flowers are a-tiptoe to kiss you. For heaven is born in you, in the arms of the mother-dust. *(Tagore)*

HELP

Help must come from man when it is denied from gods.

When we see a person being carried off by the current, are we not to try and draw him back to the bank ? *(Tagore)*

HELPMATE

Would it please your heroic soul if the playmate of the night aspired to be the helpmate of the day, if the left arm learnt to share the burden of the proud right arm ? *(Tagore)*

HERITAGE

If we are the heirs of the ages, we are the heirs of both the good and the bad. And there is a great deal of evil in our present inheritance in India, a great deal that has kept us down in the world, and reduced our noble country to great poverty, and

made her a plaything in the hands of others. But have we not decided that this must no longer continue!

Nothing is more advantageous and more creditable than a rich heritage; but nothing is more dangerous for a nation than to sit back and live on that heritage. A nation cannot progress if it merely imitates its ancestors; what builds a nation is creative, inventive and vital activity. (*Nehru*)

HEROES

Ordinary men and women are not usually heroic. They think of their daily bread and butter, of their children, of their household worries and the like. But a time comes when a whole people become full of faith for a great cause, and then even simple, ordinary men and women become heroes, and history becomes stirring and epoch-making. Great leaders have something in them which inspires a whole people and makes them do great deeds.

HILLS

The hills are like shouts of children who raise their arms, trying to catch stars. (*Tagore*)

HIMALAYAS

In these hills nature's hospitality eclipses all that man can ever do. The enchanting beauty of the Himalayas, their bracing climate and the soothing green that envelops you, leave nothing more to be desired. I wonder whether the scenery of these hills and the climate are to be surpassed, if equalled, by any of the beauty spots of the world. After having been for nearly three weeks in the Almora hills, I am more than even amazed why our people need to go to Europe in search of health. (*Gandhi*)

I dream of the day when I shall wander about the Himalayas and cross them to reach that lake and mountain of my desire. But meanwhile the

sands of life run on and youth passes into middle age and that will give place to something worse, and sometimes I think that I may grow too old to reach *Kailas* and *Manasarovar*. But the journey is always worth the making even though the end may not be in sight.

When I see the map of India and I look at the Himalayan range, I like the Himalayas myself. I like mountains and all that. I think of the vast power concentrated there which is not being used, and which could be used, and which really could transform the whole of India with exceeding rapidity if it were properly utilized. It is an amazing source of power, probably the biggest source anywhere in the world—this Himalayan range, with its rivers, minerals and other resources. Therefore, I attach more importance to the development of these big river-valley schemes, dams, reservoirs, hydro-electric and thermal power and so forth, which, once released, will simply drive you forward. But before we release power, we have to know how to control it and use it in the proper way.

I know of no other place in the world which has as much tremendous power locked up in it as the Himalayas and the water which comes to the rivers from them.

That mighty chain of mountains in the north and north-east, called the Himalayas! I often think that not only is this great mountain chain a boundary and a frontier of India rising like a great sentinel, inspiring so much of our culture and thought through the ages but that this mighty chain is also an untapped source of vast energy. *(Nehru)*

In the youth of the world, Himalaya, you sprang from the rent breast of the earth, and hurled your burning challenges to the sun, hill after hill. Then came the mellow time when you said to yourself, "No more, no further !" and your fiery heart, that raged

for the freedom of clouds, found its limits, and stood still to salute the limitless. After this check on your passion, beauty was free to play upon your breast, and trust surrounded you with the joy of flowers and birds.

You sit in your solitude like a great reader, on whose lap lies open some ancient book with its countless pages of stone. What story is written there, I wonder ?—is it the eternal wedding of the divine ascetic, *Shiva*, with *Bhawani*, the divine love ?—the drama of the Terrible wooing the power of the Frail ? (*Tagore*)

HINDI

Hindi Literature has a fine past, but it cannot live for ever on its past. I feel sure that it has a great future, and that Hindi journalism will be a tremendous power in this country. But neither will progress much till it shakes itself free of narrow conventions and boldly addresses the masses. (*Nehru*)

HINDUISM

Hindu *Dharma* is a boundless ocean teeming with priceless gems.

Hinduism believes in the oneness not of merely all human life, but in the oneness of all that lives.

Hinduism is the most tolerant of all religions. (*Gandhi*)

I was born a Hindu, but I do not know how far I am justified in calling myself one or in speaking on behalf of Hindus. But birth still counts in this country.

The Hindu religion especially went up in my estimation ; not the ritual or ceremonial part but its great books, the "*Upanishads*" and the "*Bhagawad Gita*". I did rot understand them, of course, but they seemed very wonderful.

Hindus are somewhat different, though not always so. In practice they may be very orthodox; they may, and do, indulge in the most out-of-date, reactionary and even pernicious customs and yet they will usually be prepared to discuss the most radical ideas about religion. There is a certain philosophical tradition among the intelligent Hindus, which, though it does not affect practice, does make a difference to the ideological approach to a religious question. Partly, I suppose, this is due to the wide and often conflicting variety of opinions and customs that are included in the Hindu fold. It has, indeed, often been remarked that Hinduism is hardly a religion in the usual sense of the word. And yet, what amazing tenacity it has got, what tremendous power of survival! One may even be a professing atheist—as the old Hindu philosopher, Charvaka, was—and yet no one dare say that he has ceased to be a Hindu. Hinduism clings on to its children almost despite them. A *Brahman* I was born, and a *Brahman* I seem to remain whatever I might say or do in regard to religion or social custom. To the Indian world I am '*Pandit*' so and so, in spite of my desire not to have this or any other honorific title attached to my name. I remember meeting a Turkish scholar once in Switzerland, to whom I had sent previously a letter of introduction in which I had been referred to as 'Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru'. He was surprised and a little disappointed to see me for, as he told me, the '*Pandit*' had led him to expect a revered scholarly gentleman of advanced years.

The word 'Hindu' does not occur at all in our ancient literature. The first reference to it in an Indian book is, I am told, in a *Tantrik* work of the eighth century A.C., where 'Hindu' means a people and not the followers of a particular religion.

The use of the word 'Hindu' in connection with a particular religion is of very late occurrence.

Hinduism, as a faith, is vague, amorphous, many-sided, all things to all men. It is hardly possible to define it, or indeed to say definitely whether it is a religion or not, in the usual sense of the word. In its present form, and even in the past, it embraces many beliefs and practices, from the highest to the lowest, often opposed to or contradicting each other. Its essential spirit seems to be to live and let live.

(*Nehru*)

With its Hindu civilization, India attained the gift of being able to realize in the commonplaceness of life, the infinity of the Universal. But on the other hand, by reason of the mixed strain in its blood, whenever Hinduism has failed to take its stand on the reconciliation of opposites which is of its essence, it has fallen a prey to incongruous folly and blind superstition. This is the predicament in which Hindu India has been placed by its birth-right. Where the harmony between the component differences has been organically effected, there beauty has blossomed ; so long as it remains wanting, there is no end to deformities. Moreover, we must remember that not only the Dravidian civilization, but things appertaining to primitive non-Aryan tribes also found entrance into the Aryan polity ; and the torment of these unassimilable intrusions has been a darkly cruel legacy left to the succeeding Hindu society.

Hinduism consisting of prohibitions with regard to touching, and prohibitions with regard to eating, and a lot of other meaningless rules and regulations !

The Hindus are a nation, and such a vast nation that their nationality cannot be limited within the scope of any single definition. Just as the ocean is not the same as its waves, so Hindus are not the same as sects.

Hindu society has always given shelter to new sects, and it can be the society of all religious communities.

Hinduism is a very profound subject. It is not easy for any and every person to sound the depths of the religion established by the *Rishis*. It is just as well not to meddle with it without a full understanding.

Simply to call oneself a Hindu is not to become one. It is easy to become a Mohammedan, easier still to become a Christian—but a Hindu ! Good Lord, that's a different matter !

There is no way of obtaining entrance into the Hindu Society. At any rate there is no royal high road, though there may be some back-doors. That society is not one for all mankind—it is only for those whose destiny it is to be born Hindus. (*Tagore*)

HINDUISM AND CHRISTIANITY

You must understand that the Hindu religion takes in its lap, like a mother, people of different ideas and opinions; in other words, the Hindu religion looks upon man only as man, and does not count him as belonging to a particular party. It honours not only the wise but the foolish also, and it shows respect not merely to one form of wisdom but to wisdom in all its aspects. Christians do not want to acknowledge diversity; they say that on one side is the Christian religion and on the other eternal destruction, and between these two there is no middle path. And because we have studied under these Christians we have become ashamed of the variety there is in Hinduism. We fail to see that through this diversity Hinduism is coming to realize the oneness of all. Until we can free ourselves from this whirlpool of Christian teaching we shall not become fit for the glorious truths of our own Hindu religion ! (*Tagore*)

HISTORY

History does not consist of battles and a few persons who became kings and generals. History

should tell us of the people of a country; how they lived, what they did, and what they thought. It should tell us of their joys and sorrows; of their difficulties and how they overcame them. And if we study history in this way we can learn a lot from it. If we have to face the same kind of difficulty or trouble, our reading of history may help us to get over it. Specially our study of past times will help us in finding out if people have been getting better and better or worse; if there has been progress or not.

Of course, one must try to learn something from the lives of great men and women of past times. But we must also try to learn what the condition of various kinds of people in olden days was.

We imagine that we are so important and little things annoy us and worry us. But what are these little happenings in the long history of the world? It does us good to read and learn something of these vast periods of history because we will not then worry about little things much. (*Nehru*)

There is no age of history which may be called old. It is always an eternal extension of the present.

There is only one history—the history of man. All national histories are merely chapters in the larger one.

Neither the colourless vagueness of cosmopolitanism, nor the fierce self-idolatry of nation-worship is the goal of human history.

Man's history is being shaped according to the difficulties it encounters. These have offered us problems and claimed their solutions from us, the penalty of non-fulfilment being death or degradation.

Man's history has to be built by the united effort of all the races in the world, and, therefore, this selling of conscience for political reasons,—this making a fetish of one's country, won't do.

Things which are so simple to ordinary folk get so twisted in the minds of our B.A.'s and M.A.'s, the only purpose of whose historical quibbles seems to be to torture the truth.

Man does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it. (*Tagore*)

HOBBIES

Men will have some absurd hobby or other, which is sure to be expensive. It is no use trying to check their extravagance ; one is glad enough if they stop short of ruin.

Adult babies have their hobbies, which they forget in a day but which, if resisted, lead only to friction. (*Tagore*)

HOLIDAYS

Every face bright with anticipation of the coming holidays !

Take your holidays, my boy ; there are the blue sky and the bare field, the barn and the ruined temple under the ancient tamarind.

My holiday must be taken through yours, finding light in the dance of your eyes, music in your noisy shouts.

To you autumn brings the true holiday freedom : to me it brings the impossibility of work ; for lo ! you burst into my room.

Yes, my holiday is an endless freedom for love to disturb me. (*Tagore*)

HOLLOWNESS

An empty vessel sounds most. (*Tagore*)

HOME

How many women in these days have broken the homes they once built up !

Our homes are like moulds for fashioning human beings of clay, which is why the foreign juggler has succeeded so long in keeping thirty-three crores of puppets dancing to his tune.

The permanent significance of home is not in the narrowness of its enclosure, but in an eternal moral idea. It represents the truth of human relationship : it reveals loyalty and love for the personality of man. (*Tagore*)

HOME AND HOTELS

The arid zone in the social life is spreading fast. The simple comforts of home, made precious by the touch of love, are giving way to luxuries that can only have their full extension in the isolation of self-centred life. Hotels are being erected on the ruins of homes; productions are growing more stupendous than creations; and most men have, for the materials of their happiness and recreation, their dogs and horses, their pipes, guns, and gambling clubs. (*Tagore*)

HONOUR

What are riches, power and military renown worth if honour becomes sullied ?

No cost is too heavy for the preservation of one's honour, especially religious honour.

I would prefer total destruction of myself and my all to purchasing safety at the cost of my manhood.

One who knows how to die, need never fear any harm to her or his honour.

It is any day better to stand erect with a broken and bandaged head than to crawl on one's belly, in order to be able to save one's head. (*Gandhi*)

Don't hoard up honour for yourselves. Lay it at the feet of the One who dwells within. No insult or dishonour can enter there. (*Tagore*)

HOPE

When every hope is gone, "when helpers fail and comforts flee," I find that help arrives somehow, from I know not where. Supplication, worship, prayer are no superstitions; they are acts more real than the acts of eating, drinking, sitting or walking. It is no exaggeration to say that they alone are real, all else is unreal.

I never give up hope so long as there is the least chance.

If we had no faith in the ultimate God we would lose all hope.

But as I am a believer in God, as I never for a moment lose faith in Him, as I content myself with the joy and sorrow that He wills for me, I may feel helpless, but I never lose hope. (*Gandhi*)

Teeth fall out, hair grows grey.
Yet man clings to hope that plays him false.

Perhaps because the whole of our life is not vividly present at each moment, some imaginary hope may lure, some glowing picture of a future, untrammelled with everyday burdens may tempt us; but these are illusory.

Abandoned hope comes back to you again and again like a shameless woman.

Let each separate moment of beauty come to me like a bird of mystery from its unseen nest in the dark bearing a message of music. Let me for ever sit with my hope on the brink of its realization, and thus end my days.

That fetters are binding, all are aware;
But fetters of hope are strange, I declare.
Hope's Captive is tossed in the whirlpool's wake,
And only grows still when the fetters break.

(*Tagore*)

HOSPITALITY

The very sight of you is indeed the highest hospitality. (*Tagore*)

HOUSEHOLD WORK

The housewife's throne is not embowered in roses. (*Tagore*)

HUMAN HEART

Ah, foolish heart, whither fled thy presumption ? Could I but exchange my youth with all its aspirations for the clod of earth under his feet, I should deem it a most precious grace. I know not in what whirlpool of thought I was lost, when suddenly I saw him vanish through the trees.

The human heart-beat tells its tale.

In the heart of the white dwell all the colours of the rainbow.

Words are not everything and there is a reality known as the heart of man.

Alas, for the foolish human heart !

The heart is a good thing, but it is not the best of all.

In the scientific idea of the world there is no gap in the universal law of causality. Whatever happens could never have happened otherwise. This is a generalization which has been made possible by a quality of logic which is possessed by the human mind. But this very mind of Man has its immediate consciousness of will within him which is aware of its freedom and ever struggles for it. Every day in most of our behaviour we acknowledge its truth ; to fact, our conduct finds its best value in its relation to its truth.

Your days will be full of cares, if you must give me your heart. My house by the cross-roads has its doors open and my mind is absent,—for I sing.

I shall never be made to answer for it, if you must give me your heart. If I pledge my word to you in tunes now, and am too much in earnest to keep it when music is silent, you must forgive me; for the law laid down in May is best broken in December.

Do not always keep remembering it, if you must give me your heart. When your eyes sing with love, and your voice ripples with laughter, my answers to your questions will be wild, and not miserly accurate in facts,—they are to be believed for ever and then forgotten for good.

This all-pervading joy of a first outflow, however, has the effect of leading us to an acquaintance with the particular. The lake in its fulness seeks an outlet as a river. In this sense the permanent later love is narrower than first love. It is more definite in the direction of its activities, desires to realize the whole in each of its parts, and is thus impelled on towards the infinite. What it finally reaches is no longer the former indefinite extension of the heart's own inner joy, but a merging in the infinite reality which was outside itself, and thereby the attainment of the complete truth of its own longings.

When the heart is first awakened it puts forth its arms and would grasp the whole world, like the teething infant which thinks everything is meant for its mouth. Gradually it comes to understand what it really wants and what it does not. Then do its nebulus emanations shrink upon themselves, get heated, and heat in their turn. *(Tagore)*

HUMANITARIANISM

Humanitarianism without knowledge is futile and may even be harmful.

Mere learning, mere humanitarianism, divorced from actual experience, may spell disaster to the cause sought to be espoused. *(Gandhi)*

HUMANITY

The first condition of humaneness is a little humanity and a little diffidence about the correctness of one's conduct and a little receptiveness.

If the beasts had intelligent speech at their command, they would state a case against man that would stagger humanity.

A man must arrange his physical and cultural circumstances so that they do not hinder him in his service of humanity, on which all his energies should be concentrated. (*Gandhi*)

I have an infinite faith in humanity and in its capacity to survive every disaster. Anyhow, that is a question of faith and it is a good thing to have faith. Leaving faith aside for a moment, it is a little dangerous for the world's destiny to be governed merely by sudden and immediate reactions to events. (*Nehru*)

How great is humanity and how nobly precious is man's life. When the actualities of everyday things get better of the man then is Truth lost sight of and freedom missed.

Humanity, where it is living, is guided by inner ideals; but where it is a dead organization it becomes impervious to them. Its building process is only an external process, and in its response to the moral guidance it has to pass through obstacles that are gross and non-plastic.

Humanity is a necessary factor in the perfecting of the divine truth. The Infinite, for its self-expression, comes down into the manifoldness of the Finite; and the Finite, for its self-realization, must rise into the unity of the Infinite. Then only is the Cycle of Truth complete. (*Tagore*)

HUMAN LIFE

As the earth consisted of land and water, so human life was made up of eatings and beatings, and that the beatings largely predominated.

Man's life was not meant to be cast in a mould. And if we try to shape the good, as so much mere material, it takes a terrible revenge by losing its life.

The course of human life is like that of a great river which, by the force of its own swiftness, takes quite new and unforeseen channels where before there was no current—such varied currents and unpremeditated changes are part of God's purpose for our lives. Life is not an artificial canal to be confined within prescribed channels. When once this is clearly seen in our own lives then we shall not be able to be misled by any mere fabrications.

Life's fufilment finds constant contradiction in its path ; but those are necessary for the sake of its advance. The stream is saved from the sluggishness of its current by the perpetual opposition of the soil through which it must cut its way. It is this soil which forms its banks. The spirit of fight belongs to the genius of life.

Life's shoreless sea !

One of the characteristics of the living is the power to heal the irreparable, to forget the irreplaceable. And in early life this power is strongest, so that no blow penetrates too deeply, no scar is left permanently.

There is a duality in man. Of the inner person, behind the outward current of thoughts, feelings and events, but little is known or recked ; but for all that he cannot be got rid of as a factor in life's progress. When the outward life fails to harmonize with the inner, the dweller within is hurt, and his pain manifests itself in the outer consciousness in a manner to which it is difficult to give a name, or even, to describe, and of which the cry is more akin to an inarticulate wail than to words with more precise meaning.

Life has its inequalities, but they are natural and are in harmony with our vital functions. The head

keeps its place apart from the feet, not through some external arrangement or any conspiracy of coercion. If the body is compelled to turn somersaults for an indefinite period, the head never exchanges its relative function for that of the feet.

Those who have never put life to the test, in all possible ways, these keep on crying out:

Life is fleeting, Life is waning,
Life is like a dew-drop on a lotus leaf.

But isn't life inconstant ?

Only because its movement is unceasing. The moment you stop this movement, that moment you begin to play the drama of Death.

The weary, difficult road !

Life has its sleep, its periods of inactivity, when it loses its movements, takes no new food, living upon its past storage. Then it grows helpless, its muscles relaxed, and it easily lends itself to be jeered at for its stupor. In the rhythm of life, pauses there must be for the renewal of life. Life in its activity is ever spending itself, burning all its fuel. This extravagance cannot go on indefinitely, but is always followed by a passive stage, when all expenditure is stopped and all adventures abandoned in favour of rest and slow recuperation.

Things that are living are so easily hurt ; therefore, they require protection. In nature, life protects itself within its coverings, which are built with life's own material. Therefore they are in harmony with life's growth, or else when the time comes they easily give way and are forgotten. The living man has his true protection in his spiritual ideals, which have their vital connection with his life and grow with his growth.

The lion comes to beg his chains ! Is life so precious ?

All that is inert and inanimate is limited to the bare fact of existence. Life is perpetually creative because it contains in itself that surplus which ever-flows the boundaries of the immediate time and space, restlessly pursuing its adventure of expression in the varied forms of self-realization. Our living body has its vital organs that are important in maintaining its efficiency, but this body is not a mere convenient sac for the purpose of holding stomach, heart, lungs and brain ; it is an image—its highest value is in the fact that it communicates its personality. It has colour, shape and movement, most of which belong to the superfluous, that are needed only for self-expression and not for self-preservation.

Give your life to none, I say, save to Him who gave it.
Life's days are mere tinsel, most trifling of God's gifts.
Life is not confined within the bonds of family or sect.
World is a joyless place and life a burden.

Who could have thought that so much would happen in this one life ? I feel as if I have passed through a whole series of births, time has been flying so fast, I did not feel it move at all.

The difficulty is, that one's life is not solely one's own. He who would create it must do so with the help of his surroundings, or he will fail.

Life is indefinite,—a bundle of contradictions. We men, with our ideas, strive to give it a particular shape by melting it into a particular mould,—into the definiteness of success. All the world-conquerors, from Alexander down to the American millionaires, mould themselves into a sword or a mint, and thus find that distinct image of themselves which is the source of their success.

It is in real life that the most extra-ordinary things happen.

Life is so perplexing ! We are baffled in our hopes, cheated of our loves.

Mind has to treat with mind, will to come to terms with will, through many tortuous obstructions, before giving and taking can come about. The fountain of life, as it dashes into these obstacles, splashes and foams over in laughter and tears, and dances and whirls through eddies from which one cannot get a definite idea of its course.

Life's attraction like the tidalwave, tears away mind from its anchorage of books.

The life that is unlimited gives no provocation to fight for its distribution.

No line of care scored the face of the Heavens, no restless activity ruffled the serenity of the moon-light; the stillness of the night was unbroken, and the whole Universe with its countless stars in ever-lasting motion was nonetheless steeped in everlasting repose ; only in man's restless strife is there no pause. Alike in prosperity and in adversity human life is an unceasing struggle against odds. (*Tagore*)

HUMAN NATURE

Human nature will only find itself when it fully realizes that to be human, it has to cease to be beastly or brutal.

All men are imperfect, and when imperfection is observed in some one in a large measure than in others, people are apt to blame him. But that is not fair. Man can change his temperament, can control it, but cannot eradicate it. God has not given him so much liberty. If the leopard can change his spots then only can man modify the peculiarities of his spiritual constitution. (*Gandhi*)

It takes time to understand people.

Who could tell beforehand what kind of person could be of help and which could do an injury?

Human nature is not what it seems, but what it is in truth; which is in its infinite possibilities. And when we in our blindness insult humanity for its ragged appearance it sheds its disguise to disclose to us that we have insulted our God. The degradation which we cast upon others in our pride or self-interest degrades our own humanity—and this is the punishment which is most terrible, because we do not detect it till it is too late.

Our greed for eating is in itself ugly and selfish; it has no sense of decorum; but when brought under the ideal of social fellowship, it is regulated and made ornamental; it is changed into a daily festivity of life. In human nature sexual passion is fiercely individual and destructive, but dominated by the ideal of love, it has been made to flower into a perfection of beauty, becoming in its best expression symbolical of the spiritual truth in man which is his kinship of love with the Infinite. Thus we find it is the One which expresses itself in creation; and the Many, by giving up opposition, make the revelation of unity perfect. (*Tagore*)

HUMAN RELATIONSHIP

The pleasantest of smiles does not get over these ingrained prejudices and the varying world-outlooks that they produce. Still, the attempt must be made to cultivate friendly contacts for without them the world would be a drearier place even than it is. They do certainly help, to a certain extent, in creating an atmosphere which makes understanding possible later on: they lessen the bitterness of individuals and groups; they widen the individual's horizon; and it is one of the chief delights of life to meet worthwhile persons. (*Nehru*)

HUMAN SPIRIT

All of us are curious mixtures of the good and the bad, the great and the little.

More wonderful than the earth and the Heavens is this mind and spirit of man which grows ever mightier and seeks fresh worlds to conquer.

Was human nature so essentially bad that it would take ages of training, through suffering and misfortune, before it could behave reasonably and raise man above that creature of lust and violence and deceit that he now was ?

How amazing is this spirit of man ! In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an ideal, for truth, for faith, for country and honour. That ideal may change but that capacity for self-sacrifice continues, and because of that, much may be forgiven to man, and it is impossible to lose hope for him. In the midst of disaster, he has not lost his dignity or his faith in the values he cherished. Plaything of Nature's mighty forces, less than the speck of dust in the vast Universe, he has hurled defiance at the elemental powers, and with his mind, cradle of revolution, sought to master them. Whatever gods there be, there is something god-like in man, as there is also something of the devil in him.

The human mind refuses to imprison itself and continues to reach out for that fruit of knowledge which it well knows is beyond reach.

A logical movement of the human mind is sometimes discernible, yet thoughts overlap and the new and the old run side by side, irreconcilable and often contradicting each other. Even an individual's mind is a bundle of contradictions and it is difficult to reconcile his actions with one another.

The psychology of the people is more important than any decree of the Government. (*Nehru*)

HUMAN VALUES

Unless we have certain values in life, life becomes rather empty : unless we have certain values in our public and in our mental conduct, it becomes difficult to see whither we are going and what we are trying to do. (*Nehru*)

HUMILIATION

It has always been a mystery to me how men can feel themselves honoured by the humiliation of their fellow-beings. (*Gandhi*)

Don't humiliate yourself, self-humiliation is a sin, worse than self-murder. (*Tagore*)

HUMILITY

An humble person is not himself conscious of his humility. Truth and the like perhaps admit of measurement, but not humility. Inborn humility can never remain hidden, and yet the possessor is unaware of its existence.

Humility should make the possessor realize that he is nothing. Directly one imagines oneself to be something, there is egotism. If a man who keeps observances, who is proud of keeping them, will lose much if not all of their value. And a man who is proud of his virtue often becomes a curse to society. Society will not appreciate it, and he himself will fail to reap any benefit from it. Only a little thought will suffice to convince us that all creatures are nothing more than a mere atom in this Universe. Our existence as embodied beings is purely momentary ; what are a hundred years in eternity ? But if we shatter the chains of egotism, and melt into the ocean of humanity, we share its dignity. To feel that we are something is to set up a barrier between God and ourselves ; to cease feeling that we are something is to become one with God. A drop in the ocean partakes of the greatness of its parent, although it is unconscious of it, but it is dried up as

soon as it enters upon an existence independent of the ocean. We do not exaggerate when we say that life on earth is a mere bubble. (*Gandhi*)

Let us be a little humble; let us think that the truth may not perhaps be entirely with us. Let us co-operate with others; let us, even when we do not appreciate what others say, respect their views and their ways of life. (*Nehru*)

We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility.

The real relationship of man with truth is the relationship of a devotee—for in that spirit a man's nature becomes humble. When a man is proud and overbearing, he shows only too clearly his own comparative smallness. (*Tagore*)

HUMOUR

If I had no sense of humour, I would long ago have committed suicide. (*Gandhi*)

Humorists have a knack of making themselves felt, even in the dark. (*Tagore*)

HUNGER-STRIKE

There should be no hunger-strike on any account. Though there are circumstances conceivable in which a hunger-strike may be justified, hunger-strike in order to secure release or redress of grievances is wrong.

Hunger-strike has positively become a plague. On the slightest pretext some people want to resort to hunger-strike. (*Gandhi*)

HUSBAND AND WIFE

I must declare with all the power I can command that sensual attraction even between husband and wife is unnatural. Marriage is meant to cleanse the hearts of the couple of sordid passions and take

them nearer to God. Lustless love between husband and wife is not impossible. Man is not a brute.

Hindu culture has erred on the side of excessive subordination of the wife to the husband and has insisted on the complete merging of the wife in the husband. This has resulted in the husband sometimes usurping and exercising authority that reduces him to the level of the brute.

Men and women both are a mixture of the brute and the divine.

It is more necessary for a husband to draw closer to his wife when she is about to fall.

When one partner breaks the law of discipline, the right accrues to the other to break the bond.

Wife is not the husband's bondslave, but his companion and his helpmate, and an equal partner in all his joys and sorrows—as free as the husband to choose her own path. (*Gandhi*)

The queen of my heart, the mistress of my house !

To quarrel with a father for the sake of a wife was possible only in these degenerate days.

The loving wife is a wife who makes it difficult for her husband to forget her, and the fatigue of perpetual remembrance wears out life's bloom. It is only when a man has lumbago that he becomes conscious of his waist. And lumbago in domestic affairs is to be made conscious, by the constant imposition of love, that you have such a thing as a wife. Excessive devotion to her husband may be a merit for the wife but not comfortable for the husband,—that is my candid opinion.

I would cautiously and silently get up and take the dust of my husband's feet without waking him, how at such moments I could feel the vermilion mark upon my forehead shining out like the morning star.

The two instruments were tuned differently and it was not easy to play them in unison.

The husband was all-in-all, the husband was the dearest object of love, the husband was divine.

Poor creatures, they don't realize that a husband who can listen is infinitely preferable to one who can talk.

It is a curious thing that the more virtuous a wife is, the worse treatment she receives.

How easy my husband found it to tell me that he set me free! But can freedom—empty freedom—be given and taken so easily as all that? It is like setting a fish free in the sky,—for how can I move or live outside the atmosphere of loving care which has always sustained me?

When I came to my room to-day, I saw only furniture—only the bedstead, only the looking-glass, only the clothes-rack—not the all-pervading heart which used to be there, over all. Instead of it there was freedom, only freedom, mere emptiness! A dried-up watercourse with all its rocks and pebbles laid bare. No feeling, only furniture!

As a general rule in this world, the wife knows the husband far better than the husband ever knows the wife; but extremely modern men in their subtlety of nature are altogether beyond the range of those unsophisticated instincts which womankind has acquired through ages. These men are a new race, and have become as mysterious as women themselves. Ordinary men can be divided roughly into three main classes; some of them are barbarians, some are fools, and some are blind; but these modern men do not fit into any of them.

The very psychology of men and women about their mutual relation is changing and becoming the psychology of the primitive fighting elements, rather

than of humanity seeking its completeness through the union based upon mutual self-surrender. For the elements which have lost their living bond of reality have lost the meaning of their existence. Like gaseous particles forced into a too narrow space, they come in continual conflict with each other till they burst the very arrangement which holds them in bondage.

The small talk that suits men is not suitable for women. You can hold a philosophical discourse in monologue, ignoring your inattentive audience altogether, but small talk requires the co-operation of at least two. The bagpipes can be played singly, but there must be a pair of cymbals.

The ordinary female is fond of sour, green mangoes, hot chillies, and a stern husband. A man need not necessarily be ugly or poor to be cheated of his wife's love; but he is sure to lose it if he is too gentle.

If you ask me why this is so, I have much to say on this subject, for I have thought a good deal about it. A deer chooses a hardwood tree on which to sharpen its horns, and would get no pleasure in rubbing its horns against the soft stem of a plantain tree. From the very moment that man and woman became separate sexes, woman has been exercising all her faculties in trying by various devices to fascinate and bring man under her control. The wife of a man who is, of his own accord, submissive is altogether out of employment. All those weapons which she has inherited from her grandmothers of untold centuries are useless in her hands: the force of her tears, the fire of her anger, and the snare of her glances lie idle.

Under the spell of modern civilization man has lost the God-given power of his barbaric nature, and this has loosened the conjugal ties.

Men possessed with one idea, are, indeed, at one with those who can manage to agree with us; but those who do not can only get on with us by cheating us. It is our unyielding obstinacy, which drives even the simplest to tortuous ways. In trying to manufacture a helpmate, we spoil a wife.

Could I not go back to the beginning ? Then, indeed, I should follow the path of the simple. I should not try to fetter my life's companion with my ideas, but play the joyous pipes of my love and say; Do you love me ? Then may you grow true to yourself in the light of your love. Let my suggestions be suppressed, let God's design which is in you, triumph, and my ideas retire abashed.

Can even Nature's nursing heal the open wound, into which our accumulated differences have broken out ? The covering veil, beneath the privacy of which Nature's silent forces alone can work, has been torn asunder. Wounds must be bandaged,—can we not bandage our wound with our love, so that the day may come when its scar will no longer be visible ? Is it not too late ? So much time has been lost in misunderstanding; it has taken right up to now to come to an understanding; how much more time will it take for the correcting ? What if the wound does eventually heal ?—can the devastation it has wrought ever be made good ?

Dream is a wife who must talk,

Sleep is a husband who silently suffers. (*Tagore*)

HYPOCRISY

A hypocrite can't produce a genuine article.

These over-righteous folk are really terrible fellows when one penetrates their secrets ! (*Tagore*)

IDEAL

When a man works for an ideal, he becomes irresistible.

The virtue of an ideal consists in its boundlessness. But although religious ideals must thus from their very nature remain unattainable by imperfect human beings, although by virtue of their boundlessness they may seem ever to recede farther away from us, the nearer we go to them, still they are closer to us than our very hands and feet because we are more certain of their reality and truth than even of our own physical being. This faith in one's ideals alone constitutes true life, in fact it is man's all in all. (*Gandhi*)

It is easy enough to write of fine theories and ideals in books, but it is more difficult to live up to them.

Setbacks and temporary defeats are common enough in all great struggles. They grieve but one recovers soon enough. One recovers soon if the light of those ideals is not allowed to grow dim and the anchor of principles holds fast.

In this world of incessant and feverish activity, men have little time to think, much less to consider ideals and objectives. (*Nehru*)

All great human movements in the world are related to some great ideal. Some of you may say that such a doctrine of spirit has been in its death-throes for over a century and is now moribund ; that we have nothing to rely upon but external forces and material foundations. But I say, on my part, that your doctrine was obsolete long ago. It was exploded in the springtime of life, when mere size was swept off the face of the world, and was replaced by man, brought naked into the heart of creation, man with this helpless body, but with his indomitable mind and spirit. (*Tagore*)

IDEALISM

It is perfectly true that in politics, as in most other things, we cannot start with a clean slate. It

is also true that life is often too complex for human logic. We have to take things as they are, whether we like them or not, and to reconcile our idealism with them. But we must move in the right direction.

As it is, there is far too much moralizing in the country. People think that if they have used a few moral words or slogans they have discharged their duty. We should use our good sense as much as possible. Idealism alone will not do. What exactly is idealism ? Surely it is not something so insubstantial as to elude one's grasp ! Idealism is the realism of to-morrow.

While we should be idealistic, we have to be realists also. (*Nehru*)

IDEAS

We can never know for certain the truth of the substance underlying what we get through the senses. Why should the doubt be greater in the case of the entity behind the ideas which are the creation of mind ?

The mother realizes in her child the great Idea, which is in every child, the ineffableness of which, however is not revealed to anyone else. Are we to say that what draws forth the mother's very life and soul is illusory, but what fails to draw the rest of us to the same extent is the real truth ?

The colouring of ideas which man gives himself is only superficial. The inner man remains as ordinary as ever.

Those who have great ideas can also laugh heartily.

The idea flows through the rhythm, permeates the words and throbs in their rise and fall.

Abstract ideas are all very well as opinions, but when applied to persons they cease to have the same force of certainty. (*Tagore*)

IDLENESS

Purity of mind and idleness are incompatible.

(*Gandhi*)

On many an idle day have I grieved over lost time. But it is never lost, my Lord. Thou hast taken every moment of my life in Thine own hands.

Hidden in the heart of things Thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and imagined all work had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.

You must be on the look-out that your attention is not distracted, lest while everything else is moving you find that you yourself are not ready.

Idle as untilled land !

The only way for man to be free is for him to remain absolutely stationary. (*Tagore*)

IDOLATRY

I do not disbelieve in idol-worship. An idol does not excite any feeling of veneration in me. But I think that idol-worship is part of human nature. We hanker after symbolism. Why should one be more composed in a church than elsewhere ? Images are an aid to worship. No Hindu considers an image to be God. I do not consider idol-worship a sin.

Idolatry is permissible in Hinduism when it subserves an ideal. It becomes a sinful fetish when the idol itself becomes the ideal.

Proper worship is not image worship. It is the worship of God in the image. (*Gandhi*)

Your idol is shattered in the dust to prove that God's dust is greater than your idol.

The worship of forms is the same as idolatry, or that the worship of images is the chief end of religious devotions.

In Greece and Rome also there was idol worship.

In the idols of those countries there was not so much religious sense as a sense of beauty, whereas in our country imagination is very intimately interwoven with our philosophy and our faith. Our *Krishna* and *Radha*, and our *Shiva* and *Durga*, are not merely objects of historical worship, they are forms of the ancient philosophy of our race. Therefore the devotion of our *Ramprashad*, and our *Chaitanyadev* manifested itself by claiming the support of all these images. Where in the history of Greece or Rome do you see such an extreme devotion revealed ? (*Tagore*)

IDOLS

Heart's infinite can be seen even in such a small object as an idol with your eyes open.

An idol is not to me a god, it is merely a social symbol.

To analyze the image is only to get at its dust, not at the joy of the artist.

Whether I have faith in idols or not I can't exactly say, but I respect the faith of my country. The worship which the whole country has evolved after so many centuries is something which I regard as worthy of devotion. I can never regard it, as the Christian missionaries do, with bitter looks.

What you call abusively an idol is something that you cannot comprehend merely by seeing it with your eyes. Those who regard it with a tranquil mind, whose hearts find satisfaction in it, and whose natures find a refuge in it, they are the ones who know whether this idol is mortal or immortal, limited or limitless. I assure you that no worshipper in our

country ever offers his devotion to what is limited—the joy of their worship is to lose the limits within the limited.

You think that to worship a limited object as a god is an error. But have limits to be ascertained from the point of view of time and space? Remember this, that when you call to mind some text of Scripture you feel a great devotion in your heart, but, because that text is written on a page, are you going to decide its greatness by measuring the width of the page and counting the number of letters of which the text is composed? The unlimited character of the idea is a far greater thing than that of its extent in space. (*Tagore*)

IGNORANCE

The more one thinks, the more one begins to examine existing conditions and to criticize them. And this often leads to a challenge of the existing order. Ignorance is always afraid of change. It fears the unknown and sticks to its rut, however miserable it may be there. In its blindness it stumbles on anyhow. But with right reading comes a measure of knowledge, and the eyes are partly opened. (*Nehru*).

ILLUSIONS

The reaction of disillusionment is just as unreal as the first shock of illusion.

Illusion is the first appearance of Truth. She advances towards her lover in disguise. But a time comes when she throws off her ornaments and veils and stands clothed in naked dignity. I grope for that ultimate You, that bare simplicity of Truth.

Woo not falsehood, offer not your great heart to an illusion.

We must not seek the help of illusions for what we believe to be the true cause.

Illusions are necessary for lesser minds, and to this class the greater portion of the world belongs. That is why divinities are set up in every country to keep up the illusions of the people, for men are only too well aware of their weakness.

God is necessary to clear away our illusions. The divinities which keep them alive are false gods.

Even false gods must be invoked, rather than let the work suffer. Unfortunately for us, our illusions are alive enough, but we do not know how to make them serve our purpose.

Illusion alone is real,—it is the flute itself; while truth is but its empty hollow.

They have been brought up in illusions, and they must have illusions to console them. (*Tagore*)

IMAGINATION

If your imagination is fired by an idea or a problem, then the work that you do will be vital whether you do it as a chief engineer or a small engineer, a mechanic or even as an unskilled labourer. It is sad that imagination counts for so little to-day and we work in grooves. I suppose too much imagination would lead us astray and we do have to keep our feet on the ground. Nevertheless, too little of it is also a handicap. (*Nehru*)

We know people only in dotted outline, that is to say, with gaps in our knowledge which we have to fill in ourselves as best we can. Thus, even those we know well are largely made up of our imagination. Sometimes the lines are so broken, with even the guiding dots missing, that a portion of the picture remains darkly confused and uncertain. If, then, our best friends are only pieces of broken outline strung on a thread of imagination, do we really know anybody at all, or does anybody know us except in the same disjointed fashion? But

perhaps it is these very loopholes, allowing entrance to each other's imagination, which make for intimacy; otherwise each one, secure in his inviolate individuality, would have been unapproachable to all but the Dweller within.

Our own self, too, we know only in bits, and with these scraps of material we have to shape the hero of our life-story—likewise with the help of our imagination. Providence has doubtless, deliberately omitted portions so that we may assist in our own creation.

Truth is silent, and it is imagination only which waxes eloquent. Reality represses the flow of feeling like a rock; imagination cuts out a path for itself.

When my inner world is flooded with a light, as of an unclouded autumn morning, I feel I am sitting at the window of some magic palace, gazing entranced on a scene of distant reminiscence, soothed with soft breezes laden with the faint perfume of all the Past.

Before an operation there is no limit to a patient's fears, but when the knife begins to cut, the sick man sees that even with the pain there is relief also, and what in imagination seems so serious a matter is not so in reality.

A painter enthrones in his heart the perfect picture, and a poet, the perfect poem, of his imagination, and then lavishes all his devotion on it.

One may dream of delights of swimming when looking on the picture of a lake.

Don't give so much rein to your imagination—it does no good and only wastes your time. (*Tagore*)

IMITATION

Imitation is the sincerest flattery. (*Gandhi*)

Has God given us intelligence to expound other people's ideas, and a mouth simply to repeat other people's phrases, however, wonderfully well?

When you borrow things that do not belong to your life, they only serve to crush your life.

We cannot imitate life, we cannot stimulate strength for long, nay, what is more, a mere imitation is a source of weakness. For it hampers our true nature, it is always in our way. It is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving rise to eternal feuds between the skin and the bones at every movement.

By mere imitation we shall eventually be neither one thing nor the other. (*Tagore*)

IMMORTALITY

My love, once upon a time your poet launched a great epic in his mind.

Alas, I was not careful, and it struck your ringing anklets and came to grief!

It broke up into scraps of songs and lay scattered at your feet.

All my cargo of the stories of old wars was tossed by the laughing waves and soaked in tears and sank.

You must make this loss good to me, my love.

If my claims to immortal fame after death are shattered, make me immortal while I live.

And I will not mourn for my loss nor blame you. (*Tagore*)

IMPRISONMENT

If one has committed an offence, he must plead guilty and suffer the penalty. If he has not and is still found guilty, imprisonment for him is no disgrace. (*Gandhi*)

IMPRUDENCE

Those who begin a task without thinking things out at the start, who sit still doing nothing till they have got themselves and others into a scrape, when they find that there is no way of escape then say : "Sit down and think !" (*Tagore*)

INCLINATION

When we have a strong inclination towards something then we do not give ourselves sufficient leisure for considering what we believe and what we do not believe. You know human nature. (*Tagore*)

INCONSTANCY

To be constantly changing one's plans isn't decision at all, it's indecision ! (*Tagore*)

INDIA

Everything in India attracts me. It has everything that a human being with the highest possible aspirations can want.

No man is indispensable for the evolution of this great and ancient land of *Dharma*. Let India live though a hundred *Gandhis* have to perish. (*Gandhi*)

We are a conservative people, not over-fond of change, always trying to forget our present misery and degradation in vague fancies of our glorious past and an immortal civilization. But the past is dead and gone and our immortal civilization does not help us greatly in solving the problems of to-day.

Since that early dawn of history innumerable peoples, conquerors and settlers, pilgrims and students, have trekked into the Indian plains from the highlands of Asia and have influenced Indian life and culture and art ; but always they have been absorbed and assimilated. India was changed by these contacts and yet she remained essentially her own old self. Like the ocean she received the tribute

of a thousand rivers, and though she was disturbed often enough, and storms raged over the surface of her waters, the sea continued to be the sea.

This Indian background and unity were essentially cultural ; they were not religious in the narrow sense of the word. That culture was not exclusive or intolerant to begin with ; it was receptive and adaptable, and long ages of pre-eminence gave it deep roots and a solidarity which storms could not shake. It developed a beneficent attitude which, secure in its own strength, could afford to be tolerant and broad-minded.

The whole history of India for thousands of years past shows her essential unity and the vitality and adaptability of her culture. This vitality took her message in art and thought and religion to the Far East ; it took the shape of great colonizing expeditions to Malaysia, to Java and Sumatra and the Philippines and Borneo, as the remains of great monuments there, a thousand years old, bear testimony.

India, that land of ours which was so dear to us, with all her faults and weaknesses, and so elusive and full of mystery !

India, constituted as she is, cannot play a secondary part in the world. She will either count for a great deal or not count at all. No middle position attracted me. Nor did I think any intermediate position feasible.

The people of India are very real to me in their great variety and, in spite of their vast numbers, I try to think of them as individuals rather than as vague groups. Perhaps it was because I did not expect much from them that I was not disappointed; I found more than I had expected. It struck me that perhaps the reason for this, and for a certain stability and potential strength that they possessed,

was the old Indian cultural tradition which was still retained by them in a small measure.

Though outwardly there was diversity and infinite variety among our people, everywhere there was that tremendous impress of oneness, which had held all of us together for ages past, whatever political fate or misfortune had befallen us. The unity of India was no longer merely an intellectual conception for me ; it was an emotional experience which overpowered me. That essential unity had been so powerful that no political division, no disaster or catastrophe, had been able to overcome it.

Ancient India, like ancient China, was a world in itself, a culture and a civilization which gave shape to all things. Foreign influences poured in and often influenced that culture and were absorbed. Disruptive tendencies gave rise immediately to an attempt to find a synthesis. Some kind of a dream of unity has occupied the mind of India since the dawn of civilization.

To know and understand India one has to travel far in time and space, to forget for a while her present condition with all its misery and narrowness and horror, and to have glimpses of what she was and what she did.

How few of us know of these great achievements of our past, how few realize that if India was great in thought and philosophy, she was equally great in action !

India had all along been a curious combination of conservatism in practice and explosive thought. Inevitably that thought affected the practice, though it did so in its own way without irreverence for the past.

The accidents of geography have had a powerful effect on determining national character and history. The fact that India was cut off by the tremendous

barrier of the Himalayas and by the sea produced a sense of unity in this wide area and at the same time bred exclusiveness.

If we aim at the big things of life, if we dream of India as a great nation giving her age-old message of peace and freedom to others, then we have to be big ourselves and be worthy children of Mother India.

India is an old country and I have always thought of India as the offspring of mountains and seas, the Himalayas and the Indian Ocean embracing her on two sides. So I have always thought of India not as a country isolated from the rest of the world but a country eminently suited for the closest and widest intercourse with the other countries of the world.

All of us talk of India and all of us demand many things from India. What do we give her in return? We can take nothing from her beyond what we give her. India will ultimately give us what we give her of love and service and productive and creative work. India will be what we are : our thoughts and action will shape her. Born of her fruitful womb, we are children of hers, little bits of the India of to-day, and yet we are also the parents of the India of to-morrow. If we are big, so will India be, and if we grow little-minded and narrow in outlook, so also will India be.

I am proud of my country, proud of my national inheritance, proud of many things, but I speak to you not in pride but with all humility. For events have humbled me and often shamed me and the dream of India that I have had has sometimes grown dim. I have loved India and sought to serve her not because of her geographical magnitude, not even because she was great in the past, but because of my faith in her to-day and my belief that she will stand for truth and freedom and the higher things of life.

Whatever her actual strength may or may not be, India is potentially a very powerful country and possesses the qualities and factors that go a long way to make a country grow strong, healthy and prosperous.

We have to build up this great country into a mighty nation, mighty not in the ordinary sense of the word, that is, having great armies and all that, but mighty in thought, mighty in action, mighty in culture and mighty in its peaceful service of humanity. (*Nehru*)

Take it in whatever spirit you like, here is India, of about fifty centuries at least, who tried to live peacefully and think deeply, the India devoid of all politics, the India of no nations, whose one ambition has been to know this world as of soul, to live here every moment of her life in the meek spirit of adoration, in the glad consciousness of an eternal and personal relationship with it. It was upon this remote portion of humanity, childlike in its manner, with the wisdom of the old, that the Nation of the West burst in.

Through all the fights and intrigues and deceptions of her earlier history, India had remained aloof. Because her homes, her fields, her temples of worship, her schools, where her teachers and students lived together in the atmosphere of simplicity and devotion and learning, her village self-government with its simple laws and peaceful administration—all these truly belonged to her. But her thrones were not her concern. They passed over her head like clouds, now tinged with purple gorgeousness, now black with the threat of thunder. Often they brought devastations in their wake, but they were like catastrophes of Nature whose traces are soon forgotten.

In India the misfortune of being governed by a foreign race is daily brought home to us not only in the callous neglect of such minimum necessities of

life as adequate provision for food, clothing, educational and medical facilities for the people, but in an even unhappier form in the way the people have been divided among themselves. The pity of it is that the blame is laid at the door of our own society. So frightful a culmination of the history of our people would never have been possible but for the encouragement it has received from secret influences emanating from high places.

India is too vast in its area and too diverse in its races. It is many countries packed in one geographical receptacle. It is just the opposite of what Europe truly is, namely, one country made into many. Thus Europe in its culture and growth has had the advantage of the strength of the many as well as the strength of the one India, on the contrary, being naturally many, yet adventitiously one, has all along suffered from the looseness of its diversity and the feebleness of its unity. A true unity is like a round globe, it rolls on, carrying its burden easily; but diversity is a many-concerned thing which has to be dragged and pushed with all force. Be it said to the credit of India that this diversity was not her own creation; she has had to accept it as a fact from the beginning of her history.

God has created men differing from each other in ideas and in actions with a variety of beliefs and of customs, but fundamentally one in their humanity. There is something in all of them which is mine, which belongs to India as a whole, which, if only we can see it in its truth, will pierce through all littleness and incompleteness and reveal a vast and wonderful being through which the secret of the worship of centuries will be made clear. We shall see that the flame of sacrifice of past ages still burns through the ashes, and without doubt a day will come when, transcending the limits of time and place, that flame will kindle a fire throughout the world. Even to say in imagination that all the great

deeds and words of India's manhood in past ages are false is to show dishonour to truth ; it is nothing but atheism !

This is a wonderful country. How many thousands and thousands of years has God's purpose been working to make it surpass all other countries in the world ? How many people from other lands have come to make this purpose complete ? How many great men have taken birth in our land ? How many great wars have had their scenes laid here ? What great truths have found utterance here ? What great austerities have been performed ? From what a variety of standpoints has religion been studied ? And how many solutions to the mystery of life have been found in this land ? This is our India.

There are other peoples in the world who have to overcome obstacles in their physical surroundings, of the menace of their powerful neighbours. They have organized their power till they are not only reasonably free from the tyranny of Nature and human neighbours, but have a surplus of it left in their hands to employ against others. But in India, our difficulties being internal, our history has been the history of continual social adjustment and not that of organized power for defence and aggression.

I love India, not because I cultivate the idolatry of geography, not because I have had the chance to be born in her soil, but because she has saved through tumultuous ages the living words that have issued from the illuminated consciousness of her great sons.

What India truly seeks is not a peace which is in negation or in some mechanical adjustment, but that which is in *Sivam*, in goodness, which is in *Advaitam*, in the truth of perfect union ; that India does not enjoin her children to cease from *karma*; but to perform their *karma* in the presence of the Eternal, with the pure knowledge of the spiritual meaning of existence.

Our real problem in India is not political. It is social.

In fact, our history has not been of the rise and fall of kingdoms, of fights for political supremacy. In our country records of these days have been despised and forgotten, for they in no way represent the true history of our people. Our history is that of our social life and attainment of spiritual ideals.

Full of wealth, full of knowledge, full of righteousness! (*Tagore*)

INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

Every invader of India from Mahmud of Ghazni onwards took back with him crowds of Indian artisans and master-builders. The influence of Indian architecture thus spread in Central Asia.

INDIAN ARMS

In the *Shahnamah* of Firdausi, it is interesting to find numerous references to Indian swords and daggers being used by the Persian King and nobles. This indicates that even in Alexander's day India was making swords of fine steel, which were welcomed in foreign countries. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN ART

With Buddhism came the influence of Indian art to China, and from China this spread to Korea, and from there to Japan.

South India did a real service by preserving through 1,000 years and more the Indo-Aryan traditions not only in religion, but in art and in politics. If you want to see specimens of old Indian art now, you have to go to South India.

Some of the finest frescos of Ajanta, as well as the halls and chapel, are examples of Gupta art. When you see them you will realize how wonderful they are. Unfortunately the frescos are slowly

disappearing, as they cannot stand exposure for long.

The message of Buddhism and of Indian art went farther east to Korea and Japan, and it is interesting to see how these countries were affected by it. Each country adapted it to suit its own particular genius.

Artistically, there are far more remains in the south than the north has to offer. Most of the northern monuments and buildings and sculptures were destroyed during the wars and Muslim invasions. In the south they escaped even when the Muslims reached there.

The most wonderful of the temples we have of those days is the Kailasa temple of Ellora—a marvel carved out of the solid rock. This was begun in the second half of the eighth century. There are also beautiful pieces of sculpture in bronze, notably the famous *Nataraja-Shiva's* dance of life.

Indian art derives its basic character from certain ideals associated with the religious and philosophic outlook of India.

The amazing expansion of Indian culture and art to other countries has led to some of the finest expressions of this art being found outside India. Unfortunately many of our old monuments and sculptures, especially in northern India, have been destroyed in the course of the ages.

Indian art is so intimately associated with Indian religion and philosophy that it is difficult to appreciate it fully unless one has some knowledge of the ideals that governed the Indian mind. In art, as in music, there is a gulf which separates Eastern from Western conceptions. Probably the great artists and builders of the middle ages in Europe would have felt more in tune with Indian art and sculpture than modern European artists who derive

part of their inspiration at least from the Renaissance period and after. For in Indian art there is always a religious urge, a looking beyond, such as probably inspired the builders of the great cathedrals of Europe. Beauty is conceived as subjective, not objective; it is a thing of the spirit, though it may also take lovely shape in form or matter. The Greek loved beauty for its own sake and found not only joy but truth in it; the ancient Indians loved beauty also but always they sought to put some deeper significance in their work, some vision of the inner truth as they saw it. In the supreme examples of their creative work they extort admiration, even though one may not understand what they were aiming at or the ideas that governed them. In lesser examples, this lack of understanding, of not being in tune with the artist's mind becomes a bar to appreciation. *(Nehru)*

INDIAN CIVILIZATION

The very essence of our civilization is that we give a paramount place to morality in all our affairs, public or private.

The true Indian civilization is in the Indian village. *(Gandhi)*

The civilization of India takes rank in age with its sister-civilizations of Egypt and China and Iraq. And even ancient Greece is a younger sister of these.

It is interesting and rather wonderful to think of this long range and continuity of Indian culture and civilization, right from the dawn of history, through long ages, down to us. In a sense, we in India are the heirs of these thousands of years.

Right through history the old Indian ideal did not glorify political and military triumph, and it looked down upon money and the professional money-making class. Honour and wealth did not go together, and honour was meant to go, at least

in theory, to the men who served the community with little in the shape of financial reward. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN CULTURE

Few things in history are more amazing than the wonderful stability of the social structure in India which withstood the impact of numerous alien influences and thousands of years of change and conflict. It withstood them because it always sought to absorb them and tolerate them. Its aim was not to exterminate but to establish an equilibrium between different cultures.

Right through history, India has been culturally united, even though politically it may have been split up into many warring States.

A great deal of our cultural poverty in India during the last few generations is due to our people's excessive poverty. It is an insult to talk of culture to people who have nothing.

The essential ideals of Indian culture are broad-based and can be adapted to almost any environment.

Streams of culture have flowed from India to distant parts of Asia. If you would know India you have to go to Afghanistan and Western Asia, to Central Asia, to China and Japan and to the countries of South-East Asia. There you will find magnificent evidence of the vitality of India's culture which spread out and influenced vast numbers of people. (*Nehru*)

The main river of Indian culture has flowed in four streams—the Vedic, the Puranic, the Buddhist, and the Jain. It had its source in the heights of the Indian consciousness.

But a river belonging to a country is not fed by its own waters alone. The Tibetan Bramhaputra is a tributary to the Indian Ganges. Contributions

have similarly found their way to India's original culture. The Mohammedan, for example, has repeatedly come into India from outside, laden with his own stores of knowledge and feeling and his wonderful religious democracy, bringing freshet after freshet to swell the current. In our music, our architecture, our pictorial art, our literature, the Mohammedans have made their permanent and precious contribution. Those who have studied the lives and writings of our medieval saints, and all the great religious movements that sprang up in the time of the Mohammedan rule, know how deep is our debt to this foreign current that has so intimately mingled with our life.

And then has descended upon us the later flood of Western culture, which bids fair to break through all banks and bounds, merging all the other streams in its impetuous rush. If we can but make a separate course, through which this last may flow, we shall be saved from an irruption, whose cost may one day prove out of all proportion to its contribution, however large.

So, in our centre of Indian learning, we must provide for the co-ordinated study of all these different cultures—the Vedic, the Puranic, the Buddhist, the Jain, the Islamic, the Sikh, and the Zoroastrian. And side by side with them the European—for only then shall we be able to assimilate the last. A river flowing within banks is truly our own, but our relations with a flood are disastrously the opposite.

The great ages of renaissance in history were those when men suddenly discovered the seeds of thought in the granary of the past. The unfortunate people, who have lost the harvest of their past, have lost their present age. They have missed their seeds for cultivation, and go a-begging for their bare livelihood. We must not imagine that we are one

of these disinherited peoples of the world. The time has come for us to break open the treasure trove of our ancestors and use it for our commerce of life. Let us, with its help, make our future our own—never continue our existence as the eternal rag-picker at other people's dustbins.

Our notion of modern culture is limited within the boundary lines of grammar and the laboratory. We almost completely ignore the aesthetic life of man, leaving it uncultivated, allowing weeds to grow there.

Our material poverty, likewise, can only be removed by the co-ordination of our material resources through the co-operation of our individual powers. And the basis of our institution should be laid upon this economic co-operation. It must not only instruct, but live ; not only think, but produce. Our *tapovanas*, which were our natural Universities, were not abstracted from life. There the masters and students lived their full life ; they gathered their fruit and fuel ; they took their cattle to graze ; and the spiritual education, which the students had, was part of the spiritual life itself which comprehended all life. Our centre of culture should not only be the centre of the intellectual life of India, but the centre of her economic life also. It must cultivate land, breed cattle, to feed itself and its students ; it must produce all necessaries, devising the best means and using the best materials, calling science to its aid. Its very existence should depend upon the success of its industrial ventures carried out on the co-operative principle, which will unite the teachers and students in a living and active bond of necessity. This will give us also a practical industrial training, whose motive force is not the greed of profit.

So we must prepare the grand field for the co-ordination of the cultures of the world, where each will give to and take from the other ; where

each will have to be studied through the growth of its stages in history. This adjustment of knowledge through comparative study, this progress in intellectual co-operation, is to be the key-note of the coming age. We may hug our holy aloofness from some imagined security of a corner, but the world will prove stronger than our corner, and it is our corner which will have to give way, receding and pressing against its walls till they burst on all sides.

But before we are in a position to stand a comparison with the other cultures of the world, or truly to co-operate with them, we must base our own structure on a synthesis of all the different cultures we have. When, taking our stand at such a centre, we turn towards the West, our gaze shall no longer be timid and dazed; our heads shall remain erect, safe from insult. For then we shall be able to take our own views of Truth, from the standpoint of our own vantage ground thus opening out a new vista of thought before the grateful world.

Banaras has been and still continues to be the centre of our Sanskrit culture. But Sanskrit learning does not exhaust all the elements of culture that exist in the present-day India.

What must be the religious ideal that is to rule our centre of Indian culture? The one abiding ideal in the religious life of India has been *Mukti*, the deliverance of man's soul from the grip of self, its communion with the Infinite Soul through its union in *Ananda* with the Universe. This religion of spiritual harmony is not a theological doctrine to be taught, as a subject in the class, for half an hour each day. It is the spiritual truth and beauty of our attitude towards our surroundings, our conscious relationship with the Infinite, and the lasting power of the Eternal in the passing moments of our life. Such a religious ideal can only be made possible by making provision for students to live in intimate touch with

Nature, daily to grow in an atmosphere of service offered to all creatures, tending trees, feeding birds and animals, learning to feel the immense mystery of the soil and water and air.

If we begin to attach too much importance to the applause of Englishmen, we shall have to be rid of much in us that is good, and to accept from them much that is bad.

We shall grow ashamed of going about without socks, and cease to feel shame at the sight of their ball dresses. We shall have no compunction in throwing overboard our ancient manners, nor any in emulating their lack of courtesy.

We shall leave off wearing our *achgans* because they are susceptible of improvement, but think nothing of surrendering our heads to their hats, though no headgear could well be uglier.

Though India had been plundered of all else, her soul was still lying hidden in the restraint of these inflexible regulations, and no oppressive rulers had the power to touch her body. So long as we are subject to some foreign nation we must observe strictly our own laws, and leave the question of their goodness or badness till later. A drowning man, clutching at a straw or any other object with which he can save his life, does not deliberate as to whether it is ugly or beautiful.

Any special truth, or special culture, which is wholly dissociated from the Universal, is not true at all. Only the prisoner condemned to a solitary cell is separate from the world. He who declares that India has been condemned by Providence to intellectual solitary confinement does not help to glorify her.

It can be easily pointed out that our culture has its superstitions and its shortcomings. They show themselves too prominently only because its movement has stopped. European culture also has its

superstitions. Its politics and its science are full of them. These do not become fatally unhealthy because they move and they change—just like their caste distinctions, which are not desperately oppressive because they are constantly moving. (*Tagore*)

INDIAN EPICS

I do not know of any book anywhere which has exercised such a continuous and pervasive influence on the mass mind as the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. Dating back to a remote antiquity, they are still a living force in the life of the Indian people.

I do not think I ever attached very much importance to these stories as factually true and I even criticized the magical and supernatural element in them. But they were imaginatively true enough for me just as were the stories from the Arabian Nights or the *Panchatantra*, that storehouse of animal tales, from which Western Asia and Europe have drawn so much.

That influence is a good influence both culturally and ethically and I would hate to destroy or throw away all the beauty and imaginative symbolism that these stories and allegories contain.

Most of the myths and stories are heroic in conception and teach adherence to truth and the pledged word, whatever the consequences, faithfulness unto death and even beyond, courage, good works and sacrifice for the common good. Sometimes the story is pure myth, or else it is a mixture of fact and myth, an exaggerated account of some incident that tradition preserved. Facts and fiction are so interwoven together as to be inseparable, and this amalgam becomes an imagined history, which may not tell us exactly what happened but which does tell us something that is equally important—what people believed had taken place, what they thought their heroic ancestors were capable of, and what ideals inspired them.

So, whether fact or fiction, it became a living element in their lives, ever pulling them up from the drudgery and ugliness of their everyday existence to higher realms, ever pointing towards the path of endeavour and right living, even though the ideal might be far and difficult to reach. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN HISTORY

There are great rulers and great men in India and China and a high degree of culture, but, and especially so in India, the masses seem to be spiritless and passive. They put up with changes of rulers without any great objection. They seem to have been broken in, and have become too much used to obedience to challenge authority. Thus their history, though interesting occasionally, is more a record of events and rulers than of popular movement.

Indian history has usually been divided by English as well as some Indian historians into three major periods—Ancient or Hindu, Moslem and the British period. This division is neither intelligent nor correct ; it is deceptive and gives a wrong perspective. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN LITERATURE

The ancient Indians attached a great deal of importance to sound and hence their writing, poetry or prose, had a rhythmic and musical quality. Special efforts were made to ensure the correct enunciation of words and elaborate rules were laid down for this purpose. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN MARRIAGES

Indian marriages, both among the rich and the poor, have their full share of condemnation as wasteful and extravagant display. They deserve all this.

The life of the poor is terribly dull and monotonous, and an occasional marriage celebration,

bringing with it some feasting and singing, comes to them as an oasis in a desert of soulless toil, a refuge from domesticity and the prosaic business of life.

Who would be cruel enough to deny this consolation to them, who have such few occasions for laughter? Stop waste by all means, lessen the extravagance (big and foolish words to use for the little show that the poor put up in their poverty!), but do not make their life more drab and cheerless than it is.

Ordinarily I dislike the fuss attendant on Indian marriages. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN MUTINY

The great Revolt of 1857 had little effect on Bengal, although the first spark appeared accidentally at Dum Dum near Calcutta.

This Revolt strained British rule to the utmost and it was ultimately suppressed with Indian help. It brought out all the inherent weaknesses of the old regime which was making its last despairing effort to drive out foreign rule. The feudal chiefs had the sympathy of the masses over large areas, but they were incapable, unorganized and with no constructive ideal or community of interest. They had already played their role in history and there was no place for them in the future. Many of their number, in spite of their sympathies, thought discretion the better part of valour, and stood apart waiting to see on which side victory lay. Many played the part of Quislings. The Indian Princes as a whole kept aloof or helped the British, fearing to risk what they had acquired or managed to retain. There was hardly any national and unifying sentiment among the leaders and a mere anti-foreign feeling, coupled with a desire to maintain their feudal privileges, was a poor substitute for this.

It is hateful to have to refer to this past history but the spirit behind those events did not end with

them. It survived and whenever a crisis comes or nerves give way, it is in evidence again. The world knows about Amritsar and Jallianwala Bagh but it does not know of much that has happened since the days of the Mutiny, much that has taken place even in recent years and in our time which has embittered the present generation.

A great deal of false and perverted history has been written about the Revolt and its suppression. What the Indians think about it seldom finds its way to the printed page.

The Revolt of 1857-58 was essentially a feudal rising, though there were some nationalistic elements in it. Yet, at the same time, it was due to the abstention or active help of the Princes and other feudal chiefs that the British succeeded in crushing it.

Though the Revolt had directly affected only certain parts of the country, it had shaken up the whole of India and, particularly, the British administration. The government set about re-organizing their entire system ; the British Crown, that is the Parliament, took over the country from the East India Company ; the Indian army, which had begun the Revolt by its mutiny, was organized afresh.

The Revolt of 1857 was a joint affair, but in its suppression Muslims felt strongly and to some extent rightly that they were the greater sufferers. This Revolt also put an end finally to any dreams or fantasies of the revival of the Delhi Empire. That Empire had vanished long ago even before the British arrived upon the scene. The Marathas had smashed it and controlled Delhi itself. Ranjit Singh ruled in the Punjab. Moghul rule had ended in the North without any intervention of the British, and in the South also it had disintegrated. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN MYTHOLOGY

Indian mythology measures time in enormous periods, like the geological periods, but always it

begins with the great age, *Satya Yuga*, and comes down to the present age of evil, the *Kali Yuga*. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

In the beginning of the history of political agitation in India there was not the conflict between parties which there is to-day. At that time there was a party known as the Indian Congress; it had no real programme. They had a few grievances for redress by the authorities. They wanted large representation in the Council House, and more freedom in Municipal government. They wanted scraps of things, but they had no constructive ideal. Therefore I was lacking in enthusiasm for their methods. It was my conviction that what India most needed was constructive work coming from within herself. In this work we must take all risks and go on doing the duties which by right are ours, though in the teeth of persecution; winning moral victory at every step, by our failure and suffering. We must show those who are over us that we have in ourselves the strength of moral power, the power to suffer for truth. Where we have nothing to show, we have only to beg. It would be mischievous if the gifts we wish for were granted to us at once, and I have told my countrymen, time and again, to combine for the work of creating opportunities to give vent to our spirit of self-sacrifice, and not for the purpose of begging. (*Tagore*)

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

Confusion seems to have arisen from the fact that Indian thought was always laying stress on the ultimate purpose of life. It could never forget the transcendent element in its make-up. And so, while affirming life to the full, it refused to become a victim and a slave of life. Indulge in right action with all your strength and energy, it said, but keep above it, and do not worry much about the results

of such action. Thus it taught detachment in life and action, not abstention from them. This idea of detachment runs through Indian thought and philosophy, as it does through most other philosophies. It is another way of saying that a right balance and equilibrium should be kept between the visible and invisible words, for if there is too much attachment to action in the visible world, the other world is forgotten and fades away, and that action itself becomes without ultimate purpose.

The age which gave birth to the Buddha had been one of tremendous mental ferment and philosophic inquiry in India. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN POLICE

A person charged with crime once placed in a policeman's hands would, as sure as the wretch caught in a crocodile's serrated grip, go under and be seen no more. (*Tagore*)

INDIAN THEATRE

It is now generally admitted that the Indian theatre was entirely independent in its origin, in the ideas which governed it and in its development. Its earliest beginning can be traced back to the hymns and dialogues of the *Rigveda* which have a certain dramatic character. There are references to *Nataka* or the drama in *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata.* It began to take shape in the songs and music and dances of the Krishna legends. Panini, the great grammarian of the sixth or the seventh century B.C., mentions some dramatic forms.

The plays and Sanskrit poetry in general were in full accord with the Indian spirit and there are few traces of any rebellion against it. The rules laid down for dramatic writings were strict and it was not easy to break them. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN UNIVERSITIES

Universities should never be made into mechanical organizations for collecting and distributing knowledge. Through them the people should offer their intellectual hospitality, their wealth of mind to others, and earn their proud right in return to receive gifts from the rest of the world. But in the whole length and breadth of India there is not a single University established in the modern time where a foreign or an Indian student can properly be acquainted with the best products of the Indian mind. For that we have to cross the sea, and knock at the doors of France and Germany. Educational institutions in our country are India's alms-bowl of knowledge; they lower our intellectual self-respect; they encourage us to make a foolish display of decorations composed of borrowed feathers. (*Tagore*)

INDIAN VILLAGES

At one time cities were dependent on the villages. Now it is the reverse. There is no inter-dependence. Villages are being exploited and drained by the cities.

Our villages have to-day become seats of dirt and insanitation and the villagers come to an early and untimely death. If only we had given due recognition to the status of the *Bhangi* as equal to that of a *Brahmin* as in fact and justice he deserves, our villages to-day no less than their inhabitants would have looked a picture of cleanliness and order. We should have to a large extent been free from the ravages of a host of diseases which directly spring from our uncleanliness and lack of sanitary habits.

I regard village *panchayats* as an institution by itself. But thanks to the degradation of the caste system and the evil influence of the present system of Government and the growing illiteracy of the masses, this ancient and noble institution has fallen into desuetude, and where it has not, it has lost its

former purity and hold. It must, however, be revived at any cost, if the villages are not to be ruined.

The key to *Swaraj* is not with the cities but with the villages. When I succeed in ridding the villages of their poverty, I have won *Swăraj* for you and for the whole of India. (*Gandhi*)

Socially, and in the matter of religion and custom, the village is almost unchanged. India, as you know, is still a country of hundreds of thousands of villages. The towns and cities sit on the surface, as it were, but the real India has been, and still is, village India. (*Nehru*)

Amongst the village people the social bondage was far greater than it was amongst the educated community. Night and day without ceasing every act of eating, drinking, social ceremony, and touching in every home, was under the vigilant eyes of society. Every person had an absolutely simple faith in social custom—it never even occurred to them to question such matters. But this implicit faith in tradition and the bondage of society did not give them the least bit of strength for the tasks of their daily life. It is in fact doubtful whether in the whole world could be found a species of animal so impotent to judge what was for their own good, so helpless, and so cowardly. Apart from observing traditional customs their minds were completely unconscious of what was for their welfare, and even if it was explained to them they would not understand. They regarded prohibitions, by the threat of penalties and in the spirit of sectarianism, as greater than anything else in the world—it seemed as if their whole natures had become entangled from head to foot in a network of various penalties for transgressing against rules forbidding them to do this or that at every step—but this net was one woven by debt, and the bondage was one of creditors and of moneylenders, not the bondage of a king. In it there was

no such unity as could make them stand firmly shoulder to shoulder in times of misfortune or prosperity. By this weapon of tradition and custom man was sucking the blood of man and was reducing him to poverty in a merciless fashion.

How divided, how narrow, how weak was this vast expanse of rural India,—how supinely unconscious of its own power, how ignorant and different as to its own welfare! What gulfs of social separation yawned between villages only a few miles apart. What a host of self-imposed imaginary obstacles prevented them from taking their place in the grand commerce of the world.

At the time of some social function, no one had the least pity for any one else. The father of one poor fellow had been suffering for a long time from some disease, and nearly all the man's means had been expended on giving him medicines, special treatment and diet, and yet he had received not one particle of help from any one—on the contrary the people of his village insisted that his father's chronic illness must be the penalty for some unknown sin he had committed and that he must, therefore, spend more money in a ceremony of penance. The unfortunate man's poverty and helplessness were known to every one, but there was no pity for him. The same sort of thing happened in every kind of social function. Just as a police inquiry into a dacoity is a greater misfortune to a village than the dacoity itself, so the obsequies that have to be performed at the funeral of a parent are the cause of a more serious misfortune than the death itself of a father or mother. No one will accept the excuse of poverty or any other form of inability—no matter how it is accomplished, society's heartless claim has to be satisfied to the very last farthing. On the occasion of a marriage the bridegroom's party adopts all sorts of tactics to make the burden of the girl's father as

intolerable as possible, and show no trace of pity for the unfortunate man.

The slightest impact sets the shallows of a small country-place tossing with excitement.

The flow of village life is not too rapid, neither is it stagnant. Work and rest go together, hand in hand.

The monotonous blows of wood-cutter's axe or carpenter's mallet, the splashing of oars, the merry voices of the naked little children at play, the plaintive tune of the ryot's song, the more dominant creaking of the turning oil-mill, all these sounds of activity do not seem out of harmony with murmuring leaves and singing birds, and all combine like moving strains of some grand dream-orchestra, rendering a composition of immense though restrained pathos.

When I come to the country I cease to view man as separate from the rest. As the river runs through many a clime, so does the stream of men babble on, winding through woods and villages and towns. It is not a true contrast that *men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever.* Humanity with all its confluent streams big and small, flows on and on, just as does the river, from its source in birth to its sea of death; two dark mysteries at either end, and between them various play and work and chatter unceasing.

The young shoots of rice are waving in the breeze, and the ducks are in turn thrusting their heads beneath the water and preening their feathers. There is no sound save the faint, mournful creaking of the gangway against the boat, as she imperceptibly swings to and fro in the current.

It is market-day in the village on the other bank; that is why the ferry is so busy. Some carry bundles of hay, some baskets, some sacks; some are going to the market, others coming from it. Thus in this

silent noon-day, the stream of human activity slowly flows across the river between two villages.

I feel a great tenderness for these peasant folk—our ryots—big, helpless, infantile children of Providence, who must have food brought to their very lips, or they are undone. When the breasts of Mother Earth dry up they are at a loss what to do, and can only cry. But no sooner is their hunger satisfied than they forget all their past sufferings.

The village women are standing in the water, bathing or washing clothes ; and some, in their dripping *saris*, with veils pulled well over their faces, move homeward with their water vessels filled and clasped against the left flank, the right arm swinging free. Children, covered all over with clay, are sporting boisterously, splashing water on each other, while one of them shouts a song, regardless of the tune.

Over the high banks, the cottage roofs and the tops of the bamboo clumps are visible. The sky has cleared and the sun is shining. Remnants of clouds cling to the horizon like fluffs of cotton wool. The breeze is warmer. (*Tagore*)

INDIAN WOMEN

So far as I am concerned, I do not propose to say anything about women in other countries. I am not competent to judge the social fabric of other countries. Though I may be a little more competent perhaps, because of the opportunities I have had for travel abroad, yet I say I am not competent to judge. But I can say with considerable confidence that I am proud of the women of India. I am proud of their beauty, grace, charm, shyness, modesty, intelligence and their spirit of sacrifice, and I think if anybody can truly represent the spirit of India, the women can do it and not the men. Every time that a woman has been sent abroad, she has done well ; not only

done well, but produced a fine impression about the womanhood of India. (*Nehru*)

INDIAN YOUTH

The youth have always played a dominating part, for they can adapt themselves to changing ideas and conditions far more easily than those who have grown old and hardened and fixed in the ancient beliefs.

You are young. I should like you to have the pride of youth and the ambition of youth to do something worthwhile and big. All of you may not be geniuses, but some of you might yet do worthwhile things in some department of human activity or other. I do not like people who have no pride and ambition and are just sloppy people. (*Nehru*)

INDISCRETION

If you try to bite with a loose tooth you suffer pain,—for that you don't blame the teeth, but only the looseness of that particular tooth.

The fruit of an indiscretion is often laden with poison. (*Tagore*)

INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

I am a lover of my own liberty and so I would do nothing to restrict yours.

If the individual ceases to count, what is left of society ? Individual freedom alone can make a man voluntarily surrender himself completely to the service of society. If it is wrested from him, he becomes an automaton and society is ruined. No society can possibly be built on a denial of individual freedom. It is contrary to the very nature of man. Just as a man will not grow horns or a tail, so he will not exist as man if he has no mind of his own. In reality even those who do not believe in the liberty of the individual believe in their nature. (*Gandhi*)

In a complex society it is not an easy matter to separate individuals and give them perfect freedom.

I am too much of an individualist and believer in personal freedom to like overmuch regimentation. Yet it seemed to me obvious that in a complex social structure individual freedom had to be limited, and perhaps the only way to real personal freedom was through some such limitation in the social sphere. The lesser liberties may often need limitation in the interest of the larger freedom.

In a democratic society, the concept of individual freedom has to be balanced with social freedom and the relation of the individual with the social group. The individual must not infringe on the freedom of other individuals. *(Nehru)*

INDIVIDUALS

Great individuals have always counted in history, for the human factor is important in every crisis of destiny.

It is my misfortune to be too much of an individualist.

The individual is uppermost in my mind ; but in a social organism an individual cannot be separated from the rest. The rights of the individual must be balanced by the obligations of the individual to the social organism. Without obligations there can be no real rights.

When individual interests become allied with public interests, then results are achieved.

The test of an individual is how he treats his wife, his son or his neighbour. How he behaves towards another, how he functions in a social relationship—that is the test of the individual. *(Nehru)*

It matters not whether we are good or bad, civilized or barbarian, so long as we are but ourselves.

An individual and the infinite are on equal terms, worthy to gaze on one another, each from his own throne. But where many men are, how small both humanity and infinitude become, how much they have to knock off each other, in order to fit in together! Each soul wants so much room to expand that in a crowd it needs must wait for gaps through which to thrust a little craning piece of a head from time to time. (*Tagore*)

INDUSTRY

Industry may lead to the country's prosperity, but a mere desire for its prosperity will not make for success in industry. Even when our heads were cool, our industries did not flourish. Why should we suppose that they will do so just because we have become frantic? (*Tagore*)

INDUS VALLEY CIVILIZATION

The Indus Valley civilization, of which impressive remains have been discovered at Mohenjo-daro in Sind and at Harappa in the western Punjab, is the earliest picture that we have of India's past. These excavations have revolutionized the conception of ancient history.

The Indus Valley civilization, as we find it, was highly developed and must have taken thousands of years to reach that stage. It was, surprisingly enough, a predominantly secular civilization, and the religious element, though present, did not dominate the scene. It was clearly also the precursor of later cultural periods in India. (*Nehru*)

INERTIA

Strange as it may appear, the fact remains that people find the easiest of things often times to be the most difficult to follow. The reason, to borrow a term from the science of physics, lies in our inertia. Physicists tell us that inertia is an essential, and, in

its own place, a most useful quality of matter. It is that alone which steadies the Universe and prevents it from flying off at a tangent. But for it the latter would be a chaos of motion. But inertia becomes an incubus and a vice when it ties the mind down to old ruts. (*Gandhi*)

INFINITE

Thou hast made me endless, such is Thy pleasure. This frail vessel Thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed Thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of Thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy Infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still Thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

By being charitable, good and loving, you do not realize the Infinite in the stars or rocks, but the Infinite revealed in Man.

Mere information of facts, mere discovery of power, belongs to the outside and not to the inner soul of things. Gladness is the one criterion of Truth as we know when we have touched Truth by the music it gives, by the joy of the greeting it sends forth to the Truth in us. That is the true foundation of all religions, it is not in dogma. As I have said before, it is not as ether waves that we receive light; the morning does not wait for some scientist for its introduction to us. In the same way, we touch the Infinite reality immediately within us only when we perceive the pure truth of love or goodness, not through the explanation of theologians, not through the erudite discussion of ethical doctrines.

I have already confessed that my religion is a poet's religion; all that I feel about it is from vision and not from knowledge. I frankly say that I cannot satisfactorily answer questions about the problem of evil, or about what happens after death. And yet I am sure that there have come moments when my soul has touched the infinites and has become intensely conscious of it through the illumination of joy. It has been said in our *Upanishads* that our mind and our words come away baffled from the supreme Truth, but he who knows That, through the immediate joy of his own Soul, is saved from all doubts and fears.

In the night we stumble over things and become acutely conscious of their individual separateness, but the day reveals the great unity which embraces them. And the man whose inner vision is bathed in an illumination of his consciousness, at once realizes the spiritual unity reigning supreme over all differences of race and his mind no longer awkwardly stumbles over individual facts of separateness in the human world, accepting them as final; he realizes that peace is in the inner harmony which dwells in Truth, and not in any outer adjustments; and that beauty carries an eternal assurance of our spiritual relationship to reality, which waits for its perfection in the response of our love.

If one had to fill in, little by little, the gap between day and night, it would take an eternity to do it. But the sun rises and the darkness is dispelled,—a moment is sufficient to overcome an infinite distance.

The calendar never records the last day. After the first day comes the second, after the second the third. There's no such thing as getting finished here. We're always digging—one yard, two yards, three yards. We go on raising gold nuggets,—after one nugget another, then more and more and more.

God kisses the finite in His love and man the Infinite.

That which ends in exhaustion is death, but the perfect ending is in the endless. (*Tagore*)

INJUSTICE

My theory of life makes me certain that the great is cruel. To be just is for ordinary men,—it is reserved for the great to be unjust. The surface of the earth was even. The volcano butted it with its fiery horn and found its own eminence,—its justice was not towards its obstacle, but towards itself. Successful injustice and genuine cruelty have been the only forces by which individual or nation has become millionaire or monarch.

That is why I preach the great discipline of injustice. I say to every one : Deliverance is based upon injustice. Injustice is the fire which must keep on burning something in order to save itself from becoming ashes. Whenever an individual or nation becomes incapable of perpetrating injustice it is swept into the dust-bin of the world.

It's a worse hardship to have to swallow injustice and it sticks in the throat. (*Tagore*)

INNER-SELF

As one's sleep-smothered consciousness wrestles with a nightmare in its efforts to awake, so the submerged inner-self struggles to free itself from its complexities and come out into the open. (*Tagore*)

INNER VOICE

This ability to hear and obey that Voice gives me whatever power I may have and has enabled me to render some little service to the country.

The Inner Voice may mean a message from God or from the Devil, for both are wrestling in the human breasts. Acts determine the nature of the Voice. *Gandhi*)

INNOCENCE

These learned ladies have no knowledge of the world; she knows a lot that she has learned from books; but when an occasion for suspicion arises she is as innocent as a babe!

Fear nothing. They can do nothing to you, if you are innocent. (*Tagore*)

INSTINCT

My instinct has not betrayed me even once. (*Gandhi*)

It is not possible to ride a number of horses at the same time. Indeed it is hard enough to ride one. In the conflict of responsibilities and allegiances what is one to do except to rely on one's own instincts and reason? (*Nehru*)

INTELLECTUAL UNITY

The bringing about of an intellectual unity in India is, I am told, difficult to the verge of impossibility owing to the fact that India has so many different languages. Such a statement is as unreasonable as to say that man, because he has a diversity of limbs, should find it impossible to realize life's unity in himself, and that only an earth-worm composed of a tail and nothing else could truly know that it had a body.

Let us admit that India is not like any one of the great countries of Europe, which has its own separate language: but is rather like Europe herself, branching out into different peoples with many different languages. And yet Europe has a common civilization, with an intellectual unity which is not based upon uniformity of language. (*Tagore*)

INTELLIGENCE

Human intelligence should win through to its goal, though sand and stone and water all conspire to block its path. (*Tagore*)

INTER-MARRIAGES

The objection to inter-marriage with others is not based on religion ; it is largely racial. Personally, I should like to encourage inter-marriages. (*Nehru*)

INTERNATIONALISM

If we want to know something about the story of this world of ours we must think of all the countries and all the peoples that have inhabited it, and not merely of one little country where we may have been born.

As Indians we have to live in India and work for India. But we must not forget that we belong to the larger family of the world and the people living in other countries are after all our cousins. It would be such an excellent thing if all the people in the world were happy and contented. We have, therefore, to try to make the whole world a happier place to live in. (*Nehru*)

Those who have imposed on themselves the task of regenerating the world consider it their bounden duty to discover what is going on in their neighbours' houses. Even when knowledge is lacking they call in another faculty to supply the deficiency. It must be so, otherwise the process of remodelling the world would be arrested. (*Tagore*)

INTRIGUE

In the age of monarchy the king lived surrounded by a miasma of intrigue. At court there was an endless whispering of lies and calumny, and much plotting and planning among the conspiring courtiers to manipulate the king as the instrument of their own purposes.

In the present age intrigue plays a wider part, and affects the whole country. The people are drugged with the hashish of false hopes and urged to deeds of frightfulness by the goadings of manufactured panics ; their higher feelings are exploited by

devious channels of unctuous hypocrisy, their pockets picked under anaesthetics of flattery, their very psychology affected by a conspiracy of money and unscrupulous diplomacy. (*Tagore*)

INTRUSION

An unforgivable liberty on the part of a woman to intrude on man's field of activity ! (*Tagore*)

ISLAM

I have more than once read the *Quran.* My religion enables me, obliges me, to imbibe all that is good in all the great religions on the earth. This does not mean that I must accept the interpretation put upon the message of the Prophet of *Islam* or any other Prophet. I must use the limited intelligence that God has given me to interpret the teachings bequeathed to mankind by the Prophets of the world. (*Gandhi*)

It was only when in the eleventh century *Islam* came to India in the guise of a conqueror, sword in hand, that it produced a violent reaction, and the old toleration gave way to hatred and conflict.

Islam brought a new impulse for human progress to India. To some extent it served as a tonic. It shook up India. But it did less good than it might have done because of two reasons. It came in the wrong way, and it came rather late.

Then came Mahmud with fire and sword, and the manner of his coming as a conqueror and a plunderer and killer injured the reputation of *Islam* in India more than anything else.

He was, of course, just like any other great conqueror, killing and plundering, and caring little for religion. But for a very long time his raids overshadowed *Islam* in India and made it difficult for people to consider it dispassionately, as they might otherwise have done.

Islam came to India through the Turks and others who did not have the tolerance or the culture of the Arab, and who were primarily soldiers.

Although in theory there is far more equality in *Islam*, and, even a slave could become *Sultan*, still the autocratic and unchecked power of the king increased. What more amazing, instance of this can one have than that of the mad Tughlaq who moved the capital from Delhi to Daulatabad. (*Nehru*)

ISOLATION

It is a dangerous thing to isolate oneself; dangerous both for an individual and for a nation.

If we lose touch with the river of change and enter a backwater, become self-centred and self-satisfied, and ostrichlike ignore what happens elsewhere, we do so at our peril. (*Nehru*)

JALIANWALA BAGH TRAGEDY

Jalianwala Bagh is now a place for political pilgrimage. It is an attractively laid out garden now, and much of the old horror of it has gone. But the memory lingers. (*Nehru*)

JAMUNA

If you take the Jamuna, that very beautiful and gracious river, you get the whole of the Krishna legend around about Muttra and Brindavan and of the sweet songs in *Braj Bhasha*. (*Nehru*)

JEALOUSY

The more his wife treated it with silent contempt, the more did the fire of his jealousy consume him.

His jealousy ate its way into his heart like a hidden cancer.

There are innumerable people like myself, so if you leave them behind and climb into an unreal world of your own you become the target of innumerable bricks. (*Tagore*)

JEWELLERY

The real ornament of woman is her character, her purity. Metal and stones can never be real ornaments. The names of women like Sita and Damayanti have become sacred to us for their unsullied virtue, never for their jewellery if they wore any. (*Gandhi*)

If my wife, of her own free choice, is unwilling to trust me with her jewellery, then I have no right to take them from her by force.

It is for man to give ornaments to woman; to take them from her wounds his manliness.

The best security of all is jewellery, for that saves the signing of all sorts of complicated documents. It not only saves time but is a simple process. (*Tagore*)

JOKE

People resent a joke if there's some truth in it. (*Tagore*)

JOURNALISM

The sole aim of journalism should be service. The press is a great power, but just as an unchained torrent of water submerges the whole country-side and devastates crops, even so an uncontrolled pen serves but to destroy. If the control is from without, it proves more poisonous than want of control. It can be profitable only when exercised from within. If this line of reasoning is correct, how many of the journals in the world would stand the test? But who would stop those that are useless? And who should be the judge? The useful and the useless must, like good and evil generally, go on together, and man must make his choice. (*Gandhi*)

JOY

Everything else can be kept tied, except joy.

Joy turns into pain when the door by which it should depart is shut against it.

The barque of joy came in sight, but the waves would not let it touch the shore.

A delicate flush took the place of pallor in her cheeks and at every word her eyes danced with merriment.

A joy which is deep like the blue sea, endless like the blue sky; which has the magnificence of night, and in its limitless darkness enfolds the radiant worlds in the awfulness of peace; it is the unfathomed joy in which all sufferings are made one. (*Tagore*)

JOY AND BEAUTY

All the language of joy is beauty. It is necessary to note however, that joy is not pleasure, and beauty not mere prettiness. Joy is the outcome of detachment from self and lives in freedom of spirit. Beauty is that profound expression of reality which satisfies our hearts without any other allurements but its own ultimate value. When in some pure moments of ecstasy we realize this in the world around us, we see the world, not as merely existing, but as decorated in its forms, sounds, colours and lines, we feel in our hearts that there is One who through all things proclaims : "I have joy in My Creation." (*Tagore*)

JOY AND HOPE

When the pure breezes of a great joy and hope sweep through the land, all dirt and decay are cleansed away. It is hard, indeed, for men to be frank and straight and healthy, when their country is in the throes of dejection. (*Tagore*)

JOY OF FAITH

Tired of waiting, you burst your bonds, impatient flowers before the winter had gone. Glimpses of the unseen comer reached your wayside watch, and

you rushed out running and panting, impulsive jasmines, troop of riotous roses.

You were the first to march to the breach of death, your clamour of colour and perfume troubled the air. You laughed and pressed and pushed each other, bared your breast and dropped in heaps.

The summer will come in its time, sailing in the flood-tied of south wind. But you never counted slow moments to be sure of him. You recklessly spent your all in the road, in the terrible joy of faith.

You heard his foot-steps from afar, and flung your mantle of death for him to tread upon. Your bonds break even before the rescuer is seen, you make him your own ere he can come and claim you. (*Tagore*)

JOYS AND SORROWS

He it is, the innermost One, who awakens my being with His deep hidden touches.

He it is who puts His enchantment upon these eyes and joyfully plays on the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain.

He it is who weaves the web of this *maya* in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through the folds His feet, at whose touch I forget myself.

Days come and ages pass, and it is ever He who moves my heart in many a name, in many a guise, in many a rapture of joy and of sorrow.

Our joys and sorrows lie heavy on us if we merely go on accumulating them. Keeping them and accumulating them alike are false. As master of the house I am in an artificial position—in reality I am a way-farer on the path of life. That is why the true Master of the House gets hurt at every step and at last there comes the supreme hurt of death.

Our joys and sorrows are contradictory when Self separates them in opposition. (*Tagore*)

JOYS OF LIFE

Each of the little joys of life, which remain unappreciated amid the hubbub of the town, send in their claims to the heart when far from home. I love music, and there is no dearth of voices and instruments in Calcutta, yet I turn a deaf ear to them. But, though I may fail to realize it at the time, this needs must leave the heart athirst.

I hate these polite formalities. Now-a-days I keep repeating the line. "Much rather would I be an Arab Bedouin!" A fine, healthy, strong, and free barbarity.

I feel I want to quit this constant ageing of mind and body, with incessant argument and nicety concerning ancient decaying things, and to feel the joy of a free and vigorous life ; to have,—be they good or bad,—broad, unhesitating, unfettered ideas and aspirations, free from ever-lasting friction between custom and sense, sense and desire, desire and action.

If only I could set utterly and boundlessly free this hampered life of mine, I would storm the four quarters and raise wave upon wave of tumult all round ; I would career away madly, like a wild horse, for very joy of my own speed ! But I am a Bengali, not a Bedouin ! I go on sitting in my corner, and mope and worry and argue. I turn my mind now this way up, now the other—as a fish is fried—and the boiling oil blisters first this side, then that.

Let it pass. Since I cannot be thoroughly wild, it is but proper that I should make an endeavour to be thoroughly civil.

Why foment a quarrel between the two ? (*Tagore*)

JUDGES

No one expects the judge to embrace every offender and invite him to dinner, but a human element in a trial and sentence would certainly improve matters. The judges are too impersonal, distant, and too little aware of the consequences of the sentences they award. If their awareness could be increased, as well as a sense of fellow-feeling with the prisoner, it would be a great gain. This can only come when the two belong to more or less the same class. (*Nehru*)

The Judge is still more bound by his laws than his prisoner.

Now-a-days the shackles of service are becoming an ornament and the Deputy Magistrates of the present time are gradually coming to look upon their fellow-countrymen as little better than dogs. And experience shows us that the higher they rise in the service the more they deteriorate. If you are raised up on another man's shoulders you needs must look down on your own people, and the moment you regard them as inferior you are bound to do them injustice. That cannot lead to any good. (*Tagore*)

JUDGMENT

I have repeatedly observed that no school of thought can claim a monopoly of right judgment.

We are all liable to err and are often obliged to revise our judgments. (*Gandhi*)

In this world the distinction between right and wrong is a necessary one, but if you want to determine the relative value of things by your own regard or lack of it, then do so by all means, but you must not expect everybody else to accept your verdict. (*Tagore*)

JUDICIARY

The judiciary must necessarily stand above political conflicts or political interpretations. They

have to interpret the Constitution in the light of the Law and with such light as they can throw on it. We respect their interpretations and we must carry out their decisions. But having accepted an interpretation, it is the business of Parliament to see that the purpose we aimed at is being fulfilled ; if it is not fulfilled, then the will of the community is not being effective. (*Nehru*)

JUSTICE

Civilization is not a cheap commodity. If you are called upon for subtle judgments, you have to make subtle laws, and if there are subtle laws then you must make a trade of law, in which buying and selling is bound to come in. Therefore, civilized courts naturally become markets for the buying and selling of justice, and those who have no money stand every chance of getting swindled.

According to our Scriptures the urgency of doing justice appertains to the king. On him recoils the crime of injustice.

The sense of justice of our times has not attained to fulness of wisdom. The same penalty awaits the trivial fault as the crime, both have to tread the same mill in the same goal. No one man can be blamed for this—the combined sin of all men is responsible.

The silent are always found guilty. In this world those who lodge their plaints first win their suits. (*Tagore*)

KABIR

He was neither Hindu nor Muslim; he was both, or something between the two, and his followers came from both religions and all castes. There is a story that when he died his body was covered with a sheet. His Hindu disciples wanted to take it for cremation ; his Muslim disciples wanted to bury it.

So they argued and quarrelled. But when they lifted up the sheet they found that the body for the possession of which they were quarrelling had disappeared and in its place there were some fresh flowers. The story may be quite imaginary, but it is a pretty one. (*Nehru*)

KALIDASA

Viewed from without, India, in the time of Kalidasa, appeared to have reached the zenith of civilization, excelling as she did in luxury, literature and the arts. But from the poems of Kalidasa it is evident that this very magnificence of wealth and enjoyment worked against the ideal that sprang and flowed forth from the sacred solitude of the forest. These poems contain the voice of warnings against the gorgeous unreality of that age, which, like a Himalayan avalanche, was slowly gliding down to an abyss of catastrophe. And from his seat beside all the glories of Vikramaditya's throne the poet's heart yearns for the purity and simplicity of India's past age of spiritual striving. And it was this yearning which impelled him to go back to the annals of the ancient Kings of Raghu's line for the narrative poem, in which he traced the history of the rise and fall of the ideal that should guide the rulers of men.

Kalidasa in almost all his works represented the unbounded impetuousness of kingly splendour on the one side and the serene strength of regulated desires on the other. (*Tagore*)

KARMA

Karma, they have called this in India, the law of cause and effect, the destiny which our past activities create for us. It is not an invariable destiny and many other factors go to influence it, and the individual's will be itself supposed to have some play. If this freedom to vary the results of past

action were not present, then indeed we would all be mere robots in the iron grip of an unavoidable fate. Yet that past *Karma* is a powerful factor in shaping the individual and the nation, and nationalism itself is a shadow of it with all its good and bad memories of the past.

Nobody and no country wants war. As war becomes more and more terrible they want it still less. Yet some past evil or *Karma* or some destiny goes on pushing people in a particular direction, towards the abyss and they go through the same arguments and they perform the same gestures like automatons. (*Nehru*)

KASHMIR

The loveliness of the land enthralled me and cast an enchantment all about me. I wandered about like one possessed and drunk with beauty, and the intoxication of it filled my mind.

Like some supremely beautiful woman, whose beauty is almost impersonal and above human desire, such was Kashmir in all its feminine beauty of river and valley and lake and graceful trees. And then another aspect of this magic beauty would come to view, a masculine one, of hard mountains and precipices, and snow-capped peaks and glaciers, and cruel and fierce torrents rushing down to the valleys below. It had a hundred faces and innumerable aspects, ever-changing, sometimes smiling, sometimes sad and full of sorrow. The mist would creep up from the Dal Lake and, like a transparent veil, give glimpses of what was behind. The clouds would throw out their arms to embrace a mountain top, to creep down stealthily like children at play. I watched this ever-changing spectacle, and sometimes the sheer loveliness of it was overpowering and I felt almost faint. As I gazed at it, it seemed to me dream-like and unreal, like the hopes and desires that fill us and so seldom find

fulfilment. It was like the face of the beloved that one sees in a dream and that fades away on awakening.

Kashmir calls back, its pull is stronger than ever, it whispers its fairy magic to the ears, and its memory disturbs the mind. How can they who have fallen under its spell release themselves from this enchantment ?

Kashmir, because of her geographical position with her frontiers with three countries, namely, the Soviet Union, China and Afghanistan, is intimately connected with the security and international contacts of India. Economically also Kashmir is intimately related to India. The caravan trade routes from Central Asia to India pass through the Kashmir State.

I do not want to hide this : I am interested in Kashmir.

I am partial to the women of Kashmir. They are beautiful and full of charm. (*Nehru*)

KILLING

Sin has no meaning in reality. To kill is but to kill,—it is neither sin nor anything else. Do you not know that the dust of this earth is made of countless killings? Old Time is ever writing the chronicle of the transient life of creatures in letters of blood. Killing is in the wilderness, in the habitations of man, in birds' nests, in insects' holes, in the sea, in the sky ; there is killing for life, for sport, for nothing whatever. The world is ceaselessly killing ; and the great Goddess *Kali*, the spirit of ever-changing time, is standing with her thirsty tongue hanging down from her mouth, with her cup in hand, into which is running the red life-blood of the world, like juice from the crushed cluster of grapes.

(*Tagore*)

KINGDOM OF STARS

My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes.

They are the cradle of the morning, they are the kingdom of the stars.

My songs are lost in their depths.

Let me but soar in that sky, in its lonely immensity.

Let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its sunshine. (*Tagore*)

KING OF KINGS

Day after day, O lord of my life, shall I stand before Thee face to face. With folded hands, O lord of all worlds, shall I stand before Thee face to face.

Under Thy great sky in solitude and silence, with humble heart shall I stand before Thee face to face.

In this laborious world of Thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before Thee face to face.

And when my work shall be done in this world, O Kings of kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before Thee face to face. (*Tagore*)

KINGS

I go on obeying and acknowledging—if it is a real king, well and good: if not, what harm is there?

Always keep them at a distance. They are the exiles of the Earth—and we have got to keep them so.

Common man cannot live without a king, whether a real one or a fraud!

An emperor is merely a decorated slave, remaining chained to his empire, and a millionaire is kept pilloried by his fate in the golden cage of his wealth.

It has always been the rule in our country for those who have to bear the burden of the welfare of

all to remain aloof. The idea that a king can protect his subjects by mixing intimately with them is entirely without foundation. The kind of wisdom that is needed by a *Raja* in his relationship with his subjects is defiled by association with them. It is for this reason that the subjects surround their king of their own free will with a halo of aloofness, for they realize that if their king becomes their companion then the reason for his existence disappears.

My faith is, to go on obeying the king—it does not matter whether he is a real one or a pretender. What do we know of kings that we should judge them ! It is like throwing stones in the dark.

It is a fine thing to argue whether there is a king or not when one is simply starving for want of food ! Will the king save us ?

Kings can't scent hypocrites.

Where would be the necessity of having a king if order and harmony existed already ?

The mere sight of a king in all countries makes one's soul quake like an aspen leaf with fear.

The supreme thing that strikes one's eye in any country is the king, who, of course, loses no opportunity of exhibiting himself.

There can be chaos and anarchy even if a king be present : but what do we see here ?

Kings are not overgrown children, and war is no mere child's play.

Facing death on the battle-field, sword in hand, befits a king.

The head that bears the crown cannot bear insult.

The head upon which death sits even more majestic than his crown !

In the old order the king was given to understand that he was the freest individual in the world.

A greater semblance of external freedom, no doubt, he had than other individuals. But they built for him a gorgeous prison of unreality.

What is worse than being crippled in one leg ? Kingship is crippled, if it is the king's alone, and not the people's.

The badge of our royalty is covered with dust.

A king takes his seat on a throne but a throne does not make a king.

Once they were truly kings, dispensing justice; now they themselves will become law-breakers, and so no better than robbers. This may not go down to history, but we shall carry it in our hearts for all time.

Only a commoner can be a thief, the king conquers and takes his rightful spoil. (*Tagore*)

KING'S GLORY

You hide yourself in your own glory, my King.

The sand-grain and the dew-drop are more proudly apparent than yourself.

The world unabashed calls all things its own that are yours—yet it is never brought to shame.

You make room for us while standing aside in silence ; therefore love lights her own lamp to seek you and comes to your worship unbidden. (*Tagore*)

KING'S PALACE

When from the house of feast I came back home, the spell of the midnight quieted the dance in my blood.

My heart became silent at once like a deserted theatre with its lamps out.

My mind crossed the dark and stood among the stars, and I saw that we were playing unafraid in the silent courtyard of our king's palace. (*Tagore*)

KING'S TRIBUTE

My king was unknown to me, therefore, when he claimed his tribute I was bold to think I would hide myself, leaving my debts unpaid.

I fled and fled behind my day's work and my night's dreams.

But his claims followed me at every breath I drew.

Thus I came to know that I am known to him and no place left which is mine.

Now I wish to lay my all before his feet, and gain the right to my place in his kingdom. (*Tagore*)

KISSES

Let lips keep guard upon lips, and allow not words to clamour.

Let all vain bickerings of discontent die away at the sweet meeting of our lips. (*Tagore*)

KNOWLEDGE

It is knowledge that ultimately gives salvation. (*Gandhi*)

It is well for us to realize that the great increase in knowledge in the world does not necessarily make us better or wiser. We must know how to use that knowledge properly before we can fully profit by it. We must know whither to go before we rush ahead in our powerful car. We must, that is, have some idea of what the aim and object of life should be. Vast numbers of people to-day have no such notion, and never worry themselves about it. They live in an age of science, but the ideas that govern them and their actions belong to ages long past. It is natural that difficulties and conflicts should arise. A clever monkey may learn to drive a car, but he is hardly a safe chauffeur.

Modern knowledge is amazingly intricate and widespread. Tens of thousands of investigators work away continuously, each experimenting in his particular department, each burrowing away in his own patch, and adding tiny bit by bit to the mountain of knowledge. The field of knowledge is so vast that each worker has to be a specialist in his own line. Often he is unaware of other departments of knowledge, and thus, though he is very learned in some branches of knowledge, he is unlearned about many others. It becomes difficult for him to take a wise view of the whole field of human activity. He is not cultured in the old sense of the word.

The wise man realizes how little he knows : it is the foolish person who imagines that he knows everything. (*Nehru*)

Love and action are the only intermediaries through which perfect knowledge can be obtained; for the object of knowledge is not pedantry but wisdom. The primary object of an institution should not be merely to educate one's limbs and mind to be in efficient readiness for all emergencies, but to be in perfect tune in the symphony of response between life and world, to find the balance of their harmony which is wisdom.

Knowledge and efficiency are powerful in their outward effect, but they are the servants of man, not the man himself. Their service is like the service in a hotel, where it is elaborate but the host is absent : it is more convenient than hospitable.

We cannot define to ourselves what we are as a whole, because we know too much ; because our knowledge is more than knowledge. It is an immediate consciousness of personality, any evaluation of which carries some emotion, joy or sorrow, shame or exaltation. But in a foreign land we try to find our compensation for the meagreness of our

data by the compactness of the generalization which our imperfect sympathy itself helps us to form.

I will see, and think, and know.

Water comes first and then comes the fish—it is the presence of the learned men which draws the students round them, if their wish is to learn, and not merely to be branded, like a saleable commodity, with the stamp of their market-value. Even in our attempts at founding national universities we begin from the wrong end—the students come first in our mind, and then we cast about for the teachers. It is like the vagary of an absent-minded Creator who takes great pains in creating a tail and then suddenly finds that the head is missing. We seat our guest at the table, and afterwards discover that the cooking has not been commenced. So the sumptuousness has to be made evident in the menu to keep the imagination of the famished fully occupied—we have to shout with an exaggerated vehemence for the dishes which never come, and make up for the lack in the food supply with deafening noise. (*Tagore*)

LABOUR

We do not know the dignity of labour as such.

No labour is too mean for one who wants to earn an honest penny.

A nation may do without its millionaires and without its capitalists but a nation can never do without its labour. (*Gandhi*)

When I enter the field of work, I have to bear the yoke of the plough on my neck like the Indian bullock, get my tail twisted by my master, break clods all day patiently and with bowed head and then at sunset have to be satisfied if I can get any cud to chew. Such a creature has not the spirit to prance and caper. (*Tagore*)

LAND AND WATER

Through all these the canal, with its gentle current, winds gracefully between its clean, grassy banks, fringed, in its narrower stretches, with clusters of water-lilies with reeds growing among them. And yet the mind keeps fretting at the idea that after all it is nothing but an artificial canal.

The murmur of its waters does not reach back to the beginning of time. It knows naught of mysteries of some distant, inaccessible mountain cave. It has not flowed for ages, graced with an old-world feminine name, giving the villages on its sides the milk of its breast. Even old artificial lakes have acquired a greater dignity.

However when, a hundred years hence, the trees on its banks will have grown statelier; its brand-new milestones been worn down and moss-covered into mellowness; the date 1871, inscribed on its lock-gates, left behind at a respectable distance; then, if I am reborn as my great-grandson and come again to inspect the Cuttack estates along this canal, I may feel differently towards it.

The unsheltered sea heaves and heaves and blanches into foam. It sets me thinking of some tied-up monster straining at its bonds, in front of whose gaping jaws we build our homes on the shore and watch it lashing its tail. What immense strength, with waves swelling like the muscles of a giant!

From the beginning of creation there has been this feud between land and water: the dry earth slowly and silently adding to its domain and spreading a broader and broader lap for its children; the ocean receding step by step, heaving and sobbing and beating its breast in despair. Remember the sea was once sole monarch utterly free. Land rose from its womb usurped its throne, and ever since the maddened old creature, with hoary crest

of foam, wails and laments continually, like King Lear exposed to the fury of the elements.

Land and water are gradually approaching each other like two bashful lovers. The limit of their shyness has nearly been reached—their arms will soon be round each other's necks. I shall enjoy my trip along this brimful river at the height of the rains. I am fidgeting to give the order to cast off. (*Tagore*)

LANGUAGES

A living language is a throbbing, vital thing, ever changing, evergrowing and mirroring the people who speak and write it. It has its roots in the masses, though its superstructure may represent the culture of a few.

A language is something infinitely greater than grammar and philology. It is the poetic testament of the genius of a race and a culture, and the living embodiment of the thoughts and fancies that have moulded them.

It is an obvious thing and a vital thing that any country, much more so a free and independent country, must function in its own language.

Language is and has been a vital factor in an individual's and a nation's life and because it is vital, we have to give it every thought and consideration.

A language ultimately grows from the people; it is seldom that it can be imposed. Any attempt to impose a particular form of language on an unwilling people has usually met with the strongest opposition and has actually resulted in something the very reverse of what the promoters thought.

In the matter of languages there must be no compulsion whatsoever. (*Nehru*)

All great languages have undergone and are still undergoing changes. Those languages which resist

the spirit of change are doomed and will never produce great harvests of thought and literature. When forms become fixed, the spirit either weakly accepts its imprisonment within them or rebels. All revolutions consist of the fight of the within against invasion by the without.

Languages are jealous. They do not give up their best treasures to those who try to deal with them through an intermediary belonging to an alien rival. We have to court them in person and dance attendance on them. Poems are not like market commodities transferable. We cannot receive the smiles and glances of our sweet-heart through an attorney, however diligent and dutiful he may be.

A language is not like an umbrella or an overcoat that can be borrowed by unconscious or deliberate mistake ; it is like the living skin itself. If the body of a draught-horse enters into the skin of a race-horse, it will be safe to wager that such an anomaly will never win a race, and will fail even to drag a cart. (*Tagore*)

LAW

Laws are meant to fit existing conditions, and they are meant to help us to better ourselves. If conditions change, how can the old laws fit in ? They must change with changing conditions, or else they become iron chains keeping us back while the world marches on. No law can be an "unchangeable law". It must be based on knowledge, and as knowledge grows, it must grow with it.

Whatever the legal aspect of the thing might be, there are moments when law is a feeble reed to rely upon.

Laws and Constitutions do not by themselves make a country great. It is the enthusiasm, energy and constant effort of a people that make it a great nation.

Please remember that law and sense are not always the same. (*Nehru*)

The protection of law is not only a boon, but it is a valuable lesson to us. It is teaching us the discipline which is necessary for the stability of civilization and for continuity of progress. We are realizing through it that there is a universal standard of justice to which all men, irrespective of their caste and colour, have their equal claim. (*Tagore*)

LAZINESS

To hell with the man who cannot walk fast. It serves him right if he gets out of the ranks and falls out. We want no sluggards. We want no slow people who always complain about their service conditions and their transfers and so on. I am fed up with such complaints. Service conditions and salary and status may be important. But I want work and work and work. I want achievement. I want men who work as crusaders. I want men who are going to fight for what they think is right and not submit humbly to wrong. I want you to do big things. I want you to build up India. (*Nehru*)

Let my doing nothing when I have nothing to do become untroubled in its depth of peace like the evening in the seashore when the water is silent. (*Tagore*)

LEADERSHIP

The acts of men, who have come out to serve or lead, have always been misunderstood since the beginning of the world and none can help it.

To put up with these misrepresentations and to stick to one's guns come what might—this is the essence of the gift of leadership.

A leader is useless when he acts against the promptings of his own conscience. (*Gandhi*)

If people work together they must act in an orderly way. If everyone were to do just what he pleased, there would not be much of the tribe left. So someone has to become the leader.

Even the herds of animals have leaders. The tribes of men also chose the strongest man amongst them as their leader. As there was a great deal of fighting to be done the strongest man was chosen.

It is an unusual thing for a man to become a great leader chiefly because of his powerful intellect, and for such a person to impress himself on millions of people and on history. Great soldiers and conquerors seem to stand out in history. They become popular or are hated, and sometimes they mould history. Great religious leaders have moved millions and fired them with enthusiasm, but always this has been on the basis of faith. The emotions have been appealed to and have been touched.

It is the leaders and their policy that shape the activities of the followers. It is neither fair nor just to throw blame on the followers. Every language has some saying about the workman blaming his tools.

A leader does not create a mass movement out of nothing, as if by a stroke of the magician's wand. He can take advantage of the conditions themselves when they arise : he can prepare for them, but not create them.

Blindness in a leader is unpardonable.

A leader or a man of action in a crisis almost always acts subconsciously and then thinks of the reasons for his action. *(Nehru)*

It is no easy task to lead men. But it is easy enough to drive them.

I never give answers. I lead on from one question to another. That is my leadership. *(Tagore)*

LEGISLATORS

Each Member of the Parliament is not only a member for this or that area of India, but a member for India as a whole. He represents India, and at no time can he afford to forget this basic fact that India is more than the little corner of India that he represents. (*Nehru*)

LEISURE

Sweet leisure comes rarely. It is frail, like a flower. Respite from duty is a part of duty.

Leisure in its activity is work.

The stillness of the sea stirs in waves. (*Tagore*)

LETHARGY

Not to move, that is heroic, because it is defying the whole moving world.

Mosquitoes swarm over the still waters.

In the middle of the night, when it turns suddenly cold, it is too much exertion to reach for an extra blanket. (*Tagore*)

LETTERS

He held the first letter from his newly wedded wife in their village home, begging him to come to her, and come soon.

The touch of an absent hand haunted him as he walked, and the air seemed to take up the cry of the letter : "Love, my love, my sky is brimming with tears !"

He asked himself in wonder, "How do I deserve this ?"

The sun suddenly appeared over the rim of the blue hills, and four girls from a foreign shore came with swift strides, talking loud and followed by a barking dog.

The two elders turned away to conceal their amusement at something strange in his insignificance, and the younger ones pushed each other, laughed aloud, and ran off in exuberant mirth.

He stopped and his head sank. Then he suddenly felt his letter, opened and read it again.

Youth being exuberant and leisure ample, I felt the writing of letters other than business ones to be a delightful necessity. This is a form of literary extravagance only possible when a surplus of thought and emotion accumulates. Other forms of literature remain the author's and are made public for his good ; letters that have been given to private individuals once for all, are characterized by the more generous abandonment.

After all, letters are things that two persons must interchange. In the first letter of a series the writer can hardly give true expression to his sentiments. When our two minds are in full communion then I shall be able to write to you letters that are real letters. Only when the doors on both sides of a room are open can the wind blow through it freely.

A letter is such a mysterious object. Because only the name is written outside, and all the vital matter is inside, a letter has a peculiar power of torturing people. *(Tagore)*

LICENCE

Without responsibility, freedom gradually becomes something very near licence. Licence is a vague word and I do not like it : but it is being used in this connection and I can think of no better word at the moment. Licence ultimately means mental disintegration ; and if there is mental disintegration in the body politic, obviously it affects every limb of it.

There is a limit to the licence that one can allow, more so in times of great peril to the State. *(Nehru)*

LIFE

Life is but an endless series of experiments.

Life is perpetual triumph over the grave.

To enjoy life one should give up the lure of life.

The main purpose of life is to live rightly, think rightly, act rightly; the soul must languish when we give all our thoughts to the body. (*Gandhi*)

Life itself is a strange mixture. We have to take it as it is, try to understand it, and then to better it.

Our study of history has shown us that life is often very cruel and callous. To get excited over it, or merely to blame people, is foolish and does not help.

In the to-day in which we live, life seems to be flowing faster than ever, its tempo is swifter, and changes come rapidly one after the other.

The river of life is never still; it flows on, and sometimes, as now, it rushes forward, pitilessly, with a demon energy, ignoring our little wills and desires, making cruel mock of our petty selves, and tossing us about like straws on its turbulent waters, rushing on and on no one knows whither—to a great precipice which will shatter it into a thousand bits, or to the vast and inscrutable, stately and calm, ever-changing and yet changeless sea.

Life is rich and varied, and though it has many swamps and marshes and muddy places, it has also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers and wonderful starlit nights and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music, and books and the empire of ideas.

All of us have our choice of living in the valleys below, with their unhealthy mists and fogs, but

giving a measure of bodily security ; or of climbing the high mountains, with risk and danger for companions, to breathe the pure air above, and take joy in the distant views, and welcome the rising sun.

Life does not consist entirely of what we see and hear and feel, the visible world which is undergoing change in time and space. It is continually touching an invisible world of other, and possibly more stable or equally changeable elements, and no thinking person can ignore this invisible world. (*Nehru*)

Life is a continual process of synthesis, and not of additions. Our activities of production and enjoyment of wealth attain that spirit of wholeness when they are blended with a creative ideal. Otherwise they have the insane aspect of the eternally unfinished ; they become like locomotive engines which have railway lines but no stations ; which rush on towards a collision of uncontrolled forces or to a sudden breakdown of the overstrained machinery.

When a thing is not meant to last, the quicker it goes the better. (*Tagore*)

LIFE AFTER DEATH

There is no 'next' after you are dead and gone from your own world. (*Tagore*)

LIFE AND DEATH

Dying, you have left behind you the great sadness of the Eternal in my life. You have painted my thought's horizon with the sunset colours of your departure, leaving a track of tears across the earth to love's heaven. Clasped in your dear aims, life and death united in me in a marriage bond.

I think I can see you watching there in the balcony with your lamp lighted, where the end and the beginning of all things meet. My world went hence through the doors that you opened—you holding the cup of death to my lips, filling it with life from your own.

In the beginning of time, there rose from the churning of God's dream two women. One is the dancer at the court of paradise, the desired of men, she who laughs and plucks the minds of the wise from their cold meditations and of fools from their emptiness ; and scatters them like seeds with careless hands in the extravagant winds of March, in the flowering frenzy of May.

The other is the crowned queen of Heaven, the mother, throned on the fulness of golden autumn ; she who in the harvest-time brings straying hearts to the smile sweet as tears, the beauty deep as the sea of silence,—brings them to the temple of the Unknown, at the holy confluence of Life and Death.

O life, O death, O God of the infinite existence, I bow my head in silence to the mystery which is in You.

I don't believe that only life is good and not death.

O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death, come and whisper to me !

Day after day have I kept watch for thee ; for thee have I borne the joys and pangs of life.

All that I am, that I have, that I hope, and all my love have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy. One final glance from thine eyes and my life will be ever thine own.

The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night.

Death belongs to life as birth does.

The walk is in the raising of the foot as in the laying of it down.

This life is the crossing of a sea, where we meet in the same narrow ship.

In death we reach the shore and go to our different worlds.

I shall die again and again to know that life is inexhaustible.

Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves.

In death the many become one ; in life the one becomes many.

Religion will be one when God is dead (*Tagore*)

LIFE AND LOVE

Life has become richer by the love that has been lost. (*Tagore*)

LIGHT AND DARKNESS

Darkness travels towards light, but blindness towards death. (*Tagore*)

LIGHT AND SHADOW

Shadow, with her veil drawn, follows Light in secret meekness, with her silent steps of love. (*Tagore*)

LIGHT OF REASON

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that Thou art that Truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that Thou hast Thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal Thee in my actions, knowing it is Thy power gives me strength to act. (*Tagore*)

LIMITS

One should keep within the limits of one's own nature.

It's not good for the sword to get too big for its sheath. (*Tagore*)

LONGING

This longing is for the one who is felt in the dark, but not seen in the day. (*Tagore*)

LOSS AND GAIN

There are losses which no security can make good, either in this world or in the next.

Perfect gain is the best of all; but if that is impossible, then the next best gain is perfect losing.

The art of acquisition is no easy one, and it's not many people that can practise it. Many try, but few succeed.

Without loss there can be no genuine gain. What we obtain without effort is not true gain; only what is acquired through sacrifice becomes our own in the true and inner sense. He who sees his tangible possessions glide out of his grasp is unfortunate indeed; but in truth the human soul, in the very act of losing, retains the power to win back with interest that which is lost.

If when we suffer loss we can bow our heads, clasp our hands, and pronounce the words, "It is a gift—a gift of renunciation, a gift of sorrow, a gift of my tears," then the merest trifle acquires significance, the transient becomes the eternal, and what was a mere instrument of our daily use becomes an appurtenance of our worship, stored up everlastingly in the treasure-house of the temple of our heart. (*Tagore*)

LOVE

Love becomes lust the moment you make it a means for the satisfaction of animal needs.

Wherever you are confronted with an opponent, conquer him with love.

A coward is incapable of exhibiting love; it is the prerogative of the brave.

Love never claims, it ever gives. Love ever suffers, never resents, never revenges itself.

It is my firm belief that it is love that sustains the earth. There only is life where there is love. Life without love is death. Love is the reverse of the coin of which the obverse is Truth.

The more efficient a force is, the more silent and the more subtle it is. Love is the subtlest force in the world. *(Gandhi)*

That man is the most miserable of all beggars who has to beg for love.

Is love a falsehood and mercy a mockery, and the one thing true, from beginning of time, the lust for destruction? Would it not have destroyed itself long ago?

The greatest changes in a woman's nature are wrought by love; in a man's, by ambition.

One means by which in a single moment man's whole nature can be awakened is love—no matter what the reason is, there is no doubt that amongst us the manifestation of this love is weak, and therefore all of us are deprived of a complete realization of ourselves—we don't know what is in us, we cannot reveal what is hidden within, and it is impossible for us to spend what is accumulated in our hearts—that is why there is such joylessness on every side, such want of cheerfulness!

Love like the green grass, and the trees, and life's music, is only for the surface of the world. It

comes and vanishes like a dream. But underneath is duty, like the rude layers of stone, like a huge load that nothing can move.

I seem to see her, in my mind's eye, riding on a white horse, proudly holding the reins in her left hand, and in her right a bow, and like the Goddess of Victory dispensing glad hope all round her. Like a watchful lioness she protects the litter at her dugs with a fierce love.

Wine of love poured out by Divinity !

I love as the rudder in the water might love the sail in the sky, answering its rhythm of wind in the rhythm of waves.

The heart's laws are not the laws of Scripture. Eyes cannot see with their own light,—the light must come from the outside.

The world was a huge cage from which the bird of love had flown away, leaving behind it all the decorations of the blood-red rubies of our hearts, and the pearl pendants of our tear-drops.

Art thou so irredeemably false, that not even my love can send the slightest tremor of life through thy nothingness? O fool, for whom have you upturned your cup of life, emptying it to the last drop ?—for this unanswering void,—truthless, merciless and motherless ?

Love is not for the king.

The forest shadows keep their ancient watch for the love-meeting that remains eternally unfulfilled.

It's a trick of ours to hurt those we love.

Love does not claim possession, but gives freedom.

Love and death are not too careful in their choice of victims. They are impartial.

do good to all,—as if this all were a reality ! No, no ! There is no reality in the world save this one real love of mine. I do you reverence. My devotion to you has made me cruel ; my worship of you has lighted the raging flame of destruction within me. I am not righteous. I have no beliefs, I only believe in her whom, above all else in the world, I have been able to realize.

Two hearts beat in unison, immersing themselves in the waves of melody. Nothing now seemed common or unclean and the whole world swam in a rosy mist. It was as though all the passion that had ever throbbed in human hearts were gathered up and showered on these two lovers, and that it now pulsated within them in all its super-abundance of bliss and anguish, longing and distress.

Hero with the picture of his lady-love in his mind can pass unruffled through wind and rain.

We see on the canvas of our mind the picture of a beautiful woman, passing under the shelter of the flowering *kadambas* in the darkness of a stormy *Shravan* night, towards the bank of the Jumna, forgetful of wind or rain, as in a dream, drawn by her surpassing love. She has tied up her anklets lest they should tinkle ; she is clad in dark blue raiment lest she be discovered ; but she holds no umbrella lest she get wet, carries no lantern lest she fall ?

O my heart ! you woke not when the man of my heart came to my door.

At the sound of his departing steps you woke up.

Oh, you woke up in the dark !

The general drift was clear—rain-clouds were dripping, peacocks were calling, and a lover was pining for his mistress.

Young lovers are like the mountains.

Any near relation of the loved one needs must have a special interest for the lover.

Of the veil with which lovers seek to shroud their ways not a shred remained !

When it came to making love the youthful B.A. could find no help in his books.

The attraction of the sun for the earth is strong, yet leaves immense space between them. Even the hero of a high-class romance does sometimes, when hard pressed, have to mention to his beloved such things as mortgage deeds and promissory notes. But the words stick, and the tune does not seem right, and the shrinking of reluctance makes itself felt.

He has ever kept me close to his heart, as the moon does its dark spots. But, however strong a ship may be, if it harbours a small hole in its bottom, it must sink.

Love's pain sang round my life like the unplumbed sea, and love's joy sang like birds in its flowering groves.

That love can ever lose is a fact that we cannot accept as truth.

Love is life in its fulness like the cup with its wine.

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it is high.

To-night there is a stir among the palm leaves, a swell in the sea, Full Moon, like the heart-throb of the world. From what unknown sky hast thou carried in thy silence the aching secret of love ?

Make me thy cup and let my fulness be for thee and for thine.

He who wants to do good knocks at the gate ; he who loves finds the gate open.

Love ! when you come with the burning lamp of pain in your hand, I can see your face and know you as bliss.

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world. But it is otherwise with Thy love which is greater than theirs, and Thou keepest me free.

Lest I forget them they never venture to leave me alone. But day passes by after day and thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart, thy love for me still waits for my love. (*Tagore*)

LOVE AND MUSIC

When we two first met my heart rang out in music, "She who is eternally afar is beside you for ever."

That music is silent, because I have grown to believe that my love is only near, and have forgotten that she is also far, far away.

Music fills the infinite between two souls. This has been muffled by the mist of our daily habits.

On shy summer nights, when the breeze brings a vast murmur out of the silence, I sit up in my bed and mourn the great loss of her who is beside me. I ask myself, "When shall I have another chance to whisper to her words with the rhythm of eternity in them ?"

Wake up, my song, from thy languor, rend this screen of the familiar, and fly to my beloved there, in the endless surprise of our first meeting ! (*Tagore*)

LOVE AND PUNISHMENT

God says to man, "I heal you, therefore I hurt, love you, therefore punish." (*Tagore*)

LOVE AND TEARS

I thought I would write love's words in their own colour; but that lies deep in the heart, and tears are pale.

Would you know them, friend, if the words were colourless?

I thought I would sing love's words to their own tune, but that sounds only in my heart, and my eyes are silent.

Would you know them, friend, if there were no tune? (*Tagore*)

LOVE LETTERS

"In the moon thou sendest thy love letters to me," said the night to the sun.

"I leave my answers in tears upon the grass."

(*Tagore*)

LOVE PLAY

Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me.

You blind me with flashes of laughter to hide your tears.

I know, I know your art.

You never say the word you would.

Lest I should not prize you, you elude me in a thousand ways.

Lest I should confuse you with the crowd, you stand aside.

I know, I know your art.

You never walk the path you would.

Your claim is more than that of others, that is why you are silent.

With playful carelessness you avoid my gifts.

I know, I know your art.

You never will take what you would. (*Tagore*)

LOVERS

Sweetness of thy name fills my heart when I forget mine—like thy morning sun when the mist is melted.

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger, he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my Lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to Thy door in his company.

One word keep for me in thy silence, O World, when I am dead, "I have loved." (*Tagore*)

LOVE SONGS

Speak to me, my love! Tell me in words what you sang.

The night is dark. The stars are lost in clouds. The wind is sighing through the leaves.

I will let loose my hair. My blue cloak will cling round me like night. I will clasp your head to my bosom; and therein the sweet loneliness murmur on your heart. I will shut my eyes and listen. I will not look in your face.

When your words are ended, we will sit still and silent. Only the trees will whisper in the dark.

The night will pale. The day will dawn. We shall look at each other's eyes and go on our different paths.

Speak to me, my love! Tell me in words what you sang.

Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs. It was they who led me from door to door, and with them have I felt about me, searching and touching my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever learnt ; they showed me secret paths, they brought before my sight many a star on the horizon of my heart.

They guided me all the day long to the mysteries of the country of pleasure and pain, and, at last, to what palace gate have they brought me in the evening at the end of my journey ? (*Tagore*)

LOYALTY

To be loyal to a comrade or to a cause is certainly a virtue.

In my spiritual make-up loyalty to a cause and to one's colleagues holds a high place. (*Nehru*)

The wifely loyalty, a loyalty rare indeed in these degenerate days ! (*Tagore*)

LUST

Woman must cease to consider herself the object of man's lust.

The conquest of lust is the highest endeavour of man's or woman's existence.

God's grace never descends upon a man who is a slave to lust.

Without overcoming lust, man cannot hope to rule over self. Rule of all without rule of oneself would prove to be as deceptive and disappointing as a painted toy mango, charming to look at outwardly but hollow and empty from within. (*Gandhi*)

Just as a bird on the wing is brought to the ground by a chance arrow, so did she bring me down to the dust. I forgot myself.

It is a fearful moment when a man's heart deceives him. Then blind desire becomes his gospel and fancy usurps the dread throne of his gods.

The joy of the terrible is blind,—its term of life is short, and it must gather its plunder in fearful haste, like a mad elephant uprooting the lotus from the pond. Wise counsels will come, in their turn, when the great force is spent. (*Tagore*)

LUXURY

Luxury would wither at the least touch, and die if handled roughly. (*Tagore*)

MAGISTRATES

The magistrates, lest by looking at men's faces, should see the glory of God, do their work by keeping their eye on the Law books. (*Tagore*)

MAGNANIMITY

If you act in a big way, the response to you is very big in the world and their reaction is also big. Because good always brings good and draws good from others and big action which shows generosity of spirit brings generosity from the other side. (*Nehru*)

MAHABHARATA

The *Mahabharata* depicts for all time the eternal struggle that goes on daily between the forces of good and evil in the human breast.

I have maintained, in the teeth of orthodox Hindu opposition, that the *Mahabharata* is a book written to establish the futility of war and violence. (*Gandhi*)

Though the *Mahabharata* may not be history in the modern Western definition of the term, it is, nevertheless, a receptacle of the historical records which had left their impress upon the living memory of the people for ages. Had any competent person attempted to sift and sort and analyse this material

into an ordered array of facts, we should have lost the changing picture of the Aryan society which they present, a picture in which the lines are vivid or dim, connected or confusedly conflicting, according to the lapses of memory, changes of ideal, and variations of light and shade incident to time's perspective. Self-recording annals of history, as they are imprinted on the living tablet of ages, are bared before our people in this great work.

The great epic of the soul of our people—the *Mahabharata*—gives us a wonderful vision of an overflowing life, full of the freedom of inquiry and experiment. (*Tagore*)

MAHAKALI

Mahakali, the Goddess of the endless stream of time ! (*Tagore*)

MAJORITY

In matters of conscience, the law of majority has no place.

It is slavery to be amenable to the majority, no matter what its decisions are.

It is a superstition and an ungodly thing to believe that an act of majority binds a minority.

A living faith cannot be manufactured by majority.

Corruption is the bane of governments by majority.

When there is complete freedom of opinion, that of the majority must prevail. (*Gandhi*)

MAN

Man has reason, discrimination, and free-will such as it is. The brute has no such thing. It is not a free agent, and knows no distinction between virtue and vice, good and evil. Man, being a free

agent, knows these distinctions, and when he follows his higher nature shows himself far superior to the brute, but when he follows his baser nature can show himself lower than the brute.

Man is not all body but he is something infinitely higher. Of all the animal creation of God, man is the only animal who has been created in order that he may know his Maker. Man's aim in life is not, therefore, to add from day to day to his material prospects and to his material possessions but his predominant calling is from day to day to come nearer his own Maker.

Man is not a brute. He has risen to a higher state after countless births in brute creation. He is born to stand, not to walk on all fours or crawl. Beastiality is as far removed from manhood as Matter from Spirit. (*Gandhi*)

Man is the highest animal.

Indeed it is intelligence that separates man from the other animals. There is practically no difference between a man without any intelligence and an animal.

For us man is naturally more interesting than all the great animals that existed before him ; he is interesting because he brought a new thing with him which the others do not seem to have had. This was mind-curiosity—the desire to find out and learn.

In the morning of history when man was young and the world was new and wonderful, and rather fearsome to him, he must have looked and stared all around him, and asked questions. Who was he to ask except himself ? There was no one else to answer. But he had a wonderful little thing—a mind—and with the help of this, slowly and painfully, he went on storing his experiences and learning from them.

So from the earliest times until to-day man's quest has gone on, and he has found out many things, but many still remain, and as he advances on his trail, he discovers vast new tracts stretching out before him, which show to him how far he is still from the end of his quest—if there is such an end.

Man has looked outside himself as well as inside; he has tried to understand Nature, and he has also tried to understand himself. The quest is really one and the same, for man is part of Nature.

The mind of man has carried man a long way in his voyage of discovery. As he has learnt to understand Nature more he has utilized it and harnessed it to his own advantage, and thus he has won more power. But unhappily he has not always known how to use this new power, and he has often misused it. Science itself has been used by him chiefly to supply him with terrible weapons to kill his brother and destroy the very civilization that he has built up with so much labour.

History is not pleasant. Man, in spite of his great and vaunted progress, is still a very unpleasant and selfish animal. *(Nehru)*

The inner workings of people's, especially men's minds are not visible.

Men are not to be trusted. I have known only one man in all my life, and in a moment I made this discovery.

Those who could simply and naturally draw their environment into the process of their self-creation belonged to one species of the genus 'man'.

A wonderful thing is man. What great mysterious purpose he is working out only the Terrible One knows.

Are men like women ? Men are born spendthrifts and only know how to waste.

O ! why has God made man such a mixed creature ? Was it only to show His supernatural sleight of hand ?

Men are heroic only before their wives.

Men are dreadfully vain.

Man after all is a religious being.

Man belongs to the race of kings ; he must perpetually extend his empire of heroic achievements, otherwise he would be less than woman ; for while the natural grace and sweetness of woman, her inborn wealth of love, are sufficient in themselves for the fulfilment of her function in this world, man has to vindicate himself by constant battle and strife. In the old days kings used to march out to new conquests, not out of greed of territory, but to vindicate over again their proud claim to manliness. Far be it from to stand in the way of this pride !

Men, the fairest creations of God !

Man is not a mere casual visitor at the palace-gate of the world, but the invited guest whose presence is needed to give the royal banquet its meaning.

Wherever man meets man in a living relationship, the meeting finds its natural expression in works of art, the signatures of beauty, in which the mingling of the personal touch leaves its memorial.

On the other hand, a relationship of pure utility humiliates man—it ignores the rights and needs of his deeper nature ; it feels no compunction in maltreating and killing of beauty that can never be restored.

Fortunately for man the easiest path is not his truest path. If his nature were not as complex as it is, if it were as simple as that of a pack of hungry wolves, then, by this time, those hordes of marauders would have overrun the whole earth. But man,

when confronted with difficulties, has to acknowledge that he is man, that he has his responsibilities to the higher facilities of his nature, by ignoring which he may achieve success that is immediate, perhaps, but that will become a death-trap to him.

Obviously God made man to be human; but this modern product has such marvellous square-cut finish; savouring of gigantic manufacture, that the Creator will find it difficult to recognize it as a thing of Spirit and a creature made in His own divine image.

The real tragedy is, that man does not know himself for what he really is.

I regard these grown-up children with the same kind of affection that I have for little children—but there is also a difference. They are more infantile still. Little children will grow up later on, but these big children never.

A meek and radiantly simple soul shines through their worn and wrinkled, old bodies. Little children are merely simple, they have not the unquestioning, unwavering devotion of these. If there be any undercurrent along which the souls of men may have communication with one another, then my sincere blessing will surely reach and serve them.

Man is the rod of God's justice, to him has been entrusted the thunderbolt of the divine wrath, and if at wrong done to himself or another it does not at once break out into fury, then it is a shame. God has so arranged it that man, for the most trifling reason, will burst forth in anger like a forest fire, and woman will burst into tears like a rain-cloud for no reason at all. But the cycle seems to have changed, and this appears no longer to hold good.

Man's history is waiting in patience for the triumph of the insulted man.

Man is a born child, his power is the power of growth.

The world loved man when he smiled. The world became afraid of him when he laughed.

Man barricades against himself.

Men are cruel, but Man is kind. (*Tagore*)

MAN AND MACHINE

Upon the loss of this sense of a universal personality, which is religion, the reign of the machine and of method has been firmly established, and man, humanly speaking, has been made a homeless tramp. As nomads, ravenous and restless, the men from the West have come to us. They have exploited our Eastern humanity for sheer gain of power. This modern meeting of men has not yet received the blessing of God. For it has kept us apart, though railway lines are laid far and wide, and ships are plying from shore to shore to bring us together.

Habituated to deal with the world as a machine, man is multiplying his materials, banishing away his happiness and sacrificing love to comfort, which is an illusion.

Because success is the object and justification of a machine while goodness only is the end and purpose of man. When this engine of organization begins to attain a vast size, and those who are mechanics are made into parts of the machine, then the personal is eliminated to a phantom, everything becomes a revolution of policy carried out by the human parts of the machine, with no twinge of pity or moral responsibility. It may happen that even through this apparatus the moral nature of man tried to assert itself, but the whole series of ropes and pulleys creak and cry, the forces of the human heart become entangled among the forces of the human automaton, and only with difficulty can the moral purpose transmit it to some tortured shape of result. (*Tagore*)

MAN AND NATURE

This world of man's own manufacture, with its discordant shrieks and swagger, impresses on him the scheme of a Universe which has no touch of the person and, therefore, no ultimate significance. All the great civilizations that have become extinct must have come to their end through such wrong expression of humanity ; through parasitism on a gigantic scale bred by wealth, by man's clinging reliance on material resources; through a scoffing spirit of denial, of negation, robbing us of our means of sustenance in the path of truth.

It is for the artist to remind the world that with the truth of our expression we grow in truth. When the man-made world is less an expression of man's creative soul than a mechanical device for some purpose of power, then it hardens itself, acquiring proficiency at the cost of the subtle suggestiveness of living growth. In his creative activities man makes Nature instinct with his own life and love. But with his utilitarian energies he fights Nature, banishes her from his world, deforms and defiles her with the ugliness of his ambitions.

We are men, we are kings, we must have our tribute. Ever since we have come upon the Earth we have been plundering her ; and the more we claimed, the more she submitted. From primaeval days have we men been plucking fruits, cutting down trees, digging up the soil, killing beast, bird and fish. From the bottom of the sea, from underneath the ground, from the very jaws of death, it has all been grabbing and grabbing and grabbing,—no strong-box in Nature's store-room has been respected or left unrifled.

I only wish I could be born again at this time, and with my father as go-between, could arrange for my own marriage—you may be sure I would see that I would get the fullest benefit of being born a

man. This is what is called manliness ! To ruin completely a girl's father ! Is that a small matter ?

The attraction of man and woman for each other is fundamental. This whole world of matter, from the speck of dust upwards, is ranged on its side. And yet men would keep it hidden away out of sight, behind a tissue of worlds ; and with home-made sanctions and prohibitions make of it a domestic utensil. Why, it's as absurd as melting down the solar system to make a watch-chain for one's son-in-law.

Why wasn't I born a man ? Shame on these bracelets—if only I wore a sword instead ! (*Tagore*)

MAN AND WOMAN

To quarrel with a father for the sake of a wife was possible only in these degenerate days. And the reason they gave was sound too. "When your wife dies," they said, "you can find a second one without delay. But when your father dies, you can't get another to replace him for love or money."

Men belaud you as delicate and fragile, so as to delude you into thinking yourselves weak. But it is you women who are strong. Men make a great outward show of their so-called freedom, but those who know their inner minds are aware of their bondage. They have manufactured Scriptures with their own hands to bind themselves ; with their very idealism they have made golden fetters of women to wind round their body and mind. If men had not that extra-ordinary faculty of entangling themselves in meshes of their own contriving, nothing could have kept them bound. But as for you women, you have desired to conceive reality with body and soul. You have given birth to reality. You have suckled reality at your breasts.

Women realize the danger. They know that men love delusions, so they give them full measure by

borrowing their own phrases. They know that man, the drunkard, values intoxication more than food, and so they try to pass themselves off as an intoxicant. As a matter of fact, but for the sake of man, woman has no need for any make-believe.

The further we banish woman from us, and the smaller the place we give to her in our lives, the weaker does our manhood become.

When woman refuses to acknowledge the distinction between her life and that of man, she does not convince us of its truth, but only proves to us that she is suffering. All great sufferings indicate some wrong somewhere. In the present case, the wrong is in woman's lack of freedom in her relationship with man, which compels her to turn her disabilities into attractions, and to use untruths as her allies in the battle of life, while she is suffering from the precariousness of her position.

From the beginning of our society, women have naturally accepted the training which imparts to their life and to their home a spirit of harmony. It is their instinct to perform their services in such a manner that these, through beauty, might be raised from the domain of slavery to the realm of grace. Women have tried to prove that in the building up of social life they are artists and not artisans. But all expressions of beauty lose their truth when compelled to accept the patronage of the gross and the indifferent. Therefore when necessity drives women to fashion their lives to the taste of the insensitive or the sensual, then the whole thing becomes a tragedy of desecration. Society is full of such tragedies. Many of the laws and social regulations guiding the relationships of man and woman are relics of a barbaric age, when the brutal pride of an exclusive possession had its dominance in human relations, such as those of parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants, teachers

and disciples. The vulgarity of it still persists in the social bond between the sexes because of the economic helplessness of woman. Nothing makes us so stupidly mean as the sense of superiority which the power of the purse confers upon us.

The powers of muscle and of money have opportunities for immediate satisfaction, but the power of the ideal must have infinite patience. The man who sells his goods, or fulfils his contract, is cheated if he fails to realize payment, but he who gives form to some ideal may never get his due and be fully paid. What I have felt in the women of India is the consciousness of this ideal—their simple faith in the sanctity of devotion lighted by love which is held to be divine. True womanliness is regarded in our country as the saintliness of love. It is not merely praised there, literally worshipped ; and she who is gifted with it is called *Devi*, as one revolving in herself, Woman, the Divine.

Likewise, by sheer force of our claims, we men have opened up all the latent possibilities of women. In the process of surrendering themselves to us, they have ever gained their true greatness. Because they had to bring all the diamonds of their happiness and the pearls of their sorrow into our royal treasury, they have found their true wealth. So, for men to accept is truly to give ; for women to give is truly to gain.

If we men do not complain of your burdens, it is because women pay us so handsomely for what they make us carry.

Woman knows man well enough where he is weak, but she is quite unable to fathom him where he is strong. The fact is that man is as much a mystery to woman as woman is to man. If that were not so, the separation of the sexes would only have been a waste of Nature's energy.

Masculine intellect is like a sword and that even without a keen edge—its weight makes it a formidable weapon, while woman's wit is like a penknife—sharpen it as you will it is capable of no serious task, and so on.

Man is a rough-hewn and woman a finished product.

There is an unbroken consistency in the manners, customs, speech, and adornment of woman. And the reason is, that for ages Nature has assigned to her the same definite role and has been adapting her to it. No cataclysm, no political revolution, no alteration of social ideal, has yet diverted woman from her particular functions, nor destroyed their inter relations. She has loved, tended, and caressed and done nothing else ; and the exquisite skill which she has acquired in these, permeates all her being and doing. Her disposition and action have become inseparably one, like the flower and its scent. She has, therefore, no doubts or hesitations.

But the character of man has still many hollows and protuberances : each of the varied circumstances and forces which have contributed to his making has left its mark upon him. That is why the features of one will display an indefinite spread of forehead, of another an irresponsible prominence of nose, of a third an unaccountable hardness about the jaws. Had man but the benefit of continuity and uniformity of purpose, Nature must have succeeded in elaborating the finite mould for him, enabling him to function simply and naturally, without such strenuous effort. He would not have so complicated a code of behaviour ; and he would be less liable to deviate from the normal when disturbed by outside influences.

Woman was cast in the mould of mother. Man has no such primal design to go by, and that is why he has been unable to rise to an equal perfection of beauty.

Creative expressions attain their perfect form through emotions modulated. Woman has that expression natural to her—a cadence of restraint in her behaviour, producing poetry of life. She has been an inspiration to man, guiding, most often unconsciously, his restless energy into an immense variety of creations in literature, art, music and religion. This is why, in India, woman has been described as the symbol of *Shakti*, the creative power.

But if woman begins to believe that, though biologically her function is different from that of man, psychologically she is identical with him ; if the human world in its mentality becomes exclusively male, then before long it will be reduced to utter inanity. For life finds its truth and beauty, not in any exaggeration of sameness, but in harmony.

If woman's nature were indentical with man's, if Eve were a mere tautology of Adam, it would only give rise to a monotonous superfluity. But that she was not so was proved by the banishment she secured from a ready-made Paradise. She had the instinctive wisdom to realize that it was her mission to help her mate in creating a Paradise of their own on earth, whose ideal she was to supply with her life, whose materials were to be produced and gathered by her comrade.

Love in all forms has its obligations, and the love that binds women to their children binds them to their homes. But necessity is a tyrant, making us submit to injury and indignity, allowing advantage over us to those who are wholly or comparatively free from its burden. Such has been the case in the social relationship between man and woman. Along with the difference inherent in their respective natures, there have grown up between them inequalities fostered by circumstances. Man is not handicapped by the same biological and psychological responsibilities as woman, and, therefore, he has the

liberty to give her the security of home. This liberty exacts payment when it offers its boon, because to give or to withhold the gift is within its power. It is the unequal freedom in their mutual relationship which has made the weight of life's tragedies so painfully heavy for woman to bear.

In those ages when men acknowledged spiritual perfection to their object, women were denounced as the chief obstacle in their way. The constant and conscious exercise of allurements, which gave women their power, attacked the weak spots in man's nature, and by doing so added to its weakness. For all relationships tainted with repression of freedom must become sources of degeneracy to the strong who impose such repression.

India can never be fully revealed only by looking at her men. Her manifestation will only be complete when she has revealed herself to our women.

Our sense of reality about the true relations of man and woman is bemisted by passion.

Can man ever give as woman can? They are goddesses! We men can at best give of our power. But women give themselves. Out of their own life they give birth, out of their own life they give sustenance. Such gifts are the only true gifts.

When at certain auspicious moments we find refuge in love between man and woman, an unspeakable and rare experience illumines our lives.

Ah pride, pride! The trouble was, not that the necessary thing had failed of accomplishment, but that the entreaty, which had cost her such a struggle to make, should have been refused. What a wealth of colour and movement, suggestion and deception, group themselves round this 'me' and 'mine' in woman. That is just where her beauty lies,—she is ever so much more personal than man. When man was being made, the Creator was school-master,—

His bag full of commandments and principles ; but when He came to woman, He resigned His head-mastership and turned artist, with only His brush and paint-box.

If it is our passion which besmirches our idea of the right relationship of man and woman, is the foreigner alone to blame? Is it not the same passion which leads our moralists to exaggerated vehemence when they preach that woman is an evil to be shunned? These are merely two opposite aspects of the same attitude of mind in two different types. If you abuse the one it will not do to excuse the other.

As time has its two aspects—day and night, so society has its two sections—man and woman. In a natural condition of society, woman remains unseen, like night all her work is done unobtrusively, behind the scenes. Where society has become unnatural, there night usurps the province of day, and both work and frivolity are carried on by artificial light. And what is the result? Night's secret functioning ceases, fatigue increases progressively, recuperation becomes impossible, and man carries on only by recourse to intoxication. Similarly if we try to drag our women out into the field of outside duty, then their characteristic quiet work will be interfered with, the peace and happiness of society will be destroyed, and frenzy will prevail in their stead. At first sight such frenzy may be mistaken of power, but it is a power which makes for ruin. Of the two aspects of society, man is patent, but not, therefore, necessarily more patent. If you try to bring the latent force of woman to the surface, then society will be made to live on its capital and soon descend towards bankruptcy. I say that, if we men attend the place of feasting and women keep guard over the stores, then only will the festivity be a success, even though the women remain invisible. Only intoxication can want all

powers to be spent in one direction, in the same place, and in an identical manner.

Man can only think. You women have a way of understanding without thinking. Woman was created out of God's own fancy. Man, He had to hammer into shape.

I have found that my way always wings over the hearts of women, who are creatures of this world of reality and do not roam about in cloud-land, as men do, in idea-filled balloons.

Man has so fanned the flame of the loves of men and women, as to make it overpass its rightful domain, and now, even in the name of humanity itself, he cannot bring it back under control. Man's worship has idolized his passion. But there must be no more human sacrifices at its shrine.

Men, as a race, have a natural partiality for womankind in general, for which women themselves hold them accountable.

We women shall never understand men. When they are bent on making a road for some achievement, they think nothing of breaking the heart of the world into pieces to pave it for the progress of their chariot. When they are mad with the intoxication of creating, they rejoice in destroying the creation of the Creator. This heart-breaking shame of mine will not attract even a glance from their eyes. They have no feeling for life itself,—all their eagerness is for their object. What am I to them but a meadow flower in the path of a torrent in flood ?

Would not it be better for men and women to have a complete division of duties? If you allow men into the house, their duty to the world outside may likewise suffer !

If a man needs must have some intoxicant let it not be a woman. (*Tagore*)

MANHOOD

Nothing can hurt your real manhood, for that is a flame of fire. The animal, that is the flesh, feels the blow, and whines.

Men grow infatuated sometimes and forget their manhood. But if women allow them to forget it, woman must bear the brunt, and for them it spells disaster. Great creepers need great trees for their support. If all the trees were to shrink into shrubs, what would become of the creepers ? (*Tagore*)

MANLINESS

Manliness consists not in bluff, bravado or lordliness. It consists in daring to do the right and facing consequences, whether it is in matters social, political or other.

Manliness consists in deeds, not in words.

Manliness consists in making circumstances subserve to ourselves. (*Gandhi*)

MANNERS

All the education young men receive will be in vain if they do not learn good manners.

After all, manners and methods change with the times. We must grow with our years. What was good enough for our babyhood cannot be good enough for manhood. (*Gandhi*)

How much easier it is to acquire the manner than the Matter. (*Tagore*)

MAN'S SPIRIT

This great world, where it is a creation, an expression of the infinite—where its morning sings of joy to the newly awakened life, and its evening stars sing to the traveller, weary and worn, of the triumph of life in a new birth across death,—has its call for us. The call has ever roused the Creator in

man, and urged him to reveal the Truth, to reveal the Infinite in himself. It is ever claiming from us, in our own creations, co-operation with God, reminding us of our Divine Nature, which finds itself in freedom of Spirit. Our society exists to remind us, through its various voices, that the Ultimate Truth in man is not in his intellect or his possessions ; it is in his illumination of mind, in his extension of sympathy across all barriers of caste and colour ; in his recognition of the world, not merely as a store-house of power, but as a habitation of man's spirit, with its eternal music of beauty and its inner light of the Divine presence. (*Tagore*)

MARRIAGE

The physical and mental states of the parents at the moment of conception are reproduced in the baby. Then during the period of pregnancy it continues to be affected by the mother's moods, desires and temperament, as also by her ways of life. After birth the child imitates the parents, and for a considerable number of years entirely depends on them for its growth.

The couple who realize these things will never have sexual union for the fulfilment of their lust, but only when they desire issue. I think it is the height of ignorance to believe that the sexual act is an independent function necessary like sleeping or eating. The world depends for its existence on the act of generation, and as the world is the play-ground of God and a reflection of His glory, the act of generation should be controlled for the ordered growth of the world. He who realizes this will control his lust at any cost, equip himself with the knowledge necessary for the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of his progeny, and give the benefit of that knowledge to posterity.

Marriage is a natural thing in life, and to consider it derogatory in any sense is wholly wrong.

The ideal is to look upon marriage as a sacrament and, therefore, to lead a life of self-restraint in the married state. Marriage in Hinduism is one of the four *Ashramas*. In fact the other three are based on it. But in modern times marriage has unfortunately come to be regarded purely as a physical union. The other three *Ashramas* are all but non-existent. (*Gandhi*)

Marriage was an odd affair, and it had not ceased to be so even after thousands of years of experience. We saw around us the wrecks of many a marriage or, what was no better, the conversion of what was bright and golden into dross.

A Hindu marriage is a religious ceremony, undoubtedly. But does it mean that it is a sacrament to tie up people who bite, who hate each other, who make life hell for each other ? Is that a sacrament or a *samskara* ? I do not understand. I would go a step further. I think all human relationships should have an element of the sacrament in them : more so in the intimate relationship of husband and wife. There is something fine in human relationships provided they are good relationships. Otherwise, the relationship is the reverse of fine. If people have no compatibility, if they are compelled to carry on together, they begin to hate each other and their life becomes bitter. The whole foundations of their existence become bitter. Surely that is not sacrament. (*Nehru*)

Everything should be ascertained about the man a daughter is to be entrusted to, for life. No caution can be dispensed with, even if he be an angel from heaven.

The bonds He binds are tight, and not easily loosened.

Your having remained so long unmarried is enough to outcast you from the Hindu society.

In these days all this business cannot be managed without seeing.

Marriage is not merely a personal affair, but is a social matter.

Marriage was not a mere personal affair but involved the whole family, and, therefore, in its making, not only desire but experience also should count.

For a scientist marriage was a kind of self-abnegation, almost amounting to suicide.

It seemed to me very unfair that, when my family had given me in marriage, they should interfere afterwards. After all, my pleasure and pain are my husband's concern, not theirs.

One man alone is not a whole, but a half. He is only made whole by union with another.

Where true union exists, there is no need to be outwardly united. The cloud in the sky and the water in the sea are one; their outward separation only perfects their unity.

Marriage is a matter of hearts coming together—if that happens, what matters it what *mantras* are recited? It's quite enough if the ceremony be performed in God's name.

This was not ordinary union of souls, it was a fulfilment of one's life, a relationship in which everything attained a greater value, which gave body to one's fancy, and filled the body with new life. It was not merely that it redoubled the power of body and mind, it gave a new savour to life.

My present wife is not my true consort, for she does not share my faith; it would be positively wrong to abstain from marrying a woman who, in conduct and religion, in heart and mind, will be one with me. (*Tagore*)

MASSES

Leaders and individuals may come and go : they may get tired and slacken off; they may compromise or betray; but the exploited and suffering masses must carry on the struggle, for their drill-sergeant is hunger.

All the talk of freedom and liberty was meant for the upper classes only, not for the masses. The masses had lived, almost in every age, a life not far removed from that of the animals.

The life of the masses, indeed, from the earliest days has been a constant struggle for food and the necessaries of life; it has not differed greatly from the life of the animals.

The fate of the common people right through history has been a miserable one. (*Nehru*)

MATERIALISM

Material progress cannot go far or last long unless it has its foundations in moral principles and high ideals. (*Nehru*)

Materials as materials are savage; they are solitary; they are ready to hurt one another. They are like our individual impulses seeking the unlimited freedom of wilfulness. Left to themselves they are destructive. But directly an ideal of unity raises its banner in their centre, it brings these rebellious forces under its way and creation is revealed—the creation which is peace, which is the unity of perfect relationship. (*Tagore*)

MEDICINE

Don't people die even after swallowing all kinds of drugs ? If costly medicines could save life, how is it that kings and emperors are not immortal ? (*Tagore*)

MEEKNESS

You think that meekness is a kind of capital which increases your wealth the more you use it. It is my

conviction that those who lack pride only float about like the water reeds which have no roots in the soil. (*Tagore*)

MELODIES IN FLOWER

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves. (*Tagore*)

MEMORY

Memory is a very frail thing. The written word stands for ever. (*Gandhi*)

I know not who paints the pictures on memory's canvas ; but whoever he may be, what he is painting are pictures : by which I mean that he is not there with his brush simply to make a faithful copy of all that is happening. He takes in and leaves out according to his taste. He makes many a big thing small and small things big. He has no compunction in putting into the background that which was to the fore, or bringing to the front that which was behind. In short he is painting pictures, and not writing history.

Thus, over Life's outward aspect passes the series of events, and within is being painted a set of pictures. The two correspond but are not one.

We do not get the leisure to view thoroughly this studio within us. Portions of it now and then catch our eye, but the greater part remains out of sight in the darkness. Why the everbusy painter is painting;

when he will have done ; for what gallery his pictures are destined—who can tell ?

The touch of the nameless days clings to my heart like mosses round the old tree.

Our names are the light that glows on the sea-waves at night and then dies without leaving its signature. (*Tagore*)

MERCY

Everything is possible to Thy mercy.

God pours out His water freely for all, for every thirsty soul on earth. (*Tagore*)

MERIT

The true value of love is this, that it can ever bless the unworthy with its own prodigality. For the worthy there are many rewards on God's earth, but God has specially reserved love for the unworthy.

Those who can desire with all their soul and enjoy with all their heart, those who have no hesitation or scruple, it is they who are the anointed of Providence. Nature spreads out her richest and loveliest treasures for their benefit. They swim across streams, leap over walls, kick open doors, to help themselves to whatever is worth taking. In such a getting one can rejoice ; such wresting as this gives value to the thing taken.

Those who are really worthy are received with the highest regard.

Do not insult your friend by lending him merits from your own pocket.

He does not speak what he has in mind ; he only comes and goes away. (*Tagore*)

MILK

Milk stimulates animal passion. I had long realized that milk was not necessary for supporting the body, but it was not easy to give it up.

It is my firm conviction that man need take no milk at all, beyond the mother's milk that he takes as a baby. His diet should consist of nothing but sunbaked fruits and nuts. He can secure enough nourishment both for the tissues and the nerves from fruits like grapes and nuts like almonds. Restraint of the sexual and other passions becomes easy for a man who lives on such food. (*Gandhi*)

MILTON

In Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the very subject—Man dwelling in the garden of Paradise—seems to afford a special opportunity for bringing out the true greatness of man's relationship with Nature. But though the poet has described to us the beauties of the garden, though he has shown to us the animals living there in amity and peace among themselves, there is no reality of kinship between them and man. They were created for man's enjoyment ; man was their lord and master. (*Tagore*)

MIND

Man cannot develop his mind by simply writing and reading or making speeches all day long. (*Gandhi*)

The mind of man is a very tricky thing and that brute force is a poor weapon against it.

The resilience of mind is a necessary concomitant of life. When that resilience goes, then a person begins to recite pet phrases and pet dogmas, whether it has to do with religion or science or any other branch of human activity. These pet phrases are characteristic of a mind that is dead and has lost the capacity for growth. (*Nehru*)

Only he is pure who has washed away the world from his mind.

The mind has its moods, sometimes sociable, sometimes downcast, it cannot always be the same. It is wrong to tax people about it.

If there be a God, I must acknowledge with gratitude to Him that He has given me a clear-seeing mind, which allows nothing inside or outside it to remain vague.

Is it not the habit of man's mind to be in purposeless conflict with itself ?

For the mind which has lost its vigour, all external habits become tyrannical.

The tendency of mind is economical, it loves to form habits and move in grooves which save it the trouble of thinking anew at each of its steps. Ideals once formed make the mind lazy.

Our minds are not clods of earth which you can possess by merely picking up.

Fortunately for us, our mind knows not its own secret.

The mind, sharp but not broad, sticks at every point but does not move.

A mind all logic is like a knife all blade.
It makes the hand bleed that uses it. (*Tagore*)

MINERVA

The Goddess of Learning, who presides over universities, had always showered petals on him from her golden lotus and had rained on him medals, and scholarships to boot. (*Tagore*)

MIRACLES

Miracles seldom occur, except in the imaginations of the faithful. (*Nehru*)

MISERY

I shall never bring myself to believe that misery is eternal. (*Tagore*)

MISFIT

A blasted tree is out of place in a greenwood. *(Tagore)*

MISFORTUNE

Cowards ! You either flee to avoid the blow, or fight to ward it off ; it is all one. Whichever you do, you merely follow the flock—you do not see the Shepherd.

Clouds are for moments only, and the sun is for all days.

The clouds will pass by, God's thunder will return to His armoury, and the sun of all days will shine upon the traditions of all time.

In evil times the strongest bonds give way. Brothers strike brothers and friends turn against friends.

Some crashes like the crash of lightning, are difficult to predict. They strike without a moment's warning. *(Tagore)*

MIST

The mist, like love, plays upon the heart of the hills and brings out surprises of beauty.

The mist is like the earth's desire.
It hides the sun for whom she cries. *(Tagore)*

MISTAKES

I believe that if in spite of the best of intentions one is led into committing mistakes, they do not really result in harm to the world or, for the matter of that, any individual.

A full and candid admission of one's mistake should make one proof against its repetition.

I have always held that it is only when one sees one's own mistakes with a convex lens, and does just

the reverse in the case of others, that one is able to arrive at just relative estimate of the two.

We learn and profit through our mistakes and failures. (*Gandhi*)

Mistakes are but the preludes to their own destruction.

Human society is a web of mistakes; nobody has the sense to do the right thing at the right time, and when the chance is gone we break our hearts over vain longings. (*Tagore*)

MISTRESS

The mother protects, the mistress leads to destruction,—but sweet is that destruction. (*Tagore*)

MISUNDERSTANDING

I must free myself from all fear of being misunderstood. (*Tagore*)

MISUSE

Every powerful thing is liable to misuse. (*Gandhi*)

MOB

Personally I do not mind governmental fury as I mind mob fury.

It is easier to oust a government that has rendered itself unfit to govern than it is to cure unknown people in their madness.

The greatest obstacle is that we have not yet emerged from the mobocratic stage. But my consolation lies in the fact that nothing is so easy as to train mobs, for the simple reason that they have no mind, no premeditation. They act in a frenzy. They repent quickly. (*Gandhi*)

MODERN AGE

Our old-fashioned methods won't do now.

The newer people, of this modern age, are more eager to amass than to realize. They are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light.

Modernism is not in the dress of the Europeans; or in the hideous structures, where their children are interned when they take their lessons; or in the square houses with flat, straight wall-surfaces, pierced with parallel lines of windows, where these people are caged in their lifetime; certainly modernism is not in their ladies' bonnets, carrying on them loads of incongruities. These are not modern, but merely European. True modernism is freedom of mind, not slavery of taste. It is independence of thought and action, not tutelage under European schoolmasters. It is science, but not its wrong application in life,—a mere imitation of our science teachers who reduce it into a superstition, absurdly invoking its aid for all impossible purposes. (*Tagore*)

MODERN CIVILIZATION

People boast of our enlightened and progressive age, and of the wonders of our modern civilization and of great culture and science; and yet the poor remain poor and miserable, and great nations fight each other and slaughter millions.

Beneath the appearance of virtue, there is greed and cruelty and unscrupulousness; beneath the kid glove of civilization there is the red claw of the beast.

Present-day civilization is full of evils, but it is also full of good; and it has the capacity in it to rid itself of those evils.

To destroy it root and branch is to remove that capacity from it and revert to a dull, sunless and miserable existence. (*Nehru*)

In the modern civilization, for which an enormous number of men are used as materials, and human relationships have in a large measure become

utilitarian, man is imperfectly revealed. For man's revelation does not lie in the fact that he is a power, but that he is a spirit. The prevalence of the theory which realizes the power of the machine in the Universe, and organizes men into machines, is like the eruption of Etna, tremendous in its force, in its outburst of fire and fume: but its creeping lava covers up human shelters made by the ages, and its ashes smother life. *(Tagore)*

MODERN EDUCATION

Our modern education is producing a habit of mind which is ever weakening in us the spiritual apprehension of truth,—the truth of a person as the ultimate reality of existence. Science has its proper sphere in analysing this world as a construction, just as grammar has its legitimate office in analysing the syntax of a poem. But the world, as a creation, is not a mere construction; it too is more than a syntax. It is a poem, which we are apt to forget when grammar takes exclusive hold of our minds.

Once upon a time we were in possession of such a thing as our own mind in India. It was living. It thought, it felt, it expressed itself. It was receptive as well as productive. That this mind could be of any use in the process, or in the end, of our education was overlooked by our modern educational dispensation. We are provided with buildings and books and other magnificent burdens calculated to suppress our mind. The latter was treated like a library-shelf solidly made of wood, to be loaded with leather-bound volumes of second-hand information. In consequence, it has lost its own colour and character, and has borrowed polish from the carpenter's shop. All this has cost us money, and also our finer ideas, while our intellectual vacancy has been crammed with what is described in official reports as Education. In fact, we have bought our spectacles at the expense of our eyesight. *(Tagore)*

MODERN YOUTH

They are like the young-horned deer trying their new horns on the flower-beds.

The youth of these middle-aged people is a youth of detachment. They have just crossed the waters of pleasure, and are in sight of the land of pure gladness. They don't want to eat fruit, but to produce it.

These up-to-date young men don't go by the old standards. (*Tagore*)

MONKS

Their spells can make a changeling of the very soul itself. They draw men by the strength of their virtue. (*Tagore*)

MONOTONY

Monotony is the law of Nature. Look at the monotonous manner in which the sun rises. And imagine the catastrophe that would befall the Universe, if the sun became capricious and went in for a variety of pastime. But there is a monotony that sustains and a monotony that kills. The monotony of necessary occupation is exhilarating and life-giving. An artist never tires of his art. A spinner who has mastered his art will certainly be able to do sustained work without fatigue. There is a music about the spindle which the practised spinner catches without fail. (*Gandhi*)

MOON

Sweetly smiling, unperturbed and unobtrusive!
He only looks so innocent from the outside.

Is yonder moon, lying asleep among soft fleecy clouds, the true emblem of everlasting reality? The naked day will come to-morrow, and the hungry crowd begin again to draw the sea of existence with their thousand nets. And then this moonlight night

will hardly be remembered but as a thin film of unreality made of sleep and shadows and delusions. The magic web, woven of the elusive charms of a woman, is like that,—and can it take the place of highest truth ? Can any creed, born of your fancy, satisfy the gaping thirst of the mid-day, when it is wide awake in its burning heat ?

The crescent moon looked pale in the morning light like a weary sleepless patient at dawn.

The moonlight flooded the landscape with a glorious effulgence, and the overarching sky seemed illimitably vast.

The attraction of the same moon causes both ebb and flow.

To-night the moon is at its full, and its large, round face peers at me through the open window on my left, as if trying to make out whether I have anything to say against it in my letter,—it suspects, may be, that we mortals concern ourselves more with its stains than its beams.

Moon ! the favourite companion of my exile.

While the glass lamp rebukes the earthen for calling it cousin, the moon rises, and the glass lamp, with a blind smile, calls her,—"My dear, dear sister."

The moon has her light all over the sky, her dark spots to herself. (*Tagore*)

MOON AND EARTH

Viewed from the standpoint of intervening space, the distance between the earth and the moon may loom large, and tend to obscure the fact of their relationship. There are many double stars in the firmament of history, whose distance from each other does not affect the truth of their brotherhood. (*Tagore*)

MORALE

You cannot attain success without the people's co-operation ; you cannot attain success without raising the morale of the people for the task. If the people think that the country is going ahead, their morale goes up and thereby their capacity to work increases. If the people think that we are where we were or worse, their morale goes down, their desire to help goes down, their capacity to work goes down and this affects you and me and everybody else and all our work suffers. (*Nehru*)

MORALITY

Increase of material comforts, it may be generally laid down, does not in any way whatsoever conduce to moral growth.

Morality is the basis of things and truth is the substance of all morality.

As soon as we lose the moral basis, we cease to be religious. There is no such thing as religion overriding morality. Man, for instance, cannot be untruthful, cruel or incontinent and claim to have God on his side.

That which is opposed to the fundamental maxims of morality, that which is opposed to trained reason cannot be claimed as *Shastra*, no matter how ancient it may be.

Morality which depends upon the helplessness of a man or woman has not much to recommend it. Morality is rooted in the purity of our hearts.

Moral authority is never retained by any attempt to hold on to it. It comes without seeking and is retained without effort. (*Gandhi*)

It is difficult to moralize about any matter, as ideas of conventional morality differ from age to age and country to country.

Political surrender leads almost inevitably to moral surrender also.

Moral considerations may influence an individual, but their effect on a group is far less, and the larger the group the less is their effect on it. (*Nehru*)

Moral law is the law of humanity, and the exclusive civilization which thrives upon others who are barred from its benefit carries its own death-sentence in its moral limitations.

I do not put my faith in any new institution, but in the individuals all over the world who think clearly, feel nobly, and act rightly, thus becoming the channels of moral truth. Our moral ideals do not work with chisels and hammers. Like trees, they spread their roots in soil and their branches in the sky, without consulting any architect for their plans.

Each individual has his self-love. Therefore, his brute instinct leads him to fight with others in the sole pursuit of his self-interest. But man has also his higher instincts of sympathy and mutual help. The people who are lacking in this higher moral power and who, therefore, cannot combine in fellowship with one another, must perish or live in a state of degradation. Only those people have survived and achieved civilization who have this spirit of co-operation strong in them.

I have no hesitation in saying that those who are gifted with the moral power of love and vision of spiritual unity; who have the least feeling of enmity against aliens, and the sympathetic insight to place themselves in the position of others, will be the fittest to take their permanent place in the age that is lying before us, and those who are constantly developing their instinct of fight and intolerance of aliens will be eliminated. (*Tagore*)

MORAL LAWS

Can a civilization ignore the law of moral health and go on in its endless process of inflation by gorging upon material things ? Man in his social ideals naturally tries to regulate his appetites, subordinating them to the higher purpose of his nature. But in the economic world our appetites follow no other restrictions but those of supply and demand which can be artificially fostered, affording individuals opportunities for indulgence in an endless feast of grossness.

Those who can see know that men are so closely knit that when you strike others the blow comes back to yourself. The moral law, which is the greatest discovery of man, is the discovery of this wonderful truth, that man becomes all the truer the more he realizes himself in others. This truth has not only a subjective value, but is manifested in every department of our life. And nations who sedulously cultivate moral blindness as the cult of patriotism will end their existence in a sudden and violent death. (*Tagore*)

MORNING

It is not yet five o'clock, but the light has dawned, there is a delightful breeze, and the birds in the garden are awake and have started singing. The *koel* seems beside itself. It is difficult to understand why it should keep on cooing so untiringly. Certainly not to entertain us, nor to distract the pining lover —it must have some personal purpose of its own. But, sadly enough, that purpose never seems to get fulfilled. Yet it is not down-hearted, and its Coo-oo ! Coo-oo ! keeps going, with now and then an ultra-fervent trill. What can it mean ?

The storm of the last night has crowned this morning with golden peace.

"Are you too proud to kiss me ?" the morning light asks the buttercup.

His own mornings are new surprises to God.

The cloud stood humbly in a corner of the sky.

The morning crowned it with splendour.

Do not say, "It is morning," and dismiss it with a name of yesterday. See it for the first time as a new-born child that has no name.

The world has opened its heart of light in the morning.

Come out, my heart, with thy love to meet it!

(*Tagore*)

MORNING SKY

Be ready to launch forth, my heart! and let those linger who must.

For your name has been called in the morning sky. Wait for none!

The desire of the bud is for the night and dew, but the blown flower cries for the freedom of light.

Burst your sheath, my heart, and come forth!

(*Tagore*)

MOTHER

You took my hand and drew me to your side, made me sit on the high seat before all men, till I became timid, unable to stir and walk my own way; doubting and debating at every step lest I should tread upon any thorn of their disfavour.

I am freed at last!

The blow has come, the drum of insult sounded, my seat is laid low in the dust.

My paths are open before me.

My wings are full of the desire of the sky.

I go to join the shooting stars of midnight, to plunge into the profound shadow.

I am like the storm-driven cloud of summer that, having cast off its crown of gold, hangs as a sword the thunderbolt upon a chain of lightning.

In desperate joy I run upon the dusty path of the despised ; I draw near to your final welcome.

The child finds its mother when it leaves her womb.

When I am parted from you, thrown out from your household, I am free to see your face.

Mother is mother all the world over.

Mother, I sometimes wish that I could give back to God all my book-learning and take refuge in this lap of yours as a child once more—with only you in the whole world, you and no one else but you.

The mother is there, alone though she be, to condemn and stand against the devil's progress. The mother cares not for more success, however great,—she wants to give life, to save life. My very soul, to-day, stretches out its hands in yearning to save this child.

The doors to the mother's chamber in my woman's heart once opened, I thought it would always remain open. But this pathway to the supreme good was closed when the mistress took the place of the mother and locked it again. (*Tagore*)

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

To a mother a daughter is a more closely intimate part of herself than a son can be ; and a fault in her is a source of personal shame. (*Tagore*)

MOTHERLAND

The Mother, seated in the lotus heart of the Country, is wailing her heart out ; for they have broken open her store-room, there to hold their drunken revelry. Her vintage of the draught for

the immortals they would pour out on the dust ; her time-honoured vessels they would smash to pieces. True, I feel with her ; but, at the same time, I cannot help being infected with their excitement.

It is woman who ought to be called the motherland—she it is who is seated on the hundred-petalled lotus, in the innermost abode of India's heart—we are her servitors. The misfortunes of the country are insults to her, and it is because we are indifferent to those insults that in these days we have cause to be ashamed of our manhood. (*Tagore*)

MOTHER-TONGUE

There is the dancing ring of seasons ; the elusive play of lights and shadows, of wind and water ; the many-coloured wings of erratic life flitting between birth and death. The importance of these does not lie in their existence as mere facts, but in their language of harmony, the mother-tongue of our own soul, through which they are communicated to us. (*Tagore*)

MOTIVE

In His Durbar, the motive rather than the act itself decides its quality.

The moment there is suspicion about a person's motives, everything he does becomes tainted.

Numerous examples have convinced me that God ultimately saves him whose motive is pure. (*Gandhi*)

MOUNTAINS

With pitiless rock the Creator fashioned His mountains, not with mud.

Is not this mountain like a flower, with its petals of hills, drinking the sunlight ? (*Tagore*)

MUSEUMS

I suppose it is some kind of congealed history or a bit of the past locked up in your cabinets and

placed so that you may have a glimpse of it. It is a place where you collect beautiful objects and it is good to have beautiful objects for people to look at.

Art galleries and museums in a great city are like windows which look out on the broader, richer and deeper things of life.

I should like the whole country to be dotted with museums. *(Nehru)*

MUSIC

I had the privilege of listening to fine Bengali music. Ever since, I have been a lover of Bengali music. *(Gandhi)*

As in our country the wife rules her husband through acknowledging her dependence, so our music, through professedly in attendance only, ends by dominating the song.

And I have only my heart for my music, when my lute-strings have broken.

When music comes into one's life, the lack of a good voice is no matter. When we sing merely on the strength of our tunefulness, the song is belittled.

No doubt it is wonderful that music contains a fact which has been analyzed and measured, and which music shares in common with the braying of an ass or of a motor-car horn. But it is still more wonderful that music has a truth, which cannot be analyzed into fractions; and there the difference between it and the bellowing impertinence of a motor-car horn is infinite.

There is another kind of music that only the soul can hear.

Music, though it comprehends a limited number of notes, yet represents the Infinite. It is for man to produce the music of the Spirit with all the notes which he has in his psychology and which, through

inattention or perversity, can easily be translated into a frightful noise. In music man is revealed, and not in a noise.

Nothing save the music of your flute can make whole that which has been broken and pure, that which has been sullied. Create my home anew with music.

If you make holes in a bamboo tube, it will no longer hold either oil or water, in fact its power of receptivity is lost ; but if you blow through it, then, without any expenditure, it may produce music.

Our only background is the mind. On that we shall summon up a picture with the magic wand of music.

Our hearts will break if we do not sing.

Let your music, like a sword, pierce the noise of the market to its heart.

The noise of the moment scoffs at the music of the Eternal.

I stopped by this hut, I do not know why.

Years ago it was a day of breezy March when the murmur of the spring was languorous, and mango blossoms were dropping on the dust.

The rippling water leapt and licked the brass vessel that stood on the landing-step.

I think of that day of breezy March, I do not know why.

Shadows are deepening and cattle returning to their folds.

The light is grey upon the lonely meadows, and the villagers are waiting for the ferry at the bank.

I slowly return upon my steps, I do not know why.

(*Tagore*)

MUSLIM CULTURE

What is this 'Muslim culture'? Is it a kind of racial memory of the great deeds of the Arabs, Persians, Turks, etc.? Or language? Or art and music? Or custom? I do not remember anyone referring to present-day Muslim art or Muslim music. The two languages which have influenced Muslim thought in India are Arabic and Persian, and especially the latter. But the influence of Persian has no element of religion about it.

I have tried hard to understand what this 'Muslim culture' is, but I confess that I have not succeeded. I find a tiny handful of middle-class Muslims as well as Hindus in North India influenced by the Persian language and traditions. And looking to the masses the most obvious symbols of 'Muslim culture' seem to be a particular type of *pyjamas*, not too long and not too short, a particular way of shaving or clipping the moustache but allowing the beard to grow, and a *lota* with a special kind of snout, just as the corresponding Hindu customs are the wearing of a *dhoti*, the possession of a topknot, and a *lota* of a different kind. (*Nehru*)

During the Moghul period, music and art in India found a great impetus from the rulers, because their whole life—not merely their official life—was lived in this land; and it is the wholeness of life from which originates Art.

The Mohammedan has repeatedly come into India from outside, laden with his own stores of knowledge and feeling and his wonderful religious democracy, bringing freshet after freshet to swell the current. To our music, our architecture, our pictorial art, our literature, the Mohammedans have made their permanent and precious contribution. Those who have studied the lives and writings of our medieval saints, and all the great religious movements that sprang up in the time of the

Mohammedan rule, know how deep is our debt to this foreign current that has so intimately mingled with our life. (*Tagore*)

MUSLIMS

The Muslims who came to India from outside brought no new technique or political and economic structure. In spite of a religious belief in the brotherhood of Islam, they were class-bound and feudal in outlook. In technique and in the methods of production and industrial organization, they were inferior to what prevailed then in India. Thus their influence on the economic life of India and social structure was very little. This life continued as of old and all the people, Hindu or Muslim or others, fitted into it. (*Nehru*)

The Mussulmans were united by their religion and not merely by custom and tradition. On the one hand, just as the bondage of custom did not render all their functions useless, so on the other, bond of religion made them very intimately one. Uniting together they had taken hold of something which was not merely negative but positive, by which they did not become merely debtors but owners of wealth—something at the summons of which man could in one moment easily sacrifice his very life, standing beside his comrades.

Amongst the Mohammedans there was something which enabled them to unite with one another. When any misfortune or calamity occurred in a village the Mohammedans stood sholuder to shoulder in a way that the Hindus never did. Why there was such a great difference between communities which were such close neighbours. (*Tagore*)

MYSTERY

I think I shall stop startled if ever we meet after our next birth walking in the light of a far-away world.

I shall know those dark eyes then as morning stars and yet feel that they have belonged to some unremembered evening sky of a former life.

I shall know that the magic of your face is not all its own, but has stolen the passionate light that was in my eyes at some immemorial meeting, and then gathered from my love a mystery that has now forgotten its origin.

He who probes a mystery may let loose a whirlwind !

Somewhere or other in the external world, God writes for us the mystery of each man's Spirit. (*Tagore*)

MYSTICISM

The mystic tries to rid himself of self, and in the process usually becomes obsessed with it.

Religion merges into mysticism and metaphysics and philosophy. There have been great mystics, attractive figures, who cannot easily be disposed of as self-deluded fools. Yet mysticism (in the narrow sense of the word) irritates me; it appears to be vague and soft and flabby, not a rigorous discipline of the mind but a surrender of mental faculties and a living in a sea of emotional experience. The experience may lead occasionally to some insight into inner and less obvious processes, but it is also likely to lead to self-delusion. (*Nehru*)

NATION

I believe that a nation that is capable of limitless sacrifice is capable of rising to limitless heights.

Nations are born out of travail and suffering.

What is true of the individual will be to-morrow true of the whole nation if individuals will but refuse to lose heart and hope. (*Gandhi*)

A nation, like an individual, has many personalities, many approaches to life. If there is a sufficiently

strong organic bond between these different personalities, it is well ; otherwise those personalities split up lead to disintegration and trouble.

You can judge of the growth of a nation by finding out which class of that nation, in a particular period of history, is held in honour and repute more than the others. At one time, you may find that the landholder, the proprietor of the land, is a nobleman and he is held in the greatest esteem. From that you can judge the nature of the society of that period. So you will find various occupations occupying the forefront at different periods and you can come to some conclusion as to the nature of the social background of the society of the time, whether it is static, whether it is creative or whether its growth is dynamically constructive.

A nation does not die. Men and women come and go, but the nation goes on. It has something of the eternal about it. And India certainly is that type of a nation which has something of eternity behind it, in its ideas, and in its growth, and even in its decay.

A nation's work never ends. Men may come and go, generations may pass but the life of a nation goes on. (*Nehru*)

The peoples are living beings. They have their distinct personalities. But nations are organizations of power, and, therefore, their inner aspects and outward expressions are everywhere monotonously the same. Their differences are merely differences in degree of efficiency.

When the spread of higher ideals of humanity is not held to be important, the hardening method of national efficiency gains a certain strength : and for some limited period of time, at least, it proudly asserts itself as the fittest to survive. But it is the survival of that part of man which is the least living.

And this is the reason why dead monotony is the sign of the spread of the Nation. The modern towns, which present the physiognomy due to this dominance of the Nation, are everywhere the same.

The peoples, being living personalities, must have their self-expression, and this leads to their distinctive creations. These creations are literature, art, social symbols and ceremonials. They are like different dishes at one common feast. They add richness to our enjoyment and understanding of truth. They are making the world of man fertile of life and variedly beautiful.

But the nations do not create, they merely produce and destroy. Organizations for production are necessary. Even organizations for destruction may be so. But when, actuated by greed and hatred, they crowd away into a corner the living man who creates, then the harmony is lost, and the people's history runs at a break-neck speed towards some fatal catastrophe.

A nation, in the sense of the political and economic union of a people, is that aspect which a whole population assumes when organized for a mechanical purpose. Society as such has no ulterior purpose. It is an end in itself. It is a spontaneous self-expression of man as a social being. It is a natural regulation of human relationships, so that men can develop ideals of life in co-operation with one another. It has also a political side, but this is only for a special purpose. It is for self-preservation. It is merely the side of power, not of human ideals. And in the early days it had its separate place in society, restricted to the professionals. But when with the help of science and the perfecting of organization this power begins to grow and brings in harvests of wealth, then it crosses its boundaries with amazing rapidity. For then it goads all its neighbouring societies with greed of material prosperity, and consequent mutual jealousy, and by the

fear of each other's growth into powerfulness. The time comes when it can stop no longer for the competition grows keener, organization grows vaster, and selfishness attains supremacy. Trading upon the greed and fear of man, it occupies more and more space in society, and at last becomes its ruling force.

The country does not mean the soil, but the men on it.

The differences between nations are of inestimable value to the whole of mankind, and who imagine that the greatest blessing for humanity is that they should conquer all other nations of the world and bring them under their undisputed sway, thus reducing the whole earth to slavery ?

The idea of the Nation is one of the most powerful anaesthetics that man has invented. Under the influence of its fumes the whole people can carry out its systematic programme of the most virulent self-seeking without being in the least aware of its moral perversion,—in fact feeling dangerously resentful if it is pointed out.

When this organization of politics and commerce, whose other name is the Nation, becomes all-powerful at the cost of the harmony of the higher social life, then it is an evil day for humanity. (*Tagore*)

NATIONAL ANTHEM

It is unfortunate that some kind of argument has arisen as between '*Vande Mataram*' and '*Janaganamana*'. '*Vande Mataram*' is obviously and indisputably the premier national song of India, with a great historical tradition, and intimately connected with our struggle for freedom. That position it is bound to retain and no other song can displace it. It represents the passion and the poignancy of that struggle, but perhaps not so much the culmination of it. In regard to the National Anthem tune, it

was felt that this tune was more important than the words, and that this tune should be such as to represent the Indian musical genius as well as to some extent the Western, so that it might be equally adaptable to orchestra and band music, and to being played abroad. The real significance of the National Anthem is perhaps more abroad than in the home country. Past experience has shown us that '*Jana-ganamana*' tune has been greatly appreciated and admired abroad. It is very distinctive and there is a certain life and movement in it. It was thought by some people that the '*Vande Mataram*' tune with all its very great attraction and historical background, was not easily suitable for orchestras in foreign countries, and there was not enough movement in it. It seemed, therefore, that while '*Vande Mataram*' should continue to be the national song par excellence in India, the National Anthem tune should be that of '*Janaganamana*', the wording of '*Janagana-mana*' to be altered suitably to fit in with the existing circumstances. (*Nehru*)

Bande Mataram! These are the magic words which will open the door of his safe face, break through the walls of his strong-room, and confound the hearts of those who are disloyal to its call. Say *Bande Mataram.*

Under the cult of *Bande Mataram,* as indeed at the bottom of all mundane affairs, there is a region of slime, whose absorbing power must be reckoned with. (*Tagore*)

NATIONAL FLAG

A flag is a necessity for all nations. Millions have died for it.

It is no doubt a kind of idolatry which it would be a sin to destroy. For a flag represents an ideal. The unfurling of the Union Jack evokes in the English breast, sentiments whose strength it is difficult

to measure. The Stars and Stripes mean a world to the Americans. The Star and the Crescent will call forth the best bravery in *Islam*. (*Gandhi*)

NATIONALISM

In my opinion, it is impossible for one to be internationalist without being a nationalist. Internationalism is possible only when nationalism becomes a fact, *i.e.*, when people belonging to different countries have organized themselves and are able to act as one man. It is not nationalism that is evil, it is the narrowness, selfishness, exclusiveness, which is the bane of modern nations, which is evil. Each wants to profit at the expense of, and rise on the ruin of, the other. (*Gandhi*)

Nationalism is good in its place, but it is an unreliable friend and an unsafe historian. It blinds us to many happenings, and sometimes distorts the truth, especially when it concerns us or our country.

With the growth of nationalism the idea of "my country, right or wrong" developed, and nations gloried in doing things which, in the case of individuals, were considered bad and immoral.

Nationalism is essentially an anti-feeling, and it feeds and fattens on hatred and anger against other national groups, and especially against the foreign rulers of a subject country.

Nationalism is a great and vital force and, if we give up any part of the genius of our people and the basic traditions of our people, we lose a great deal thereby; we become rootless.

Nationalism, of course, is a curious phenomenon which at a certain stage in a country's history gives life, growth, strength and unity, but, at the same time, it has a tendency to limit one, because one thinks of one's country as something different from the rest of the world. (*Nehru*)

Nationalism is the training of a whole people for a narrow ideal; and when it gets hold of their minds it is sure to lead them to moral degeneracy and intellectual blindness. We cannot but hold firm the faith that this Age of Nationalism, of gigantic vanity and selfishness, is only a passing phase in civilization, and those who are making permanent arrangements for accommodating this temporary mood of history will be unable to fit themselves for the coming age, when the true spirit of freedom will have sway.

With the unchecked growth of Nationalism the moral foundation of man's civilization is unconsciously undergoing a change. The ideal of the social man is unselfishness, but the ideal of the Nation, like that of the professional man, is selfishness. This is why selfishness in the individual is condemned, while in the nation it is extolled, which leads to hopeless moral blindness, confusing the religion of the people with the religion of the nation. Therefore, to take an example, we find men more and more convinced of the superior claims of Christianity, merely because Christian nations are in possession of the greater part of the world. It is like supporting a robber's religion by quoting the amount of his stolen property.

Pursuit of self-interest need not be wholly selfish; it can even be in harmony with the interest of all. Therefore, ideally speaking, the nationalism, which stands for the expression of the collective self-interest of a people, need not be ashamed of itself if it maintains its true limitations. But what we see in practice is, that every nation which has prospered has done so through its career of aggressive selfishness either in commercial adventures or in foreign possessions, or in both. And this material prosperity not only feeds continually the selfish instincts of the people, but impresses men's minds with the lesson that, for a nation, selfishness is a necessity and, therefore, a virtue. It is the emphasis laid in Europe

to measure. The Stars and Stripes mean a world to the Americans. The Star and the Crescent will call forth the best bravery in *Islam*. (*Gandhi*)

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In my opinion, it is impossible for one to be internationalist without being a nationalist. Internationalism is possible only when nationalism becomes a fact, *i.e.*, when people belonging to different countries have organized themselves and are able to act as one man. It is not nationalism that is evil, it is the narrowness, selfishness, exclusiveness, which is the bane of modern nations, which is evil. Each wants to profit at the expense of, and rise on the ruin of, the other. (*Gandhi*)

Nationalism is good in its place, but it is an unreliable friend and an unsafe historian. It blinds us to many happenings, and sometimes distorts the truth, especially when it concerns us or our country.

With the growth of nationalism the idea of "my country, right or wrong" developed, and nations gloried in doing things which, in the case of individuals, were considered bad and immoral.

Nationalism is essentially an anti-feeling, and it feeds and fattens on hatred and anger against other national groups, and especially against the foreign rulers of a subject country.

Nationalism is a great and vital force and, if we give up any part of the genius of our people and the basic traditions of our people, we lose a great deal thereby; we become rootless.

Nationalism, of course, is a curious phenomenon which at a certain stage in a country's history gives life, growth, strength and unity, but, at the same time, it has a tendency to limit one, because one thinks of one's country as something different from the rest of the world. (*Nehru*)

Nationalism is the training of a whole people for a narrow ideal; and when it gets hold of their minds it is sure to lead them to moral degeneracy and intellectual blindness. We cannot but hold firm the faith that this Age of Nationalism, of gigantic vanity and selfishness, is only a passing phase in civilization, and those who are making permanent arrangements for accommodating this temporary mood of history will be unable to fit themselves for the coming age, when the true spirit of freedom will have sway.

With the unchecked growth of Nationalism the moral foundation of man's civilization is unconsciously undergoing a change. The ideal of the social man is unselfishness, but the ideal of the Nation, like that of the professional man, is selfishness. This is why selfishness in the individual is condemned, while in the nation it is extolled, which leads to hopeless moral blindness, confusing the religion of the people with the religion of the nation. Therefore, to take an example, we find men more and more convinced of the superior claims of Christianity, merely because Christian nations are in possession of the greater part of the world. It is like supporting a robber's religion by quoting the amount of his stolen property.

Pursuit of self-interest need not be wholly selfish; it can even be in harmony with the interest of all. Therefore, ideally speaking, the nationalism, which stands for the expression of the collective self-interest of a people, need not be ashamed of itself if it maintains its true limitations. But what we see in practice is, that every nation which has prospered has done so through its career of aggressive selfishness either in commercial adventures or in foreign possessions, or in both. And this material prosperity not only feeds continually the selfish instincts of the people, but impresses men's minds with the lesson that, for a nation, selfishness is a necessity and, therefore, a virtue. It is the emphasis laid in Europe

upon the idea of the Nation's constant increase of power, which is becoming the greatest danger to man, both in its direct activity and its power of infection.

It has been said that a disease becomes most acutely critical when the brain is affected. For it is the brain that is constantly directing the siege against all disease forces. The spirit of national selfishness is that brain disease of a people which shows itself in red eyes and clenched fists, in violence of talk and movements, all the while shattering its natural restorative powers. But the power of self-sacrifice, together with the moral faculty of sympathy and co-operation, is the guiding spirit of social vitality. Its function is to maintain a beneficent relation of harmony with its surroundings. But when it begins to ignore the moral law which is universal and uses it only within the bounds of its own narrow sphere, then its strength becomes like the strength of madness which ends in self-destruction.

What is worse, this aberration of a people, decked with the showy title of "patriotism", proudly walks abroad, passing itself off as a highly moral influence. Thus it has spread its inflammatory contagion all over the world, proclaiming its fever flush to be the best sign of health. It is causing in the hearts of peoples, naturally inoffensive, a feeling of envy at not having their temperature as high as that of their delirious neighbours and not being able to cause as much mischief, but merely having to suffer from it. (*Tagore*)

NATURE

Nature abhors a vacuum. Therefore, construction must pace with destruction. (*Gandhi*)

The real way to understand this earth's story is not merely to read about it in other people's books but to go to the great Book of Nature itself. You

will I hope soon begin to learn how to read this story from the rocks and mountains. Imagine how fascinating it is ! Every little stone that you see lying in the road or on the mountainside may be a little page in Nature's book and may be able to tell you something if you only know how to read it.

To be able to read any language, Hindi or Urdu or English, you have to learn its alphabet. So also you must learn the alphabet of Nature before you can read her story in her books of stone and rock. The stories we read about in its pages of stone would be more interesting than a fairy tale.

Nature has a way of writing her own history in her rocks and stones, and all who wish to, may read it there. It is a kind of autobiography—that is, one's own history. (*Nehru*)

What a grand festival, what a vast theatre of festivity ! And we cannot even fully respond to it, so far away do we live from the world ! The light of the stars travels millions of miles to reach the earth, but it cannot reach our hearts—so many millions of miles further off are we !

The world into which I have tumbled is peopled with strange beings. They are busy erecting walls and rules round themselves, and how careful they are with their curtains lest they should see ! It is a wonder to me they have not made drab covers for flowering plants and put up a canopy to ward off the moon. If the next life is determined by the desires of this, then I should be reborn from our enshrouded planet into some free and open realm of joy.

When I am in the presence of the awful mystery of all-destructive Nature, difference, between myself and the other living things seems trivial. In town, human society is to the fore and looms large ; it is cruelly callous to the happiness and misery of other creatures as compared with its own.

When I am in close touch with Nature in the country, the Indian in me asserts itself and I cannot remain coldly indifferent to the abounding joy of life throbbing within the soft down-covered breast of a single tiny bird.

It is so difficult to account for what veritably happens in this big thing called Nature. Some obscure cause turns up in some unknown corner, and all of a sudden things look completely different.

There are many in this world whose minds dwell in brick-built houses,—they can afford to ignore the thing called the outside. But my life under the trees in the open, directly receives upon itself the messages borne by the free winds, and responds from the bottom of its heart to all the musical cadences of light and darkness.

The wind carries off the clouds,—if you think that to be a crime, make enquiries as to who is behind the wind.

I had a vague notion as to who or what it was that touched my heart's chords, like the infant which does not know its mother's name, or who or what she is. The feeling which I always had was a deep satisfaction of personality that flowed into my nature through living channels of communication from all sides.

The contrast between the beautiful, broad, unalloyed peace of nature—calm, passive, silent, unfathomable,—and our own everyday worries—paltry, sorrow-laden, strife-tormented, puts me beside myself as I keep staring at the hazy, distant, blue line of trees which fringe the fields across the river.

Where Nature is ever hidden, and covers under mist and clouds, snow and darkness, there man feels himself master ; he regards his desires, his works, as permanent ; he wants to perpetuate them, he looks towards posterity, he raises monuments, he writes

biographies; he even goes the length of erecting tombstones over the dead. So busy is he that he has not time to consider how many monuments crumble, how often names are forgotten!

The movement of the leaves and the clouds of the sky were enough to fill life with joy.

I sat wondering: Why is there always this deep shade of melancholy over the fields and river banks, the sky and the sunshine of our country? And I came to the conclusion that it is because with us Nature is obviously the more important thing. The sky is free, the fields limitless; and the sun merges them into one blazing whole. In the midst of this, man seems so trivial. He comes and goes, like the ferry-boat, from this shore to the other; the babbling hum of his talk, the fitful echo of his song, is heard; the slight movement of his pursuit of his own petty desires is seen in the world's marketplaces: but how feeble, how temporary, how tragically meaningless it all seems amidst the immense aloofness of the Universe!

India holds sacred, and counts as places of pilgrimage, all spots which display a special beauty or splendour of Nature. These had no original attraction on account of any special fitness for cultivation or settlement. Here, man is free, not to look upon Nature as a source of supply of his necessities, but to realize his soul beyond himself. The Himalayas of India are sacred and the Vindhya Hills. Her majestic rivers are sacred. Lake Manasa and the confluence of the Ganges and the Jamuna are sacred. India was saturated with her love and worshipped the great Nature with which her children are surrounded, whose light fills their eyes with gladness, and whose water cleanses them, whose food gives them life, and from whose majestic mystery comes forth the constant revelation of the infinite in music, scent, and colour, which brings

its awakening to the soul of man. India gains the world through worship, through spiritual communion ; and the idea of freedom to which she aspired was based upon the realization of her spiritual unity.

The more one lives alone on the river or in the open country, the clearer it becomes that nothing is more beautiful or great than to perform the ordinary duties of one's daily life simply and naturally. From the grasses in the field to the stars in the sky, each one is doing just that ; and there is such profound peace and surpassing beauty in Nature because none of these tries forcibly to transgress its limitations.

Yet what each one does is by no means of little moment. The grass has to put forth all its energy to draw sustenance from the uttermost tips of its rootlets simply to grow where it is as grass ; it does not vainly strive to become a banyan tree ; and so the earth gains a lovely carpet of green. And, indeed, what little of beauty and peace is to be found in the societies of men is owing to the daily performance of small duties, not to big doings and fine talk.

Nature reserves her power in forms of beauty ; and it is this beauty which, like a mother, nourishes all the giant forces at her breast, keeping them in active vigour, yet in repose. You have known that energies of Nature save themselves from wearing out by the rhythm of a perfect grace, and that she with the tenderness of her curved lines takes away fatigue from the world's muscles.

A mere knowledge of things can be had in a short enough time, but their spirit can only be acquired by centuries of training and self-control. Dominating Nature from outside is a much simpler thing than making her your own in love's delight, which is a work of true genius.

Rustling waves pass over the rice-fields. Mango and cocoanut tree-tops rise into the sky, and beyond them there are fluffy clouds on the horizon. The fringes of the palm leaves wave in the breeze. The reeds on the sandbank are on the point of flowering. It is altogether an exhilarating scene.

Dame Nature does not write novels, she has enough to do without.

Nature has many anodynes in her pharmacy, which she secretly administers when vital relations are being insidiously served, so that none may know of the operation, till at last one awakes to know what a great rent has been made.

If only I could live there ! I often thought when looking at a beautiful landscape painting. That is the kind of longing which is satisfied here, where one feels alive in a brilliantly coloured picture, with none of the hardness of reality.

A wild, seamed, and scarred Nature lies there in the sun, as though tamed at the touch of some soft, bright, cherubic hand.

The ministrations of Nature are sweet indeed.

The only thing you want to do in a place like this is to gaze and gaze on the landscape, swinging your fancies to and fro, alternately humming a tune and nodding dreamily, as the mother on a winter's noonday, her back to the sun, rocks and croons her baby to sleep.

There are many paradoxes in the world and one of them is this, that wherever the landscape is immense the sky unlimited, clouds intimately dense, feelings unfathomable—that is to say where infinitude is manifest—its fit companion is one solitary person, a multitude there seems so petty, so distracting.

Viewing the beauties of Nature could be better done from within the shelter of the house.

Sudden onrush of a high wind drives the cloud-banks before it and clears the sky.

Let us carry on the work according to the Laws of Nature.

Nature becomes really and truly intimate in strange and lonely places. I have been actually worrying myself for days at the thought that after the moon is past her full I shall daily miss the moon-light more and more; feeling further and further exiled when the beauty and peace which awaits my return to the riverside will no longer be there, and I shall have to come back through darkness.

I have seen thee as the half-awakened child sees his mother in the dusk of the dawn and then smiles and sleeps again. (*Tagore*)

NEIGHBOURS

To be always discussing his neighbour's failings makes a man sour, narrow-minded and suspicious. (*Tagore*)

NERVES

Perhaps it is unjust to criticize anyone for his behaviour during a sudden crisis which threatens to overwhelm him. The nerve of the bravest fails them sometimes.

No one knows how he will behave in a similar crisis when the primeval instincts overpower reason and restraint. So we may not blame. But that should not prevent us from noting that falling away from right conduct, and from taking care in future that the steering-wheel of the ship of the nation is not put in hands that tremble and fail when the need is greatest. Worse still is the attempt to justify this failure and call it right conduct. That, surely is a greater offence than the failure itself. (*Nehru*)

NOBEL PRIZE

It came to me with a great and delightful surprise

when the Nobel Prize was offered to me from Sweden. As a recognition of individual merit it was of great value to me, no doubt; but it was the acknowledgement of the East as a collaborator with the Western continents, in contributing its riches to the common stock of civilization, which had the chief significance for the present age. It meant joining hands in comradeship by the two great hemispheres of the human world across the sea. (*Tagore*)

NOBILITY

Light brings light, not darkness, and nobility done with a noble purpose will be twice rewarded. (*Gandhi*)

OBEDIENCE

Compulsory obedience to a master is a state of slavery, willing obedience to one's father is the glory of sonship. (*Gandhi*)

OBJECTIVES

In the pursuit itself of a mighty purpose there is joy and happiness and a measure of achievement.

Objectives are big things in the life of a nation.

A dynamic movement towards a certain objective necessarily means certain changes; that is the essence of movement.

Forces unleashed without definite aims and without proper co-ordination sometimes yield good results and sometimes bad.

It is essential that we do not miss the wood for the trees. (*Nehru*)

OBSERVATION

Look on the world with open eyes.

From infancy I had seen only with my eyes, I now began to see with the whole of my consciousness. (*Tagore*)

OBSTACLES

For what are obstacles to the lower creatures are opportunities to the higher life of man.

When the earth under your feet begins to move then you have to apply greater force at every step! Now when opposition is coming from every side we naturally show some amount of exaggeration in our speech and conduct. That is nothing unnatural.

Where there is no inner obstacle ought we to respect an opposition which is purely external?

When you find yourself being obstructed in the realization of this impossible task you get angry with the country itself, and the greater obstacles become the greater does your hatred and contempt become for those whom you wish to benefit! And yet you imagine that you worship the God who has made men different and wishes to keep them so. If you truly honour Him, then why can't you see clearly what His ordinances are, and why, in the pride of your own intellect and party, do you not acknowledge His intention? (*Tagore*)

OPINION

What others say or do not say does not worry me very much. But I must be at peace with myself.

Ultimately what we really are matters more than what other people think of us.

One has to face the modern world with its good as well as its bad and it is better, on the whole, I think, that we give licence rather than suppress the normal flow of opinion. (*Nehru*)

OPPORTUNITY

A seed cast aside may nevertheless fall to the ground, and there it only waits for an opportunity to sprout. (*Tagore*)

OPPOSITION

All the saints of the world, who had done anything great, had to endure opposition and insult.

Let me not put myself wrongly to my world and set it against me. (*Tagore*)

OPPRESSION

Those who are weak in this world are so helpless, and those who are strong are so cruel. Greed is pitiless, ignorance blind, and pride takes no heed when it crushes the small under its foot.

Those who are too feeble to protect themselves are the most thoughtless in causing disasters to others.

Why should there be suffering and injustice ? Why should the strong cast his vulture's eyes upon the poor man's comforts pitifully small.

A steam-roller pursues its leisurely course oblivious of what it crushes and grinds beneath it. (*Tagore*)

OPTIMISM

I am an irrepressible optimist. No scientist starts his experiments with a faint heart. I belong to the tribe of Columbus and Stevenson, who hoped against hope in the face of heaviest odds. The days of miracles are not gone. They will abide so long as God abides. (*Gandhi*)

ORIGIN

Subtle is the origin of the gross.

The origin is the end, and the end is the origin. It is a circle—the distinction between the subtle and gross is in your ignorance. (*Tagore*)

ORNAMENTS

Look at her ! The wretched creature has covered herself with bracelets and bangles from head to foot.

They'll be chains of fire to eat through flesh and bone ; they'll be streams of torment in every vein. Do you realize that ?

All ornaments are exaggerations. They are not made by God, but by man. Only the trees and beasts and birds tell unmitigated truths, because these poor things have not the power to invent. In this, men show their superiority to the lower creatures, and women beat even men. Neither is a profusion of ornament unbecoming for a woman, nor a profusion of untruth.

My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union ; they would come between thee and me ; their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music. (*Tagore*)

ORPHANS

It's no easy task to find a husband for a friendless orphan. (*Tagore*)

ORTHODOXY

It's not sufficient to secure mere orthodoxy—we must have education too. I concede that the usual compound of education-cum-orthodoxy is not strictly in accord with our Scriptures, but for all that, they do not make such a bad combination either.

Were not the stronger sex privileged to break all rules and evade all discipline, imposed even by orthodoxy ? (*Tagore*)

PAGANISM

I am pagan enough to believe that a touch of paganism is good for the mind and body. I do think

that life cut off completely from the soul will ultimately wither away. (*Nehru*)

PAIN

Pain when met within the boundaries of limited reality, repels and hurts; it is discordant with the narrow scope of life. But the pain of some great martyrdom has the detachment of eternity. It appears in all its majesty, harmonious in the context of everlasting life, like the thunder-flash in the stormy sky, not on the laboratory wire. Pain on that scale has its harmony in great love; for by hurting love it reveals the infinity of love in all its truth and beauty. On the other hand, the pain involved in business insolvency is discordant; it kills and consumes till nothing remains but ashes. (*Tagore*)

PALACES

The palace garden is not the council-house.

Sir, we rarely meet our King in the council-house, because it is not the palace garden. (*Tagore*)

PANIC

Panic is the most demoralizing state anyone can be in. There never is any cause for panic. One must keep heart whatever happens. War is an unmitigated evil. But it certainly does one good thing, it drives away fear and brings bravery to the surface. (*Gandhi*)

PARADISE

I believe that the vision of Paradise is to be seen in the sunlight and the green of the earth, in the beauty of the human face and the wealth of human life, even in objects that are seemingly insignificant and unprepossessing. Everywhere in the earth the spirit of Paradise is awake and sending forth its voice. It reaches our inner ear without our knowing it. It tunes our harp of life which sends our aspiration

in music beyond the finite, not only in prayers and hopes, but also in temples which are flames of fire in stone, in pictures which are dreams made everlasting, in the dance which is ecstatic meditation in the still centre of movement. (*Tagore*)

PARTING WORD

When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word.

In this play-house of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of Him that is formless.

My whole body and limbs have thrilled with His touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word. (*Tagore*)

PASSIONS

Human passions are fleeter even than the wind and to subdue them completely requires no end of patience. (*Gandhi*)

I had a sort of pride that I could keep my passion pure by thus concealing it in the inmost recesses of my heart.

Passion is like the mountain stream, and refuses to be enclosed in the place of its birth; it must seek an outlet.

At the sight of the unutterable passion of that look I could hardly contain myself.

Passion is beautiful and pure,—pure as the lily that comes out of the slimy soul. It rises superior to its defilement and needs no Pears soap to wash it clean. (*Tagore*)

PAST

Can you never go back to the days that are gone ? Our striving should be concerned with what is possible in the present,—what good can we do by stretching out our arms in vain appeals to the past ?

Can we kill the past by merely speaking of it as dead and gone ? The past is always with us, for nothing that once was time can ever depart. (*Tagore*)

PATIENCE

To lose patience is to lose the battle.

If patience is worth anything, it must endure to the end of time. And a living faith will last in the midst of the blackest storm. (*Gandhi*)

PATRIOTISM

There never can be any conflict between the real interest of one's country and that of one's religion. Where there appears to be any, there is something wrong with one's religion ; *i.e.*, one's morals. True religion means good thought and good conduct. True patriotism also means good thought and good conduct. To set up a comparison between two synonymous things is wrong. (*Gandhi*)

When the nation is in peril, the first duty of every citizen is to give his or her service to the nation without fear or expectation of reward. (*Nehru*)

He leaves behind him in death his conquering call. He will live again, he cannot die.

Had I died begging for my country, even unsuccessfully, that would have been worship, acceptable to the gods.

We must refuse to allow our country to stand at the bar of a foreign court and be judged according to a foreign law. Our ideas of shame or glory must not depend on minute comparison at every step with a foreign standard. We must not feel apologetic

about the country of our birth—whether it be about its traditions, faith, or its Scriptures—neither to others nor even to ourselves. We must save our country and ourselves from insult by manfully bearing the burdens of our motherland with all our strength and all our pride.

Those who make sacrifices for their country's sake are indeed her servants, but those who compel others to make them in her name are her enemies. They would cut freedom at the root, to gain it at the top.

We shall have to work our hardest to make our country great ! But do we need to make it great ? What country is as great as ours ? It is our own lives we shall have to make great !

First the people of one's country must be brought back to a true devotion to the motherland, and then other work could be undertaken.

The geography of a country is not the whole truth. No one can give up his life for a map ! When I see you before me, then only do I realize how lovely my country is. When you have anointed me with your own hands, then shall I know I have the sanction of my country ; and if, with that in my heart, I fall fighting, it shall not be on the dust of some map-made land, but on a lovingly spread skirt—do you know what kind of skirt ?—like that of the earthen-red *sari* you wore the other day, with a broad blood-red border. Can I ever forget it ? Such are the visions which give vigour to life, and joy to death !

We must give up even our shame for the country. That may be so. But this is somehow different. I do not fear to die for the country, to kill for the country,—that much *Shakti* has been given me.

True patriotism will never he roused in our countrymen unless they can visualize the motherland. We must make a goddess of her.

If we should perish in the attempt to save the country from the thousand-and-one snares of religion, custom and selfishness we shall at least die happy.

Those who are not true sons of the motherland do cease to encumber her lap. (*Tagore*)

PATRONAGE

One of the unfortunate legacies of the past has been that there has been no imagination in the understanding of the Indian problem. People have often indulged in or have presumed to give us advice, not realizing that India, as she is constituted to-day, wants no one's advice and no one's imposition upon her. The only way to influence India is through friendship and co-operation and goodwill. Any attempt at imposition, the slightest trace of patronage, is resented and will be resented. (*Nehru*)

PEACE

The way of peace is the way of truth. Truthfulness is even more important than peacefulness.

Each one has to find his peace from within. And peace to be real must be unaffected by outside circumstances. (*Gandhi*)

The man who has got everything he wants is all in favour of peace and order.

Peace cannot suddenly descend from the heavens. It can only come when the root-causes of trouble are removed.

Peace is a precious commodity, necessary for any progress, and it was welcome to us when it came. But even peace can be purchased at too great a price, and we can have the perfect peace of the grave, and the absolute safety of a cage or of prison. Or peace may be the sudden despair of men unable to better themselves. The peace which is imposed by an alien

conqueror has hardly the restful and soothing qualities of the real article. (*Nehru*)

Through strife, through fire, through bloodshed, the earth will find its peace. For otherwise the son will leave his mother's arms, and the king in his splendour will drop like a withered leaf from his throne.

On the ocean of peace there dance the waves,
And beauty awakes again.

On the river not a boat, not a ripple even, was to be seen, and peace, like the unbroken calm that death bestows on a tortured sufferer, overspread stream and shore. (*Tagore*)

PEACOCK

The sparrow is sorry for the peacock at the burden of its tail. (*Tagore*)

PENANCE

Penances with me are no mechanical acts. They are done in obedience to the Inner Voice. (*Gandhi*)

PERFECTION

Perfection has its two aspects in man which can to some extent be separated, the perfection in being and perfection in doing. It can be imagined that, through some training or compulsion, good works may possibly be extorted from a man who personally may not be good. Activities that have fatal risks are often undertaken by cowards even though they are conscious of the danger. Such works may be useful and may continue to exist beyond the life-time of the individual who produced them. And yet, where the question is not that of utility but of moral perfection, we hold it important that the individual should be true in his goodness. His outer good work may continue to produce good results, but the inner perfection of his personality has its

own immense value, which for him is spiritual freedom and for humanity is an endless asset though we may not know it.

I was able to discover imperfections but could not create perfection !

The personal expression of life, in its perfection is love ; just as the personal expression of truth in its perfection be beauty.

Not hammer-strokes, but dance of the water sings the pebbles into perfection.

The Perfect decks itself in beauty for the love of the Imperfect. (*Tagore*)

PERSEVERANCE

Never has man reached his destination by persistence in deviation from the straight path.

Glory lies in the attempt to reach one's goal and not in reaching it.

Perseverance opens up treasures which bring perennial joy. (*Gandhi*)

With the right kind of push a man can be made to go a good distance, even when he is at the point of collapse. (*Tagore*)

PERSONALITY

Personality is an indefinable thing, a strange force that has power over the souls of men.

Personality counts for much everywhere ; in India it plays an even more dominant role than elsewhere. (*Nehru*)

The consciousness of personality, which is the consciousness of unity in ourselves, becomes prominently distinct when coloured by joy or sorrow, or some other emotion. It is like the sky, which is visible because it is blue and which takes different

aspects with the change of colours. In the creation of art, therefore, the energy of an emotional ideal is necessary as its unity is not like that of a crystal, passive and inert, but actively expressive.

Limitation of the unlimited is personality; God is personal where He creates. (*Tagore*)

PESSIMISM

It is folly to be merely optimistic and not to see facts as they are. But it is, at least, as great folly to be pessimistic and imagine all kinds of evil happenings overtaking us. (*Nehru*)

It is easy to be unfair in one's judgment when one is faced with human miseries,—and pessimism is the result of building theories while the mind is suffering. (*Tagore*)

PHILOSOPHY

Philosophy is a dangerous thing for any dogmatic religion; it makes people think.

Every type of human association—political, social or economic—has some philosophy at the back of it. (*Nehru*)

PHYSICIANS

Not that it is a small thing to be, for instance, a physician. But though our physicians are now practising in every town and village and hamlet of the country, and though many of them are of good repute and making money, all this extensive experience of theirs has not resulted in any new theory, or great fact, being added to the science of medicine.

Like good school-boys, they have only applied with ever-cautious precision just what they have learnt. And who shall make good the vital thing that is lost when students never become masters?

Yet I cannot admit that this is due to any inherent defect in our natural powers. There was a long

period in the past, during which the science of healing with us was a living growth, spreading its different offshoots and branches all over our country. That teaches us, at least, this much that in those days our mind was in living connection with its acquirements; that then,we did not merely learn by rote, but made our own observations and experiments; that we tried to discover principles and build hypotheses and apply them to life.

Where has this initiative and courage of ours departed? Why do we tread so carefully, so fearfully, under the load of our learning? Is it because we were born to be serfs, permanently bending under the burden of another's intellectual acquisitions? Never!

For even in spite of the scarceness of opportunities, and narrowness of prospects, in spite of our present defective education, which has been starved of all life elements, a few great men of science like Jagadishchandra and Prafullachandra, and a great scholar and thinker like Brajendranath, have made their appearance in our country, proving that the power of true originality is not lacking among our people, only it is trampled down under the dead pressure of a mechanical method and the callousness of contemptuous discouragement.

Doctors have a bad habit of ordering brandy on the slightest pretext.

Deep ocean of medical knowledge!

A doctor does not learn from books alone. Some are endowed with a rare, God-given insight.

The patient who has been given up by the doctor does not necessarily die. *(Tagore)*

PIETY

Piety and benevolence were rare in these degenerate days.

If a searching inquiry were made, all 'pious' men might be found out. Let them tell their beads as much as they like, everybody in this world is just as bad as myself. (*Tagore*)

PILGRIMAGE

I have never thought of frequenting places of pilgrimage in search of piety. (*Gandhi*)

Why different goals for the same pilgrimage ?

Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

In that shoreless ocean, at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

Is the time not come yet ? Are there works still to do ? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the seabirds come flying to their nests.

Who knows when the chains will be off, and the boat, like the last glimmer of sunset, vanish into the night ? (*Tagore*)

PIONEERS

It is uncalculating, unbusinesslike spirits who keep the business-fields of the country flooded with their activities. And, though the flood subsides as rapidly as it comes, it leaves behind fertilizing silt to enrich the soil. When the time for reaping arrives no one thinks of these pioneers ; but those who have cheerfully staked and lost their all, during life, are not likely, after death, to mind this further loss of being forgotten. (*Tagore*)

PITY

The thing we call pity is, at bottom, only pity for ourselves. We cannot bear to wound our own

tender instincts, and so we do not strike at all ;—pity indeed! The height of cowardice!

The more inclined we are to regard things with pity the more completely do we lose our power of seeing truth as whole and unchanging—we obscure what should be light by our compassion, as smoke obscures the fire.

If I pity her and save her from her sorrows, what then was the purpose of my being born a man?

Does pity only belong to weak mortals, and not to gods? (*Tagore*)

PLAIN-SPEAKING

If plain-speaking were rudeness, I am simply saturated with it. (*Gandhi*)

PLANS

I have found by experience that man makes his plans to be often upset by God, but, at the same time, where the ultimate goal is the search of truth, no matter how a man's plans are frustrated, the issue is never injurious and often better than anticipated. (*Gandhi*)

A plan is an excellent thing, so long as you are not yourself entangled in it. (*Tagore*)

PLATONIC LOVE

It will be good for our souls to have spiritual relationship as a bridge between our first acquaintance, and the married state,—a tie without the bondage of duties. (*Tagore*)

PLAY

The first awakening is the time for the play of energy, not its repression.

When we are in the playing mood, we become so intent on the play that we neglect the play-mate. (*Tagore*)

PLEASURE

The Goddess of Pleasure is fickle, and waits for no man. (*Tagore*)

POETRY

Poetry and fine writing, and culture generally, are monopolies of the well-to-do classes. Poetry and culture have little place in a poor man's hut; they are not meant for empty stomachs.

I also developed a liking for poetry, a liking which has to some extent endured and survived the many other changes to which I have been subject. (*Nehru*)

The strength of feeling may be the same in those who are silent as in those who are vocal, that has nothing to do with poetry. Poetry is not a matter of feeling, it is the creation of form.

Ideas take shape by some hidden, subtle skill at work within the poet. This creative power is the origin of poetry. Perceptions, feelings, or language, are only raw material. One may be gifted with feeling, a second with language, a third with both; but he who has as well a creative genius, alone is a poet.

The water loses its beauty when it ceases to be defined by banks and spreads out into a monotonous vagueness. In the case of language, metre serves for banks and gives form and beauty and character. Just as the banks give each river a distinct personality, so does rhythm make each poem an individual creation; prose is like the featureless, impersonal *beel*. Again, the waters of the river have movement and progress; those of the *beel* engulf the country by expanse alone. So, in order to give language power, the narrow bondage of metre becomes necessary; otherwise it spreads and spreads, but cannot advance.

The country people call these *beels* "dumb waters"—they have no language, no self-expression. The river ceaselessly babbles ; so the words of the poem sing, they are not "dumb words". Thus bondage creates beauty of form, motion and music; bounds make not only for beauty but power.

Poetry gives itself up to the control of metre, not led by blind habit, but because it thus finds the joy of motion. There are foolish persons who think that metre is species of verbal gymnastics, or legerdemain, of which the object is to win the admiration of the crowd. That is not so. Metre is born as all beauty is born the Universe through. The current set-up within well-defined bounds gives metrical verse power to move the minds of men as vague and indefinite prose cannot.

He has ceased to read poetry since his marriage,—perhaps he has no further need for it.

The poem lends its own charm to the reciter's mind, as do flowers to the branches on which they bloom.

Alas for useful things—how necessary in practical life, how neglected in poetry ! But poetry strives in vain to free us from their bondage—they will be with us always ; so much so we are told, that with the march of civilization it is poetry that will become extinct, but patent after patent will continue to be taken out for the improvement of shoes and umbrellas.

Poetry is a very old love of mine—I must have been engaged to her when I was only five. Long ago the recesses under the old banyan tree beside our tank, the inner gardens, the unknown regions on the ground floor of the house, the whole of the outside world, the nursery rhymes and tales told by the maids, created a wonderful fairyland within me. It is difficult to give a clear idea of all the vague and

mysterious happenings of that period, out of which this much is certain, that my exchange of garlands with Poetic Fancy was already duly celebrated.

I have never uttered anything false in my poetry—that is the sanctuary where the deepest truths of my life find refuge.

I must admit, however, that my betrothed is not a suspicious maiden—whatever else she may bring one, it is not good fortune. I cannot say she has never given me happiness but peace of mind with her is out of the question. The lover whom she favours may get his fill of bliss, but his heart's blood is wrung out under her relentless embrace. It is not for the unfortunate creature of her choice ever to become a staid and sober householder, comfortably settled down on a social foundation.

I have never been able to make out why women are so shy about being caught reading poetry. We men—lawyers, mechanics, or what not,—may well feel ashamed. If we must read poetry, it should be at dead of night, within closed doors. But you women are so akin to poesy. The Creator Himself is a lyric poet, and poets must have practised the divine art seated at His feet.

We with the clubs of our prose, are the iconoclasts of metre.

The poem as a creation which is something more than as an idea, inevitably conquers our attention; and any meaning which we feel in its words is like the feeling in a beautiful face of a smile that is inscrutable, elusive and profoundly satisfactory.

If I could finish writing one poem a day, my life would pass in a kind of joy; but though I have been busy tending poetry for many a year, it has not been tamed yet, and is not the kind of winged steed to allow me to bridle it whenever I like! The joy of art is in freedom to take a distant flight as fancy

will; then, even after return within the prison-world, an echo lingers in the ear, an exaltation in the mind.

Short poems keep coming to me unsought, and so prevent my getting on with the play. Had it not been for these, I could have let in ideas for two or three plays which have been knocking at the door. I am afraid I must wait for the cold weather. All my plays except "Chitraa" were written in the winter. In that season lyrical fervour is apt to grow cold, and one gets the leisure to write drama.

To detach the individual idea from its confinement of everyday facts and to give it soaring wings the freedom of the universal; this is the function of poetry.

The races of man have poetry in their heart and it is necessary for them to give, as far as is possible, a perfect expression to their sentiments. For this they must have a medium, moving and pliant, which can freshly become their very own, age after age.

Don't you know the meaning of the first cry of the new-born child? The child, when it is born, hears at once the cries of the earth and water and sky, which surround him,—and they all cry to him, "We exist," and his tiny little heart responds, and cries out in its turn, "I exist." Poetry is like the cry of that new-born child. It is a response to the cry of the Universe.

Passion is like the mountain stream, and refuses to be enclosed in the place of its birth; it must seek an outlet. That is why I tried to give expression to my emotions in poems.

Poetry never accepts reward. (*Tagore*)

POETRY AND ART

The function of poetry and the arts is to remind us that the greenroom is the greyest of illusions, and the reality is the drama presented before us, all its

paint and tinsel, masks and pageantry, made one in art. The ropes and wheels perish, the stage is changed; but the dream which is drama remains true; for there remains the eternal Dreamer.

Poetry and the arts cherish in them the profound faith of man in the unity of his being with all existence, the final truth of which is the truth of personality. It is a religion directly apprehended, and not a system of metaphysics to be analyzed and argued. We know in our personal experience what our creations are and we instinctively know through it what creation around us means. (*Tagore*)

POETRY AND PROSE

I wonder why the writing of pages of prose does not give one anything like the joy of completing a single poem. One's emotions take on such perfection of form in a poem; they can, as it were, be taken up by the fingers. But prose is like a sackful of loose material, heavy and unwieldly incapable of being lifted as you please. (*Tagore*)

POETS

A poet is one who calls forth the good latent in the human breast. Poets do not influence all alike, for every one is not evolved in an equal measure. (*Gandhi*)

We poets exist for this very purpose. We set men free from their desires.

The sky and the earth and the lyrics of the dawn and the dayfall are with the poets and idealists, and not with the marketmen robustly contemptuous of all sentiment.

A live postmaster cannot but claim precedence over a dead poet.

I was on the verge of becoming a poet but Providence was kind enough to save me from that disaster.

We are the true Renouncers, because change is our very secret. We lose, in order to find. We have no faith in the never-changing.

Businessmen always make their business so out of tune. That is why we Poets hasten to tune it.

Our words don't speak, they sing.

He is the guiding impulse in our life.

They work because they must. We work, because we are in love with life. That is why they condemn us as unpractical, and we condemn them as lifeless.

There is renunciation in our words, renunciation in the metre, renunciation in our music. That is why Fortune always forsakes us; and we in turn always forsake Fortune. We go about, all day long, initiating the youths in the sacred cult of fortune-forsaking.

Since then I have gained a reputation in my country, but till very late a strong current of antagonism in a large section of my countrymen persisted. Some said that my poems did not spring from the national heart; some complained that they were incomprehensible; others that they were unwholesome. In fact, I have never had complete acceptance from my own people, and that too has been a blessing; for nothing is so demoralizing as unqualified success.

It is we alone who can truly bear those sufferings, because we are like the river that flows on in gladness, thus lightening our burden, and the burden of the world. But the hard, metalled road is fixed and never-changing. And so it makes the burden more burdensome. The heavy loads groan and creak along it, and cut deep gashes in its breast. We poets call to everyone to carry all their joys and sorrows lightly, rhythmic measures. Our call is the Renouncers' call.

The greatest things in the world disdain proof. But if you could for a time wipe out all the poets and all their poetry from the world, then you would soon discover, by their very absence, where the men of action got their energy from, and who really supplied the life-sap to their harvest-fields. It is not those who have plunged deep down into the Pundit's *Ocean of Renunciation*, nor those who are always clinging to their possessions ; it is not those who have become adepts in turning out quantities of work, nor those who are ever telling the dry beads of duty,—it is not these who win at last. But it is those who love, because they live. These truly win, for they truly surrender. They accept pain with all their strength and with all their strength they remove pain. It is they who create because they know the secret of true joy, which is the secret of detachment.

No poet should borrow his medium ready-made from some shop of orthodox respectability. He should not only have his own seeds but prepare his own soil. Each poet has his own distinct medium of language—not because the whole language is of his own make, but because his individual use of it, having life's magic touch, transforms it into a special vehicle of his own creation.

With a poet's song on my lips to float about the world on the crest of the rising tide, to sing it to men and subdue their hearts ; to see for myself what the world holds and where ; to let men know me, to get to know them ; to burst forth through the world in life and youth like the eager rushing breezes ; and then return home to a fulfilled and fruitful old age to spend it as a poet should.

Not a very lofty ideal, is it? To benefit the world would have been much higher, no doubt; but being on the whole what I am, that ambition does not even occur to me. I cannot make up my mind to sacrifice the precious gift of life in a self-wrought

famine and disappoint the world and the hearts of men by fasts and meditations and constant argument. I count it enough to live and die as a man, loving and trusting the world, unable to look on it either as a delusion of the Creator or a snare of the Devil. It is not for me to strive to be wafted away into the airiness of an Angel.

Most of the members of my family had some gift—some were artists, some poets, some musicians and the whole atmosphere of our home was permeated with the spirit of creation. I had a deep sense almost from infancy of the beauty of Nature, an intimate feeling of companionship with the trees and the clouds, and felt in tune with the musical touch of the seasons in the air. At the same time, I had a peculiar susceptibility to human kindness. All these craved expression. The very earnestness of my emotions yearned to be true to themselves, though I was too immature to give their expression any perfection of form.

When I began my life as a poet, the writers among our educated community took their guidance from their English text-books which poured upon them lessons that did not fully saturate their minds. I suppose it was fortunate for me that I never in my life had the kind of academic training which is considered proper for a boy of a respectable family. Though I cannot say I was altogether free from the influence that ruled young minds of those days, the course of my writings was nevertheless saved from the grooves of intimative forms. In my versification, vocabulary and ideas, I yielded myself to the vagaries of an untutored fancy which brought castigation upon me from critics who were learned, and uproarious laughter from the witty. My ignorance combined with my heresy turned me into a literary outlaw.

When I began my career I was ridiculously young; in fact, I was the youngest of that band who

had made themselves articulate. I had neither the protective armour of mature age, nor enough English to command respect. So in my seclusion of contempt and qualified encouragement I had my freedom. Gradually I grew up in years—for which, however, I claim no credit. Steadily I cut my way through derision and occasional patronage into a recognition in which the proportion of praise and blame was very much like that of land and water on our earth.

The poet wind is out over the sea and the forest to seek his own voice. (*Tagore*)

POISON

Poison kills poison. (*Tagore*)

POLICY

Let us understand the distinction between policy and creed. A policy may be changed, a creed cannot. But either is as good as the other whilst it is held. (*Gandhi*)

POLITICS

Politics bereft of religion are a death-trap because they kill the soul.

Pouring ridicule on one's opponent is an approved method in "civilized politics".

I think the political life must be an echo of private life and that there cannot be any divorce between the two. (*Gandhi*)

My mind refused to respond to the cheap intoxication of the political movements of those days, devoid, as they seemed, of all strength of national consciousness, with their complete ignorance of the country, their supreme indifference to real service of the motherland. I was tormented by a furious impatience, an intolerable dissatisfaction with myself and all around me. (*Tagore*)

POSSESSION

The most lasting things don't endure for long, so why make a fuss about trifles.

The real test comes when a thing passes out of our possession. Then we know whether it was truly our own or not.

There is this difference between a wife and one's other possessions, that by keeping her to oneself one may lose her beyond recovery.

Breaking is a fierce kind of getting.

How can you catch someone who always gives himself up ?

You cannot employ your marksmanship against a thing which is right in your grasp.

By touching you may kill, by keeping away you may possess. (*Tagore*)

POVERTY

The curse of the poor has destroyed nations, has deprived kings of their crowns and the rich of their riches. Retributive justice is inexorable. The blessings of the poor have made kingdoms flourish.

Riches are no test of goodness. Indeed poverty is the only test. A good man voluntarily embraces poverty. (*Gandhi*)

The greatest weapon of those who rule the world lies in the hypnotism of their display. To take the vow of poverty would be for them not merely a penance,—it would mean suicide.

Because you have lighted a fire, it does not follow that you have the food to cook over it. (*Tagore*)

POWER

Power is of two kinds. One is obtained by the fear of punishment and the other by art of love.

Power based on love is a thousand times more effective and permanent than the one derived from fear of punishment.

Power invariably elects to go into the hands of strong. That strength may be physical or of the heart or, if we do not fight shy of the word, of the spirit. Strength of the heart connotes soul force. Let it be remembered that physical force is transitory even as the body is transitory. But the power of the Spirit is permanent, even as the Spirit is everlasting. (*Gandhi*)

Overgrown power crushes itself inwardly by its own weight.

The petals of the divine lotus of power; crystallized strains of music from the pipes, play in the paradise of wealth !

The tiger has no wish to become a mouse.

Callous rudeness of power runs amuck in the broad-way of humanity, it scares away by its grossness, the ideals which we have cherished with the martyrdom of centuries.

Can powers find their equilibrium in themselves? Power has to be made secure not only against power, but also against weakness ; for there lies the peril of its losing balance. The weak are as great a danger for the strong as quicksands for an elephant. They do not assist progress because they do not resist; they only drag down.

The people who grow accustomed to wield absolute power over others are apt to forget that by so doing they generate an unseen force which some day rends that power into pieces. The dumb fury of the down-trodden finds its awful support from the universal law of moral balance. The air which is so thin and unsubstantial gives birth to storms that nothing can resist. This has been proved in history

over and over again, and stormy forces arising from the revolt of insulted humanity are openly gathered in the air at the present time.

Yet in the psychology of the strong, the lesson is despised and no count taken of the terribleness of the weak. This is the latent ignorance that, like an unsuspected worm, burrows under the bulk of the prosperous. Have we never read of the castle of power, securely buttressed on all sides, in a moment dissolving in air at the explosion caused by the weak and outraged besiegers ? Politicians calculate upon the number of mailed hands that are kept on the sword-hilts : they do not possess the third eye to see the great invisible hand that clasps in silence the hand of the helpless and waits its time. The strong form their league by a combination of powers, driving the weak to form their own league along with their God.

The greater part of the world which is being denuded of its self-sustaining life by the Nation will one day become the most terrible of all its burdens, ready to drag it down into the bottom of destruction. Whenever Power removes all checks from its path to make its career easy, it triumphantly rides into its ultimate crash of death. Its moral brake becomes slacker every day without its knowing it, and its slippery path of ease becomes its path of doom.

With the growth of power the cult of the self-worship of the Nation grows in ascendancy : and the individual willingly allows the Nation to take donkey-rides upon his back ; and there happens the anomaly which must have such disastrous effects, that the individual worships with all sacrifices a god which is morally much inferior to himself. This could never have been possible if the god had been as real as the individual.

All power on earth waxes great under compact with Satan.

I thank Thee that I am none of the wheels of power but I am one with the living creatures that are crushed by it.

The power that boasts of its mischiefs is laughed at by the yellow leaves that fall, and clouds that pass by.

Power said to the world, "You are mine."
The world kept it prisoner on her throne.
Love said to the world, "I am thine."
The world gave it the freedom of her house.

Power takes as ingratitude the writhings of its victims. (*Tagore*)

POWER AND WEALTH

In fact, man has been able to make his pursuit of power easier to-day by his art of mitigating the obstructive forces that come from the higher region of his humanity. With his cult of power and his idolatry of money he has, in a great measure, reverted to his primitive barbarism whose path is lit up by the lurid light of intellect. For barbarism is the simplicity of a superficial life. It may be bewildering in its surface adornments and complexities, but it lacks the ideal to impart to it the depth of moral responsibility. (*Tagore*)

PRACTICE

Indeed, I hold that what cannot be proved in practice cannot be sound in theory.

An ounce of practice is more than tons of preaching. (*Gandhi*)

PRAISE

Praise, praise, I want unceasing praise. I cannot live if my wine-cup be left empty for a single moment.

Praise shames me, for I secretly beg for it. (*Tagore*)

PRAYER

Worship or prayer is no flight of eloquence; it is no lip-homage. It springs from the heart. If, therefore, we achieve that purity of the heart when it is emptied of all but love, if we keep all the chords in proper tune, they 'trembling pass in music out of sight'. Prayer needs no speech. It is in itself independent of any sensuous effort. I have not the slightest doubt that prayer is an unfailing means of cleansing the heart of passions. But it must be combined with the utmost humility.

Prayer is a confession of one's own unworthiness and weakness.

Prayer is the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

Prayer is not an asking. It is a longing of the soul. It is a daily admission of one's weakness. The tallest among us has a perpetual reminder of his nothingness before death, disease, old age, accident, etc. We are living in the midst of death. What is the value of 'working for our own schemes' when they might be reduced to naught in the twinkling of an eye or when we may equally, swiftly and unaware be taken away from them. But we may feel strong as a rock, if we could truthfully say 'we work for God and His scheme'. Then all is as clear as day-light. Then nothing perishes. All perishing is then only what seems. Death and destruction have then, but only then, no reality about them. For death or destruction is then but a change. An artist destroys his picture for creating a better one. A watchmaker throws away a bad spring to put in a new and useful one.

Begin your day with prayer and make it so soulful that it may remain with you until the evening. Close the day with prayer so that you may have a peaceful night free from dreams and nightmares. Do not worry about the form of prayer. Let it be

any form, it should be such as can put you into communion with the Divine. Only, whatever be the form, let not the Spirit wander while the words of prayer run out of your mouth. *(Gandhi)*

Our prayers don't reach the Father, they get snatched away on the road.

Repeat aloud the holy name of *Hari*, and all your burdens will be lightened. The name of *Hari* shall be taken in the beginning, in the middle, and at the end,—so say the Scriptures.

The text of our daily worship and meditation are for training our mind to overcome the barrier of separateness from the rest of existence and to realize *advaitam*, the Supreme Unity which is *anantam*, Infinitude. It is philosophical wisdom, having its universal radiation in the popular mind in India, that inspires our prayer, our daily spiritual practices. It has its constant urging for us to go beyond the world of appearances, in which facts as facts are alien to us, like the mere sounds of foreign music; it speaks to us of an emancipation in the inner truth of all things, where the endless *Many* reveal the *One*. *(Tagore)*

PREACHERS

In time of famine, if a well-fed man speaks scornfully of food, and advises a starving man at point of death to glut his hunger on the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds, what are we to think of him.

The things you have been saying are good enough as moral lessons. The ideas have served their purpose, as milk for babes, at one stage of man's evolution, but will no longer do, now that man has cut his teeth. *(Tagore)*

PRESIDENT

President means chief servant. *(Gandhi)*

PRIDE

Her pride raged within like a wounded lioness, at these insults.

Pride is our greatest foe.

Oh, what an iron pride was mine !

Pride in every form breeds blindness at the end. Like all artificial stimulants its first effect is a heightening of consciousness, and then with the increasing dose, it muddles it and brings an exultation that is misleading.

Pride dies hard and raises its fangs to the last. (*Tagore*)

PRIDE OF PAST

People who cling to an ancient past have their pride in the antiquity of their accumulations, in the sublimity of time-honoured walls around them. They grow nervous and angry when some great spirit, some lover of truth, breaks open their enclosure and floods it with the sunshine of thought and the breath of life. Ideas cause movement and all forward movements they consider to be a meance to their warehouse security.

The wealth and honour which, once for all, are bequeathed to us, which we do not have to earn or produce, which never cease to be, whether we deserve them or not—these gradually and inevitably cripple our life and are sure to make us indolent and exclusive bringing about stagnation of soul. They remain like the marble landing-stairs of a river, when the stream has changed its course. Therefore, we must think out some scheme by which our truly national organization should be made to earn its own necessities by its own constant efforts, and thus perpetually keep in real touch with the life of the future ages and not continue its existence as a parasite feeding upon the charity of the past.

Could we sit idly at home taking refuge in mere ancient rules as we have done theretofore? (*Tagore*)

PRINCE

That prince is acceptable to me who becomes a prince among his people's servants. The subjects are the real master. (*Gandhi*)

O Mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door,—how can I attend to my work this morning?

Show me how to braid up my hair; tell me what garment to put on.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

I know well he will not glance up once at my window; I know he will pass out of my sight in the twinkling of an eye: only the vanishing strain of the flute will come sobbing to me from afar.

But the young Prince will pass by our door, and I will put on my best for the moment.

O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door, and the morning sun flashed from his chariot.

I swept aside the veil from my face, I tore the ruby chain from my neck and flung it in his path.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

I know well he did not pick up my chain; I know it was crushed under his wheels leaving a red stain upon the dust, and no one knows what my gift was nor to whom.

But the young Prince did pass by our door, and I flung the jewel from my breast before his path. (*Tagore*)

PRINCELY ROBES

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play: his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keep one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life. (*Tagore*)

PRINCIPLES

We must be prepared to displease the dearest ones for the sake of principle.

There are eternal principles which admit of no compromise ; and one must be prepared to lay down one's life in the practice of them.

A principle is a principle, and in no case can it be watered down because of our incapacity to live it in practice. We have to strive to achieve it, and the striving should be conscious, deliberate and hard. (*Gandhi*)

It's no use getting annoyed with a principle. Principles are neither good nor bad. That which happens does happen. To go against it, is to knock your head against the Law of Being. (*Tagore*)

PRISON

A bird rises in the air when released from its cage.

The hardships of gaol seemed to him like some false and unsubstantial dream.

Can one rest, if one is in prison?

Those who are in prison are bearing the punishment for the sins of those who judge others, but not themselves. The faults of many go to the making of a crime, but only these unfortunates have to bear the brunt of it. When or how, or where, the sin of those who are living comfortable and respectable lives outside the prison walls will be expiated, we do not know.

While in the enjoyment of our comforts at home, we are quite unable to appreciate what an immense privilege it is to have the freedom of the outside air and light—we are all the time forgetful of the multitudes who, with or without fault of their own, are subjected to confinement and insult and deprived of this God-given privilege. We give no thought to these multitudes, nor feel any kinship with them.

Have you to put people in gaol simply because there is a gaol to be filled ? Good gracious ! What sort of justice is this ? (*Tagore*)

PRISONERS

Prisoners must be treated as defectives and not as criminals to be looked down upon. Warders should cease to be the terrors of prisoners, and the jail officials should be their friends and instructors. (*Gandhi*)

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that bound you ?"

"It was my master," said the prisoner. "I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house."

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain ?"

"It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last, the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip." (*Tagore*)

PROFESSION

In ancient India professions were kept within limits by social regulation. They were considered primarily as social necesssities, and in the second place as the means of livelihood for individuals. Thus man, being free from the constant urging of unbounded competition, could have leisure to cultivate his nature in its completeness.

The cult of the nation is the professionalism of the people. This cult is becoming their greatest danger, because it is bringing them enormous success, making them impatient of the claims of higher ideals. The greater the amount of success the stronger are the conflicts of interest and jealousy and hatred which are aroused in men's minds, thereby making it more and more necessary for other peoples, who are still living to stiffen into nations. With the growth of nationalism, man has become the greatest menace to man. Therefore, the continual presence of panic goads that very nationalism into ever-increasing menace.

Man as a person has his individuality, which is the field where his Spirit has its freedom to express itself and to grow. The professional man carries a rigid crust around him which has very little variation and hardly any elasticity. This professionalism is the region where men specialize their knowledge and organize their power, mercilessly elbowing each other in this struggle to come to the front. Professionalism is necessary without doubt ; but it must not be allowed to exceed its healthy limits to assume complete mastery over the personal man, making him narrow and hard, exclusively intent upon pursuit of success at the cost of his faith in ideals. (*Tagore*)

PROGRESS

If an individual can observe a certain rule of conduct it follows that a group of individuals can

do likewise. It is necessary for me to emphasize the fact that no one need wait for anyone else in order to adopt a right course. Men generally hesitate to make a beginning if they feel that the objective cannot be had in its entirety. Such an attitude of mind is in reality a bar to progress. (*Gandhi*)

There's no need for things to get on with us, so long as we ourselves get on.

You have to judge progress according to its aim. A railway train makes its progress towards the terminus station,—it is movement. But a full-grown tree has no definite movement of that kind, its progress is the inward progress of life. It lives, with its aspiration towards light tingling in its leaves and creeping in its silent sap.

Progress is like the waves in water. By them the banks are broken—but I don't think it to be the chief duty of the banks to accept that breaking.

If society puts obstacles in the way of progress then it will have to receive some blows. (*Tagore*)

PROMISE

Above all keep yourselves pure and clean, and learn to keep your promises even at the cost of life.

I believe in the necessity of the performance of one's promises at all costs.

Breach of promise is a base surrender of truth.

Breach of a promise is no less an act of insolvency than a refusal to pay one's debt. (*Gandhi*)

Many words are not required to extort a promise!

There is no meaning in keeping one's promise—if it is necessary to change one's mind, then one must do so. (*Tagore*)

PROMPTNESS

It was better to be early than late. (*Tagore*)

PROPHETS

It has always seemed to me a much more magnificent and impressive thing that a human being should rise to great heights, mentally and spiritually, and should then seek to raise others up, rather than that he should be the mouthpiece of a Divine or Superior Power. Some of the founders of religions were astonishing individuals, but all their glory vanishes in my eyes when I cease to think of them as human beings. What impresses me and gives me hope is the growth of the mind and spirit of man, and not his being used as an agent to convey a message. (*Nehru*)

PROPORTION

Proportions, which prove relativity, form the outward language of creative ideals. A crowd of men is desultory, but in a march of soldiers every man keeps his proportion of time and space and relative movement, which makes him one with the whole vast army. But this is not all. The creation of an army has, for its inner principle, one single idea of the General. According to the nature of that ruling idea, a production is either a work of art or a mere construction. All the materials and regulations of a joint-stock company have the unity of an inner motive. But the expression of this unity itself is not the end ; it ever indicates an ulterior purpose. On the other hand, the revelation of a work of art is a fulfilment in itself.

Proportions indicate relationship, the principle of mutual accommodation. A leg dismembered from the body has the fullest licence to make a caricature of itself. But, as a member of the body, it has its responsibility to the living unity which rules the body ; it must behave properly, it must keep its proportion. If by some monstrous chance of physiological profiteering, it could outgrow by yards its fellow-stalker, then we know what a picture it would

offer to the spectator and what embarrassment to the body itself. Any attempt to overcome the law of proportion altogether and to assert absolute separateness is rebellion; it means either running the gauntlet of the rest, or remaining segregated. (*Tagore*)

PROTECTION

The scabbard is content to be dull when it protects the keenness of the sword. (*Tagore*)

PROVIDENCE

The workings of Providence are inscrutable. (*Tagore*)

PRUDENCE

When the freshet suddenly begins to course through the old narrow channel, a turbulent flood arises, and that the only remedy is to let the water find the freedom over the broad fields. (*Tagore*)

PUBLIC LIFE

A servant of the people should never fear or give way to bitterness if he finds himself a victim of misunderstanding, whether unintentional or wilful. The acts of men who have come out to serve or lead have always been misunderstood since the beginning of the world and none can help it. To put up with these misrepresentations and to stick to one's guns, come what may, this is the essence of the gift of leadership.

There is in modern public life a tendency to ignore altogether the character of a public worker so long as he works efficiently as a unit in an administrative machinery. It is said that everybody's character is his own private concern. Though I have known this view to have been often taken, I have never been able to appreciate, much less to adopt it. I have known the serious consequences

overtaking organizations that have counted private character as a matter of no consequence. (*Gandhi*)

PUBLIC OPINION

The voice of the people is the voice of God.

The institution that fails to win public support has no right to exist as such.

Public opinion alone can keep a society pure and healthy.

A popular State can never act in advance of public opinion. If it goes against it, it will be destroyed. (*Gandhi*)

PUBLIC SERVICE

Service without humility is selfishness and egotism.

A truly religious person becomes a citizen of the world but the service of one's own country is the stepping-stone to the service of humanity. And where service is rendered to the country consistently with the welfare of the world, it finally leads to self-realization. (*Gandhi*)

PUBLIC WELFARE

It has been a very great burden on me that people should be so enormously gracious and kind to me. That I should be able to discharge my responsibilities adequately and to bring them the relief which they desire and so rightly deserve, has been my life-long dream.

And so, I try to think of these problems in my own imperfect way, try to consult my colleagues and try to find the way forward. But I am convinced that whatever that way may be, there is no going forward very far without the largest measure of co-operation from the people. (*Nehru*)

PUBLISHERS

It is astonishing how backward our publishing business is ! (*Nehru*)

PUJAHS

During these few days of the *Pujahs*, old and young alike become children.

When we come to think of it, all preparation for enjoyment is really a playing with toys which are of no consequence in themselves. From outside it may appear wasteful, but can that be called futile which raises such a wave of feeling through and through the country ? Even the driest of worldly-wise people are moved out of their self-centred interests by the rush of the pervading emotion.

Thus, once every year there comes a period when all minds are in a melting mood, fit for the springing of love and affection and sympathy. The songs of welcome and farewell to the Goddess, the meeting of loved ones, the strains of the festive pipes, the limpid sky and molten gold of autumn, are all parts of one great paean of joy.

Pure joy is the children's joy. They have the power of using any and every trivial thing to create their world of interest, and the ugliest doll is made beautiful with their imagination and lives with their life. He who can retain this faculty of enjoyment after he has grown up, is, indeed, the true idealist. For him things are not merely visible to the eye or audible to the ear, but they are also sensible to the heart, and their narrowness and imperfections are lost in the glad music which he himself supplies.

Every one cannot hope to be an idealist, but a whole people approaches nearest to this blissful state at such seasons of festivity. And then what may ordinarily appear to be a mere toy loses its limitations and becomes glorified with an ideal radiance. (*Tagore*)

PUNISHMENT

I do hate the idea of punishment, and especially 'deterrent' punishment and all the suffering, deliberately caused, that it involves. Perhaps it cannot be done away with completely in this present-day world of ours, but it can certainly be minimized, toned down, and almost humanized. (*Nehru*)

I care nothing for a code which holds only punishment, and no comfort.

God sends His thunderbolt through His messenger, the lightning spark.

Why should I be punished when I am quite innocent? (*Tagore*)

PUNJABIS

We had the same reverence for the whole Punjabi nation as for *Bhima* and *Arjuna* of the *Mahabharata*. They were warriors; and if they had sometimes fought and lost, that was clearly the enemy's fault. (*Tagore*)

PURDAH

The *purdah*, which hid our brave and beautiful women, was a curse to them.

It is said that it was due especially to the influence of Constantinople and Persia that the seclusion of women began among the Arabs. Gradually the harem system begins, and men and women meet each other less and less socially. Unhappily this seclusion of women became a feature of Islamic society, and India also learnt it from them when the Muslims came here.

It amazes me to think that some people put up with this barbarity still. Whenever I think of the women in *purdah*, cut off from the outside world, I invariably think of a prison or a zoo! How can a nation go ahead if half of its population is kept hidden away in a kind of prison?

Women have only to be given a chance to tear this veil aside. (*Nehru*)

We are really the slaves of convention. We are first of all shocked to see women outside their homes because we are not accustomed to it, and then we try to justify our feelings by making it out to be unseemly or improper. Tradition is really at the bottom, the arguments are only an excuse.

I am a woman; the outside world is closed to me.

So long as our women remain hidden behind the *phrdah* our country will be a half-truth to us, and will not be able to win our full love and devotion. (*Tagore*)

PURITY

Purity of personal life is the one indispensable condition for building up a sound education.

It is my faith, based on experience, that if one's heart is pure, calamity brings in its train men and measures to fight it.

Purity consists first of all in possessing a pure heart but what there is in the heart comes out also and is shown in outward acts and outward behaviour.

Put all your knowledge, learning and scholarship in one scale and truth and purity in the other and the latter will by far outweigh the other. (*Gandhi*)

Purity, they imagined, was only becoming in those on whom fortune had not smiled. It is the moon which has room for stains, not the stars.

What terrible wrong have we been doing by making purity an external thing!

Was the credit due to me that my husband did not touch liquor, nor squander his manhood in the market of woman's flesh ?

"How may I sing to thee and worship, O Sun ?" asked the little flower.

"By the simple silence of thy purity," answered the sun. (*Tagore*)

QUALITY

It is the quality of our work which will please God and not quantity.

Strength of numbers is the delight of the timid. The valiant of spirit glory in fighting alone. Be you one or many, this valour is the only true valour, all else is false. And the valour of the Spirit cannot be achieved without Sacrifice, Determination, Faith and Humility. (*Gandhi*)

QUARREL

When I look through the pages of history or study current events, I sometimes find that people who know one another most, quarrel most. (*Nehru*)

The hidden clash of a silent conflict is far harder to bear than an open quarrel.

Marriage is for life, while a quarrel is only for the time.

Red is the colour of warfare: flowers of reconciliation ought to have been white.

How true man is himself, and how false the things about which his quarrels divide man from man.

All the fights in the world are really fights between hypnotic forces. Spell cast against spell,—noiseless weapons which reach even invisible stars.

Even if there is slight fuss, one has only to remain quiet for a little, and it will all be forgotten.

What's the use of idle bickering? (*Tagore*)

RACES

When any race of men becomes a mere burden on the world, rendering no satisfactory account of

the cost it imposes upon society, this, for it, is worse than death. For this is the intolerably mean situation of remaining under the charge of perpetual misappropriation.

Whether for good or for evil, Providence has fashioned each race on such different lines that to put one into the coat of another results in a misfit. (*Tagore*)

RACIALISM

But from the earliest beginning of history, India has had her own problem constantly before her—it is the race problem. (*Tagore*)

RAINBOW

Our desire lends the colours of the rainbow to the mere mists and vapours of life. (*Tagore*)

RAMAYANA

It is a veritable mine of spiritual experience.

In order to arrive at a proper estimate of a book it must be judged as a whole. So much for external criticism. The internal test of a book consists in finding out what effect it has produced on the majority of its readers. Judged by either methods the position of the *Ramayana* as a book *par excellence* remains unassailable. This, however, does not mean that it is absolutely faultless.

But it is claimed on behalf of the *Ramayana* that it has given peace to millions, has given faith to those who had it not, and it is even to-day serving as a healing balm to thousands who are burnt by the fire of unbelief. Every page of it is flowing with devotion. (*Gandhi*)

REACTION

Unfortunately reactions seldom have the repose of spontaneity, they often represent the obverse side

of the mintage which they try to repudiate as false. A reaction against a particular mannerism is liable to produce its own mannerism in a militant fashion, using the toilet preparation of the war paint, deliberately manufactured style of primitive rudeness Tired of the elaborately planned flower-beds, the gardener proceeds with grim determination to set up everywhere artificial rocks, avoiding natural inspiration of rhythm in deference to a fashion of tyranny which itself is a tyranny of fashion. The same herd-instinct is followed in cult of rebellion as it was in the cult of conformity and the defiance, which is a mere counteraction of obedience, also shows obedience in a defiant fashion. Fanaticism of virility circus and not the natural chivalry which is modest but invincible, claiming its sovereign seat of honour in all arts. (*Tagore*)

REALISATION

Opinions are nothing better than all the self-contained calm. of true realisation. What does it matter, which argument is true and which is false—what has been gained within is the real thing.

It is recognized that the Supreme Being who is without definition is manifest with limits,—the endless current of minute and protracted, subtle and gross, is of Him. He is at one and the same time with endless attributes and without attribute; of Infinite Forms and Formless. In other countries, they have tried to confine God within some one definition. In India, no doubt, there have also been attempts to realize God in one or other of His special aspects, but these have never been looked upon as final, nor any of them conceived to be the only one. No Indian devotee has ever failed to acknowledge that God in His infinity transcends the particular aspect which may be true for the worshipper personally.

That which you will not see for yourself you will never comprehend, even if I bore a hole in your skull.

The first stage of my realisation was through my feeling of intimacy with Nature—not that Nature which has its channel of information for our mind and physical relationship with our living bodies, but that which satisfies our personality with manifestations in their harmony of forms, colours, sounds and movements. It is not that world which vanishes into abstract symbols behind its own testimony to Science, but that which lavishly displays, its wealth of reality to our personal self having its own perpetual reaction upon our human nature.

The outer expression of truth reaches its white light of simplicity through its inner realisation. True simplicity is the physiognomy of perfection. In the primitive stages of spiritual growth, when man is dimly aware of the mystery of the Infinite in his life and the world, when he does not fully know the inward character of his relationship with this truth, his first feeling is either of dread, or of greed of gain. This drives him into wild exaggeration in worship, frenzied convulsions of ceremonialism.

In the night we stumble over things and become acutely conscious of their individual separateness. But the day reveals the greater unity which embraces them. The man whose inner vision is bathed in an illumination of his consciousness at once realises the spiritual unity reigning supreme over all differences. His mind no longer awkwardly stumbles over individual facts of separateness in the human world; accepting them as final. He realises that peace is in the inner harmony which dwells in truth and not in any other adjustments. He knows that beauty carries an eternal assurance of our spiritual relationship to reality, which waits for its perfection in the response of our love.

The truth of our life depends upon our attitude of mind towards it—an attitude which is formed by our habit of dealing with it according to the special

circumstance of our surroundings and our temperaments. It guides our attempts to establish relations with the Universe either by conquest or by union, either through the cultivation of power or through that of sympathy. And thus, in our realisation of the truth of existence, we put our emphasis either upon the principle of dualism or upon the principle of unity.

Whatever name our logic may give to the truth of human unity, the fact can never be ignored that we have our greatest delight when we realise ourselves in others, and this is the definition of love. This love gives us the testimony of the great whole, which is the complete and final truth of man. It offers us the immense field where we can have our release from the sole monarchy of hunger, of the growling voice, snarling teeth and tearing claws, from the dominance of the limited material means, the source of cruel envy and ignoble deception, where the largest wealth of the human soul has been produced through sympathy and co-operation; through disinterested pursuit of knowledge that recognizes no limit and is unafraid of all time-honoured *tabus*: through a strenuous cultivation of intelligence for service that knows no distinction of colour and clime. The Spirit of Love, dwelling in the boundless realm of the surplus, emancipates our consciousness from the illusory bond of the separateness of self; it is ever trying to spread its illumination in the human world. This is the spirit of civilization, which in all its best endeavour invokes our Supreme Being for the only bond of unity that leads us to truth; namely that of righteousness. (*Tagore*)

REALISM

From the point of view of realism the image may not be wholly inappropriate and may be considered as outrageously virile in its unshrinking incivility. But this is not art; this is a jerk shriek, something

like the convulsive advertizement of the modern market that exploits mob psychology against its inattention. To be tempted to create an illusion of forcefulness through an over-emphasis of abnormality is a sign of anaesthesia. It is the waning vigour of imagination which employs desperate dexterity in the present-day art for producing shocks in order to poke out into a glare the sensation of the unaccustomed. When we find that the literature of any period is laborious in the pursuit of a spurious novelty in its manner and matter, we must know that it is the symptom of old age, of anaemic sensibility which seeks to stimulate its palsied taste with the pungency of indecency and the tingling touch of intemperance.

When it does not concern science but concerns the arts we must draw a distinction between realism and reality. In its own wide perspective of normal environment, disease is a reality which has to be acknowledged in literature. But disease in a hospital is realism fit for the use of science. It is an abstraction which, if allowed to haunt literature, may assume a startling appearance because of its unreality. Such vagrant spectres do not have a proper modulation in a normal surrounding ; and they offer a false proportion in their feature because the proportion of their environment is tampered with. Such a curtailment of the essential is not art, but a trick which exploits mutilation in order to assert a false claim to reality. (*Tagore*)

REALITY

I realize that a statesman or a man who has to deal with public affairs cannot ignore realities and cannot act in terms of abstract truth.

Facts are facts and will not disappear on account of your likes.

The non-recognition of realities naturally leads to artificial policies and programmes.

A theory must be tempered with reality. (*Nehru*)

It is only of real things that we need to be afraid.

Those who are deprived by their own diffidence dignify their privation by the name of modesty. The world into which we are born is the world of reality. When a man goes away from the market of real things with empty hands and empty stomach, merely filling his bag with big-sounding words, I wonder why he ever came into this hard world at all.

When in spite of all, reality awakes at the call of what is but naked truth, what a gnashing of teeth and beating of breasts is there ! But can one carry on a quarrel with a storm ? It never takes the trouble to reply, it only gives a shaking.

The immediate consciousness of reality in its purest form, unobscured by the shadow of self-interest, irrespective of moral or utilitarian recommendation, gives us joy as does the self-revealing personality of our own.

Whatever is true is real. Reality is related to truth, as the canvas to the picture—it must be there at the back.

Men must find and feel and represent in all their creative works Man the Eternal, the Creator. Their civilization is a continual discovery of the transcendental humanity. In whatever it fails it shows the failure of the artist, which is the failure in expression; and that civilization perishes in which the individual thwarts the revelation of the Universal. For Reality is the truth of Man, who belongs to all times, and any individualistic madness of men against Man cannot thrive for long.

Ordinarily a donkey does not have any special force of truth for us, except when it kicks us or when we need its reluctant service. But in such cases, the truth is not emphasised in the donkey but in some purpose or bodily pain exterior to it.

No sooner is the possibility of a wrong admitted than it becomes actual, and clutches you by the throat, however you may then try to shake off all belief in it.

Reality is not based in the substance of things biut in the principle of relationship. Truth is the nfinite pursued by metaphysics ; fact is the infinite pursued by science, while reality is the definition of the infinite which relates truth to the person. Reality is human ; it is what we are conscious of, by which we are affected, that which we express. When we are intensely aware of it, we are aware of ourselves and it gives us delight. We live it, we always widen its limits. Our arts and literature represent this creative activity which is fundamental in man.

This sensitiveness to the touch of things, such abundant delight in the recognition of them, is obstructed when insistent purposes become innumerable and intricate in our society, when problems crowd in our path clamouring for attention, and life's movement is impeded with things and thoughts too difficult for a harmonious assimilation.

This has been growing evident every day in the modern age, which gives more time to the acquisition of life's equipment than to the enjoyment of it. In fact, life itself is made secondary to life's materials, even like a garden buried under the bricks gathered for the garden wall. Somehow the mania for bricks and mortar grows, the kingdom of rubbish dominates, the days of spring are made futile and the flowers never come.

What you are you do not see, what you see in your shadow.

The real with its meaning read wrong and emphasis misplaced is the unreal. (*Tagore*)

REASON

The golden rule is to test everything in the light of reason and experience, no matter from whom it comes.

I reject any religious doctrine that does not appeal to reason and is in conflict with morality.

Intellect takes us along in the battle of life to a certain limit but at the crucial moment it fails us. Faith transcends reason. It is when the horizon is the darkest and human reason is beaten down to the ground that faith shines brightest and comes to our rescue. It is such faith that our youth requires and this comes when one has shed all pride of intellect and surrendered oneself entirly to His Will. (*Gandhi*)

It is difficult to discover a just balance between one's hopes and fears or to prevent one's wishes colouring the thinking of one's mind. Our desires seek out supporting reasons and tend to ignore facts and arguments that do not fit in with them.

When minds are closed they become impervious to reason. (*Nehru*)

You like to get at things by reason, and when folk put things across without a reason, you are bound to clash with them. Either copy their system, or give up your own and keep quiet.

People are wont to reason when danger threatens their loved ones. (*Tagore*)

RE-BIRTH

I am a believer in previous births and re-births. All our relationships are the result of the *sanskars* we carry from our previous births. God's laws are inscrutable and are the subject of endless search. No one will fathom them. (*Gandhi*)

I am afraid the next world does not interest me. (*Nehru*)

Curiously enough, my greatest fear is lest I should be reborn in Europe ! For there one cannot recline like this with one's whole being laid open to the Infinite above—one is liable, I am afraid, to be

soundly rated for lying down at all. I should probably have been hustling strenuously in some factory or bank, or Parliament. Like the roads there one's mind has to be stone-metalled for heavy traffic—geometrically laid out, and kept clear and regulated.

I am sure I cannot exactly say why this lazy, dreamy, self-absorbed, sky-filled state of mind seems to me the more desirable. I feel no whit inferior to the busiest men of the world as I lie here in my jolly-boat. Rather, had I girded up my loins to be strenuous, I might have seemed ever so feeble compared to those chips of old oaken blocks.

Each day the thought recurs to me : shall I be re-born under this star-spangled sky ? Will the peaceful rapture of such wonderful evenings ever again be mine, on this silent Bengal river, in so secluded a corner of the world ?

Perhaps not. The scene may be changed ; I may be born with a different mind. Many such evenings may come, but they may refuse to nestle so trustfully, so lovingly, with such complete abandon, to my breast.

From age to age, thereafter, have I been diversely re-born on this earth. So whenever we now sit face to face, alone together, various ancient memories, gradually, one after another, come back to me. (*Tagore*)

REFORMS

If you believe that you must first root up all evil practices and customs before our country can become one, then, every time you have to cross the ocean, you would have to begin by scooping out the water. Put away all your pride and contempt, and in true humility become inwardly one with all, and then shall your love overcome a thousand defects and evils. In every society, there are faults and weaknesses, but so long as the people are united to one

another by the bonds of love, they are able to neutralize all the poison. The cause of rottenness is always present in the air, but so long as you are alive it cannot work,—only dead things decay. Let me tell you that we are not going to submit to outside attempts to reform us, whether it be from you or from foreign missionaries.

We can take correction from our parents, but when the police come to do it there is more of insult than of improvement in the process, and we only lower our manhood if we suffer it. First acknowledge kinship with us, then come to reform us, else even good advice from you will but harm us.

More important than reforms are love and respect. Reform will come of itself from within, after we are a united people. You would break up the country into a hundred bits by your policy of separateness. (*Tagore*)

REGRETS

Leave me without regret, like the tree that sheds its flowers unheeding. (*Tagore*)

REGULARITY

It is universal experience that a boy with regular habits does twice the amount of work than a boy does who works irregularly. (*Gandhi*)

RE-INCARNATION

There might be a soul which survives the physical death of the body, and a theory of cause and effect governing life's actions seems reasonable though it leads to obvious difficulties when one thinks of the ultimate cause. Presuming a soul, there appears to be some logic also in the theory of re-incarnation.

But I do not believe in any of these or other theories and assumptions as a matter of religious faith. They are just intellectual speculations in an

unknown region about which we know next to nothing. They do not affect my life, and whether they were proved right or wrong subsequently, they would make little difference to me. (*Nehru*)

RELATIONS

Though all our mortal relationships have their end, we cannot ignore them with impunity while they last. If we behave as if they do not exist, merely because they will not continue for ever, they will all the same exact their dues, with a great deal over by way of penalty. Trying to ignore bonds that are real, albeit, temporary, only strengthens and prolongs their bondage. The Soul is great, but the self has to be crossed over in order to reach it. We do not attain our goal by destroying our path. (*Tagore*)

RELIGION

In matter of religion, beliefs differ, and each one's is supreme for himself. If all had the same belief about all matters of religion, there would be only one religion in the world.

No religion which is narrow and which cannot satisfy the test of reason will survive the coming reconstruction of society in which the values will have changed and character, not possession of wealth, title or birth, will be the test of merit.

Religion deals with the science of the Soul. Great as the other forces of the world are, if there is such a thing as God, soul-force is the greatest of all. We know as a matter of fact that the greater the force the finer it is. Hitherto electricity has held the field among the finer physical powers. And yet nobody has seen it except through its wonderful results. Scientific speculation dares to talk of a force finer even than that of electricity. But no instrument devised by man has been able to know anything positive of soul-force or spiritual-force. It

is on that force that the true religious reformer has hitherto relied. *(Gandhi)*

Religions and their founders have played a great part in the history of the world, and we cannot ignore them in any survey of history.

There can be no doubt that the founders of the great religions have been among the greatest and noblest men that the world has produced.

Often in history we see that religion, which was meant to raise us and make us better and nobler, has made people behave like beasts. Instead of bringing enlightenment of them, it has often tried to keep them in the dark; instead of broadening their minds, it has frequently made them narrow-minded and intolerant of others.

In the name of religion many great and fine deeds have been performed. In the name of religion also, thousands and millions have been killed, and every possible crime has been committed.

It is strange that any one should be so foolish as to think that religion and faith can be thrust down a person's throat at the point of the sword or a bayonet. *(Nehru)*

When there is no real attraction to religion, then religion becomes merely a thing to take pride in, like wealth, or honours, or race.

If I feel reluctant to speak about my own view of religion, it is because I have not come to my own religion through the portals of passive acceptance of a particular creed owing to some accident of birth. I was born to a family who were pioneers in the revival in our country of a religion based upon the utterance of Indian sages in the *Upanishads*. But owing to my idiosyncrasy of temperament, it was impossible for me to accept any religious teaching on the only ground that people in my surroundings

believed it to be true. I could not persuade myself to imagine that I had religion simply because everybody whom I might trust believed in its value.

I have come to the conclusion, after much thought, that it can never be necessary for a man to cut off all connection with his religion, his beliefs, or his society, no matter of what nature they may be, in order to be united with other men. If that were necessary, then no friendship could exist between a Hindu and a Christian, and we ought to raise high walls round each sect and keep them each within its own fence.

Religion is not built up on the foundations of society and the individual ; it is society and the individual which depend on religion. If you once begin to call that religion which society happens to want, then society itself will be ruined ; if society puts any obstacles in the way of a right religious freedom, then by surmounting such unreasonable obstructions we are doing our duty to society.

There is something above both society and the individual to which we ought to look, and that is religion.

I can't respect a religion which denies the rights of the individual and of society and claims everything for itself.

Science may include in its field of knowledge the starry world and the world beyond it ; philosophy may try to find some universal principle which is at the root of all things, but religion inevitably concentrates itself on humanity, which illumines our reasons' inspires our wisdom, stimulates our love, claims our intelligent service.

We do not think of it as religion, but go about fighting for it because it is our religion.

My religion is a poet's religion. All that I feel about it is from vision and not from knowledge.

Frankly I acknowledge that I cannot satisfactorily answer any questions about evil, or about what happens after death. Nevertheless, I am sure that there have come moments in my own experience when my soul has touched the Infinite and has become intensely conscious of it through the illumination of joy.

It should be understood that the tendency of the Indian mind has ever been towards transcendentalism which does not hold religion to be ultimate but rather to be a means to a further end. This end consists in the perfect liberation of the individual in the universal spirit across the further limits of humanity itself.

A religion that insults is a false religion.

As science is the liberation of our knowledge in the universal reason, which cannot be other than human reason, religion is the liberation of our individual personality in the universal person who is human all the same.

Is religion a thing that one has to find by seeking? Is it not like sunlight, given to you for all days?

Man has taken centuries to discuss the question of his own true nature and has not yet come to a conclusion. He has been building up elaborate religions to convince himself, against his natural inclinations, of the paradox that he is not what he is but something greater. What is significant a bout these efforts is the fact that in order to know himself truly, Man in his religion cultivates the vision of a Being who exceeds him in truth and with whom also he has his kinship.

Religion is not essentially cosmic or even abstract; it finds itself when it touches the *Brahma* in man; otherwise it has no justification to exist.

Be that as it may, it has to be admitted that the world is full of different religious sects and will

probably always remain so. It is no use lamenting over, or quarrelling with this fact. There is a private corner for me in my house with a little table, which has its special fittings of pen and ink-stand and paper, and here I can best do my writing and other work. There is no reason to run down, or run away from this corner of mine, because in it I cannot invite and provide seats for all my friends and guests. It may be that this corner is too narrow, or too close, or too untidy, so that my doctor may object, my friends remonstrate, my enemies sneer ; but all that has nothing to do with the present case. My point is that if all the rooms in my house be likewise solely for my own special convenience ; if there be no reception room for my friends, or accommodation for my guests, then, indeed, am I blame-worthy. Then with bowed head I must confess that in my house no great meeting of friends can ever take place.

Religious sects are formed in every country and every age owing to a diversity of historical causes. There will always be many, who, by tradition and temperament, find special solace in belonging to a particular sect : and also there will be others who think that the finding of such solace can only be allowed as legitimate within the pale of their own. Between such, there needs must be quarrels. Making ample provision for such inevitable and interminable squabbles, can there be no wide meeting place, where all sects may gather together and forget their differences ? Has India, in her religious ideals, no such space for the common light of day and open air for all humanity ? The vigour with which the sectarian fanatic will shake his head, makes one doubt it ; the bloodshed which so frequently occurs for such trivial causes, makes one doubt it ; the cruel and insulting distinctions between man and man which are kept alive under the sanction of religion, make one doubt it. Still, in spite of all these, when

I turn to look back to India's own pure culture—in those ages when it flourished in its truth—I am emboldened to assert that it is there. Our forefathers did spread a single pure white carpet whereon all the world was cordially invited to take its seat in amity and good fellowship. No quarrel could have arisen there ; for He, in whose name the invitation went forth, for all time to come, was *Santam*, *Sivam*, *Advaitam*—the peaceful, in the heart of all conflicts ; the Good who is revealed through all losses and suffering ; the One, in all diversities of creation. And in His name was this eternal truth declared in ancient India.

Religion consists in the endeavour of men to cultivate and express those qualities which are inherent in the nature of Man, the Eternal, and to have faith in Him. If these qualities were absolutely natural in individuals, religion could have no purpose. We begin our history with all the original promptings of our brute nature which helps us to fulfil those vital needs of ours that are immediate. But deeper within us there is a current of tendencies which runs in many ways in a contrary direction, the life current of universal humanity. Religion has its function in reconciling the contradiction, by subordinating the brute nature to what we consider as the truth of Man.

The special mental attitude which India has in her religion is made clear by the word *Yoga*, whose meaning is to effect union. Union has its significance not in the realm of *to have* but in that of *to be*. To gain truth is to admit its separateness, but to *be* true is to become one with truth. Some religions, which deal with our relationship with God, assure us of reward if that relationship be kept true. This reward has an objective value. It gives us some reason outside ourselves for pursuing the prescribed path. We have such religions also in India. But those that have attained a greater height aspire for

their fulfilment in union with *Narayana*, the Supreme Reality of Man, which is Divine.

Religion is one in its essence, but different in its forms. The water is one, yet by its different banks it is bounded and preserved for different peoples. What if you have a well-spring of your own in your heart, spurn not your neighbours who must go for their draught of water to their ancestral pond with the green of its gradual slopes mellowed by ages and its ancient trees bearing Eternal fruit.

Religion through service, love, compassion, self-respect and respect for humanity as a whole, gives power and life and happiness to all. The tradition which merely divided men into classes and separated class from class, driving to a distance even love itself, did not want to carry into effect the results of man's intelligent thinking, and only put obstacles at every step in the way of man's coming and going.

The religion that only comes to us from external Scriptures never becomes our own: our only tie with it is that of habit. To gain religion within is man's great life-long adventure. In the extremity of suffering must it be born; on his life-blood it must live; and then, whether or not it brings happiness, the man's journey shall end in the joy of fulfilment.

The religious instinct of man urges him towards a truth by which he can transcend the finite nature of the individual self. Man would never feel the indignity of his limitations if these were inevitable. Within him he has glimpses of the Infinite, which gives him assurance that this truth is not in his limitations, but that this truth can be attained by love. For love is the positive quality of the Infinite, and love's sacrifice accordingly does not lead to emptiness, but to fulfilment.

People hide behind this folly called religion only when they are cowed by fear.

In dogmatic religion all questions are definitely answered, all doubts finally laid to rest. But the poet's religion is fluid, like the atmosphere round the earth where lights and shadows play hide-and-seek, and the wind like a shepherd boy plays upon its reeds among flocks of clouds. It never undertakes to lead anybody anywhere to any solid conclusion ; yet it reveals endless spheres of light, because it has no walls round itself.

Religion has two aspects to it. One aspect is the Eternal, the other, the worldly. Where religion is revealed through the laws of society you cannot disregard it without bringing ruin on society. (*Tagore*)

RELIGION AND POLITICS

We must have our religion and also our nationalism; our *Bhagavadgita* and also our *Bande Mataram*. The result is that both of them suffer. It is like performing with an English military band, side by side with our Indian festive pipes. I must make it the purpose of my life to put an end to this hideous confusion. (*Tagore*)

RELIGIOUS LEADERS

It is significant that all great religions have their historic origin in persons who represented in their life a truth which was not cosmic and unmoral, but human and good. They rescued religion from the magic stronghold of demon force and brought it into the inner heart of humanity, into a fulfilment not confined to some exclusive good fortune of the individual but to the welfare of all men. This was not for the spiritual ecstasy of lonely souls, but for the spiritual emancipation of all races. They came as the messengers of Man to men of all countries and spoke of the salvation that could only be reached by the perfecting of our relationship with Man the Eternal, Man the Divine. Whatever might be their doctrines of God, or some dogmas that they

borrowed from their own time and tradition, their life and teaching had the deeper implication of a Being who is the Infinite in Man, the Father, the Friend, the Lover, whose service must be realized through serving all mankind. For the God in Man depends upon men's service and men's love for His own love's fulfilment.

Our great prophets in all ages did truly realize in themselves the freedom of the soul in their consciousness of the spiritual kinship of man which is universal. And yet human races, owing to their external geographical condition, developed in their individual isolation a mentality that is obnoxiously selfish. In their instinctive search for truth in religion either they dwarfed and deformed it in the mould of the primitive distortions of their own race-mind, or else they shut their God within temple walls and Scriptural-texts safely away, especially from those departments of life where His absence gives easy access to devil-worship in various names and forms. They treated their God in the same way as in some forms of government the King is treated, who has traditional honour but no effective authority. The true meaning of God has remained vague in our minds only because our consciousness of the spiritual unity has been thwarted. (*Tagore*)

RENUNCIATION

The secret of happy life lies in renunciation.

Renunciation made for the sake of such service is an ineffable joy of which none can deprive one.

So long as the taste persists, so long is complete renunciation impossible. (*Gandhi*)

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of Thy wine of various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.

My world will light its hundred different lamps with Thy flame and place them before the altar of Thy temple.

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear Thy delight.

Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.

Welcome a man who is neither king nor monk, who neither enjoys the world nor renounces it.

Wisdom is not happiness and renunciation is not fulfilment.

Once the mind refuses to be bound by temperate requirements, there ceases to be any reason why it should cry halt at any particular limit; and so, like trying to extinguish fire with oil, its acquisitions only make its desires blaze up all the fiercer. That is why it is so essential to habituate the mind, from the very beginning, to be conscious of, and desirous of, keeping within the natural limits; to cultivate the spirit of enjoyment which is allied with the spirit of freedom, the readiness for renunciation.

Renounce we must and through renunciation gain—that is the truth of the inner world.

The highway of the open world is the pathway of renunciation.

In the open world all is change, all is life, all is movement. And he who ever moves and journeys with this life-movement, dancing and playing on his flute as he goes, he is the true renouncer. (*Tagore*)

REPENTANCE

A clean confession, combined with a promise never to commit the sin again when offered before one who has the right to receive it, is the purest type of repentance. (*Gandhi*)

I am quite willing to repent for not accepting a responsibility which is not mine; for I should have to repent even more bitterly if I did accept it. I want to be saved from such a fate.

Repentance is a gift of God's grace. (*Tagore*)

REPETITION

A track is widened by retreading the same ground. (*Tagore*)

REPUTATION

We know individuals who love the habit of inscribing their names on the walls of some majestic monument of architecture. It is a pathetic way of associating their own names with some works of art which belong to all times and to all men. Our hunger for reputation comes from our desire to make objectively real that which is inwardly real to us. He who is inarticulate is insignificant, like a dark star that cannot prove itself. He ever waits for the artist to give him his fullest worth, not for anything specially excellent in him but for the wonderful fact that he is what he certainly is, that he carries in him the eternal mystery of being. (*Tagore*)

RESPECT

Respect given and taken truly balances the account between man and man, but veneration is overpayment.

If you have not the power to feel respect for a man who is worthy of honour, you might, at least, avoid such meanness as to jeer at him. (*Tagore*)

RESPONSIBILITY

When you have once taken up a responsibility, you must see it through. (*Tagore*)

REST

Rest belongs to the work as the eyelids to the eyes. (*Tagore*)

RESTLESSNESS

Nothing is to be gained by becoming restless to achieve something which one is capable of. (*Tagore*)

RESTRAINT

Restraint never ruins one's health.

Restraint self-imposed is no compulsion.

The very first step in self-restraint is the restraint of thoughts.

What ruins one's health is not restraint but outward suppression. (*Gandhi*)

Restraint is good and is the measure of our culture, but behind that restraint, there must be something to restrain and hold back.

Restraint does not mean weakness. It does not mean giving in. (*Nehru*)

RETREAT

Retreat itself is often a plan of resistance and may be a precursor of great bravery and sacrifice. Every retreat is not cowardice which implies fear to die. Of course, a brave man would more often die in violently or non-violently resisting the aggressor in the latter's attempt to oust him from his property, but he will be no less brave if wisdom dictates present retreat. (*Gandhi*)

REVENGE

The best way of resisting injury is never to injure the injurer but ever to refuse, no matter how much suffering the refusal costs us, to do his will when we know it to be wrong. (*Gandhi*)

Revenge is stronger than the thin wine of love. Revenge is freedom,—freedom from the coils of cloying sweetness.

One must give a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye. (*Tagore*)

REVOLUTION

Revolution must come and men must risk revilement and misunderstanding, especially from those who want to be comfortable, who put their faith in materialism, and who belong truly to the dead past and not modern times, the past that had its age in distant antiquity when physical flesh and size predominated, and not the mind of man. (*Tagore*)

REWARD

If you align yourself to some great purpose or to something elemental, it ennobles you. Whether the reward comes or not, the mere fact of working for it is a reward enough. (*Nehru*)

RHYTHM

The unity as a poem introduces itself in a rhythmic language in a gesture of character. Rhythm is not merely in some measured blending of words, but in a significant adjustment of ideas, in a music of thought produced by a subtle principle of distribution, which is not primarily logical but evidential. The meaning which the word character contains is difficult to define. It is comprehended in a special grouping of aspects which gives it an irresistible impetus. The combination it represents may be uncouth, may be unfinished, discordant ; yet it has dynamic vigour in its totality which claims recognition, often against our wishes for the assent of our reason. An avalanche has character, which even a heavier pile of snow has not ; its character is in its massive movement, its incalculable possibilities.

What is rhythm ? It is the movement generated and regulated by harmonious restriction. This is the creative force in the hand of the artist. So long as words remain in uncadenced prose form, they do not give any lasting feeling of reality. The moment they are taken and put into rhythm they vibrate into a radiance. It is the same with the rose.

In the pulp of its petals you may find everything that went to make the rose, but the rose which is *maya*, an image, is lost; its finality which has the touch of the Infinite is gone. The rose appears to me to be still, but because of its metre of composition it has a lyric of movement within that stillness, which is the same as the dynamic quality of a picture that has a perfect harmony. It produces a music in our consciousness by giving it a swing of motion synchronous with its own. Had the picture consisted of a disharmonious aggregate of colours and lines, it would be deadly still.

In perfect rhythm, the art-form becomes like the stars which in their seeming stillness are never still, like a motionless flame that is nothing but movement. A great picture is always speaking, but news from a newspaper, even of some tragic happening, is still-born. Some news may be a mere commonplace in the obscurity of a journal; but give it a proper rhythm and it will never cease to shine. That is art. It has the magic wand which gives undying reality to all things it touches, and relates them to the personal being in us. We stand before its productions and say: I know you as I know myself, you are real.

Though you too do not rhyme, your rhythm is the same.

The fundamental distinction of gold from mercury lies merely in the difference of rhythm in their respective atomic constitutions, like the distinction of the king from his subject which is not in their different constituents, but in the different metres of their situation and circumstance. There you find behind the scene the Artist, the Magician of rhythm, who imparts an appearance of substance to the unsubstantial.

To that rhythm the bands of stars and planets go about dancing from sky to sky, like so many minstrel

boys. It is that rhythm, that makes you so simple, so perfect. (*Tagore*)

RICHES

No man or woman is entitled to the possession of wealth, unless he or she has given a fair share of it to the poor and the helpless. It is a religious and social obligation and has been called a sacrifice by the *Bhagwad Gita*. He who does not offer this sacrifice has been called a thief.

I know that generally speaking it is the experience of the world that possession of gold is inconsistent with the possession of virtue; but though such is the unfortunate experience in the world it is by no means an inexorable law. (*Gandhi*)

RIDICULE

Ridicule is like repression. Both give place to respect when they fail to produce the intended effect. (*Gandhi*)

Things that are solemn offer more surface for ridicule than that are truly ridiculous. (*Tagore*)

RIGHT AND WRONG

Wrong cannot afford defeat but Right can. (*Tagore*)

RIGHTEOUSNESS

One has to follow the right course and follow it regardless of consequences. (*Nehru*)

It is not the *Brahmin's* right to violate the eternal good. The creature's blood is not the offering for gods. And it is within the rights of the King and the peasant alike to maintain truth and righteousness. (*Tagore*)

RIGHTS

Rights accrue automatically to him who duly performs his duties.

In fact, the right to perform one's duties is the only right that is worth living for and dying for. It covers all legitimate rights. *(Gandhi)*

RISK

People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and danger. Danger seems terrible from a distance: it is not so bad if you have a close look at it. And often it is a pleasant companion, adding to the zest and delight of life.

The policy of being too cautious is the greatest risk of all. *(Nehru)*

Taking shelter in the dead is death itself, and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living.

Let those who are snake-charmers play with snakes; if harm comes to them, they are prepared for it. They play with a snake not knowing its nature, and when we see them smilingly, trustfully, putting their hands within reach of its fangs, then we understand how terribly dangerous the snake is. *(Tagore)*

ROAD

The road is my wedded companion. She speaks to me under my feet all day, she sings to my dreams all night.

My meeting with her had no beginning, it begins endlessly at each day-break, renewing its summer in fresh flowers and songs, and her every new kiss is the first kiss to me.

The road and I are lovers. I change my dress for her night after night, having the tattered number of the old in the wayside inns when the day dawns. *(Tagore)*

SACRIFICE

The mice which helplessly find themselves between the cat's teeth acquire no merit from their enforced sacrifice.

No sacrifice is worth the name unless it is a joy. Sacrifice and a long face go ill together. Sacrifice is 'making sacred'. He must be a poor specimen of humanity who is in need of sympathy for his sacrifice.

That sacrifice which causes pain, loses its sacred character and will break down under stress. One gives up things that one considers to be injurious and, therefore, there should be pleasure attendant upon the giving up.

The world is touched by sacrifice. It does not then discriminate about the merits of a cause. Not so God. He is all-seeing. He insists on the purity of the cause and on adequate sacrifice therefor. (*Gandhi*)

SALVATION

Though salvation was not possible for a family-man yet heaven was attainable. (*Tagore*)

SAMADHI

It is widely known in India that there are individuals who have the power to attain temporarily the state of *Samadhi*, the complete merging of the self in the Infinite, a state which is indescribable. While accepting the testimony as true, let us, at the same time, have faith in the testimony of others who have felt a profound love, which is the intense feeling of union, for a Being who comprehends in himself all things that are human in knowledge, will and action. And he is God, who is not merely a sum-total of facts, but the goal that lies immensely beyond all that is comprised in the past and the present. (*Tagore*)

SANSKRIT

There was a time with us when India had her common language of culture in Sanskrit. But, for the complete commerce of her thought, she required that all her vernaculars should attain their perfect powers, through which her different peoples might

manifest their idiosyncrasies ; and this could never be done through a foreign tongue. (*Tagore*)

SANTINIKETAN

She is our own, the darling of our hearts, Santiniketan.
Our dreams are rocked in her arms.
Her face is a fresh wonder of love every time we see her, for she is our own, the darling of our hearts.
In the shadows of her trees we meet,
in the freedom of her open sky.
Her mornings come and her evenings
bringing down heaven's kisses.
Making us feel anew that she is our own,
the darling of our hearts.
The stillness of her shades is stirred by the woodland whisper ;
Her *amlaki* groves are aquiver with the rapture of leaves.
She dwells in us and around us, however far we may wander.
She weaves our hearts in a song, making us one in music, tuning our strings of love with her own fingers ;
and we ever remember that she is our own,
the darling of our hearts. (*Tagore*)

SCANDAL

Afraid of a scandal ? Are people's tongues of greater consequence than the voice of Fate ? (*Tagore*)

SCHOOL-MASTERS

A most important truth, which we are apt to forget, is that a teacher can never truly teach unless he is still learning himself. A lamp can never light another lamp unless it continues to burn its own flame. The teacher who has come to the end of his

subject, who has no living traffic with his knowledge, but merely repeats his lessons to his students, can only load their minds ; he cannot quicken them. Truth not only must inform but inspire. If the inspiration dies out and the information only accumulates, then truth loses its infinity. The greater part of our learning in the schools has been wasted because, for most of our teachers, their subjects are like dead specimens of once living things, with which they have a learned acquaintance, but no communication of life and love.

I should be ashamed to belong to a society in which all were teachers and none disciples.

Well, indulge in your respect by all means ! School-masters thrive on it. But not being one of them, I have no use for that empty compliment.

All these boys will be a terror one day to all wretched foreigners. If not, I am no true teacher. Not for a moment do I forget what a great responsibility is ours. It's we school-masters who mould men—your ministers have merely to use them. Yet think what a salary they get, compared with ours ! (*Tagore*)

SCIENCE

The real truth is that science is not man's nature, it is mere knowledge and training. By knowing the laws of the material Universe you do notc hange your deeper humanity. You can borrow knowledge from others, but you cannot borrow temperament.

Life based upon mere science is attractive to some men, because it has all the characteristics of sport ; it feigns seriousness, but is not profound. When you go a-hunting, the less pity you have the better ; for your one object is to chase the game and kill it, to feel that you are the greater animal, that your method of destruction is through and scientific. And the life of science is that superficial life. It

pursues success with skill and thoroughness, and takes no account of the higher nature of man. But those whose minds are crude enough to plan their lives upon the supposition that man is merely a hunter and his paradise the paradise of sportsmen, will be rudely awakened in the midst of their trophies of skeletons and skulls. (*Tagore*)

SCRIPTURES

I exercise my judgement about every Scripture, including the *Gita*. I cannot let a Scriptural-text supersede my reason. Whilst I believe that the principal books are inspired, they suffer from a process of double distillation. Firstly, they come through a human prophet, and then through the commentaries of interpreters. Nothing in them comes from God directly. (*Gandhi*)

Sacred books often become obstacles to progress.

Looking at Scripture, then as a product of the human mind, we have to remember the age in which it was written, the environment and mental climate in which it grew, the vast distance in time and thought and experience that separates it from us. We have to forget the trappings of ritual and religious usage in which it was wrapped, and remember the social background in which it expanded. Many of the problems of human life have a permanence and a touch of eternity about them, and hence the abiding interest in these ancient books. But there were other problems also, strictly limited to that particular age, which have no living interest for us now. (*Nehru*)

You have no power to alter laws laid down in Scriptures.

Educated people are bound to miss some rule of Scripture or other now and then.

Children find no difficulty in living and thriving in the homes of those who obey the Scriptures.

Our professional reciters keep a book full of all kinds of ready-made discourses, which can be fitted into any subject.

Don't quote Scriptures in support of the kind of sentiment you feel.

The insolence is not mine but theirs who shape their Scripture to fit their own narrow hearts.

(*Tagore*)

SEA

Thou raisest thy waves vainly to follow thy lover, O sea ! thou lonely bride of the storm. (*Tagore*)

SECTARIANISM

Sectarianism is a thing which makes people entirely forget the simple and obvious truth that man is man—it creates a kind of whirlpool in which the society-made distinction between Hindu and *Brahmo* assumes greater importance than universal truth.

(*Tagore*)

SELF-CONFIDENCE

The history of the world is full of men who rose to leadership, by sheer force of self-confidence, bravery and tenacity.

Man often becomes what he believes himself to be. If I keep on saying to myself that I cannot do a certain thing, it is possible that I may end by really becoming incapable of doing it. On the contrary, if I have the belief that I can do it, I shall surely acquire the capacity to do it even if I may not have it at the beginning. (*Gandhi*)

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

The intensity of self-consciousness is nothing of which a man should feel proud ; certainly it is not healthful. In like manner, incessant self-consciousness in a nation is highly injurious for the people. It serves its immediate purpose, but at the cost of the eternal in man.

Self-consciousness, up to a point, is necessary to self-development; for without an awareness of the dignity of one's own role or function, one cannot give one's best to the world. Without rights there can be no obligations, and service and virtue when forced become marks of slavery. But self-consciousness, like good wine, easily intoxicates, and it is difficult to control the dose and have just enough of it. Vanity and pride get the upper hand and he who clings to his rights very often trespasses on those of others.

(*Tagore*)

SELF-CONTROL

Complete extinction of impure thought is impossible without ceaseless penance. There is only one way to achieve this. The moment an impure thought arises, confront it with a pure one. This is possible only with God's grace and God's grace comes through ceaseless communion with Him and complete self-surrender.

The mind may wander, but let not the senses wander with it. If the senses wander where the mind takes them, one is done for. But he who keeps control of the physical senses, will some day be able to bring impure thoughts under control.

To conquer the subtle passion seems to me to be harder far than the physical conquest of the world by the force of arms.

Not to have control over the senses is like sailing in a rudderless ship, bound to break to pieces on coming in contact with the very first rock. (*Gandhi*)

SELF-ESTEEM

In a religious community, a man who labels himself with a high-priced ticket gradually comes to be taken at his own valuation. (*Tagore*)

SELFISHNESS

The apotheosis of selfishness can never make its interminable breed of hatred and greed, fear and

hypocrisy, suspicion and tyranny, an end in themselves. These monsters grow into huge shapes but never into harmony.

The calculation of self-interest can never successfully fight the irrational force of passion—the passion which is perversion of love, and which can only be set right by the truth of love. So long as the powers build a league on the foundation of their desire for safety, secure enjoyment of gains, consolidation of past injustice, and putting off the reparation of wrongs, while their fingers still wriggle for greed and reek of blood, rifts will appear in their union ; and in future their conflicts will take greater force and magnitude.

When respect for one's father brings with it some profit then it is hard to check it !

The bird thinks it is an act of kindness to give the fish a lift in the air. *(Tagore)*

SELF-HELP

Manliness consists in making circumstances subserve to ourselves. Those who will not heed themselves perish. To understand this principle is not to be impatient, not to reproach fate, not to blame others. He who understands the doctrine of self-help blames himself for failure.

Self-help is the capacity to stand on one's legs without anybody's help. This does not mean indifference to or rejection of outside help, but it means the capacity to be at peace with oneself, to preserve one's self-respect, when outside help is not forthcoming or is refused. *(Gandhi)*

Self-help is the first condition of success for a nation, no less than for an individual. *(Nehru)*

SELE-INTROSPECTION

Do not judge others. Be your own judge and

you will be truly happy. If you will try to judge others, you are likely to burn your fingers. (*Gandhi*)

Only by constant self-questioning, individual and national, can we keep on the right path. An easy and unthinking confidence is almost as bad as a weak submission to helpless dejection. (*Nehru*)

SELF-LOVE

How false it is always to be looking after oneself! (*Tagore*)

SELF-PURIFICATION

The path of self-purification is hard and steep. To attain to perfect purity one has to become absolutely passion-free in thought, speech and action; to rise above the opposing currents of love and hatred, attachment and repulsion. (*Gandhi*)

SELF-REALIZATION

What I want to achieve,—what I have been striving and pining to achieve these thirty years,—is self-realization, to see God face to face, to attain *Moksha*. I live and move and have my being in pursuit of this goal. All that I do by way of speaking and writing, and all my ventures in the political field, are directed to this same end.

The aim of human life is *Moksha*. As a Hindu I believe that *Moksha* is freedom from birth by breaking the bonds of the flesh, by becoming one with God.

To develop the Spirit is to build character and to enable one to work towards a knowledge of God and self-realization. (*Gandhi*)

SELF-RELIANCE

Of the many hard lessons that I had learnt, the hardest and the most painful now faced me; that it is not possible in any vital matter to rely on any

one. One must journey through life alone; to rely on others is to invite heart-break. (*Nehru*)

SELF-RESPECT

Dignity of the soul and self-respect are interpreted differently by different persons. I am aware that self-respect is often mis-interpreted. The over-sensitive man may see disrespect or hurt in almost everything. Such a man does not really understand what self-respect is. (*Gandhi*)

SELF-STUDY

It takes some time to understand even one's own mind.

I cannot swear to what I really am, it is because I am such a mystery to my own mind that my attraction for myself is so strong! If once the whole of myself should become known to me, I would then fling it all away,—and reach beatitude!

It costs me nothing to feel that I am; it is no burden to me. And yet if the mental, physical, chemical and other innumerable facts concerning all branches of knowledge which have united in myself could be broken up, they would prove endless. It is some untold mystery of unity in me, that has the simplicity of Infinite and reduces the immense mass of multitude to a single point.

This One in me knows the Universe of many. But, in whatever it knows it knows the One in different aspects. It knows this room only because this room is One to it, in spite of seeming contradiction of the endless facts contained in the single fact of the room. Its knowledge of a tree is the knowledge of a unity, which appears in the aspect of a tree.

This One in me is creative. Its creations are a pastime, through which it gives expression to an ideal of unity in its endless show of variety. Such are its

pictures, poems, music, in which it finds joy only because they reveal the perfect forms of an inherent unity.

This One in me not only seeks unity in knowledge for its understanding and creates images of unity for its delight ; it also seeks union in love for its fulfilment. It seeks itself in others. This is a fact, which would be absurd had there been no great medium of truth to give it reality. In love we find a joy which is ultimate because, it is the ultimate truth.

To give perfect expression to One, the Infinite, through the harmony of the many ; to the One, the Love, through the sacrifice of self, is the object alike of our individual life and our society. (*Tagore*)

SENTIMENTALITY

Sentimentality always makes me furious. In time of famine, if a well-fed man speaks scornfully of food, and advises a starving man at point of death to glut his hunger on the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds, what are we to think of him ? (*Tagore*)

SERVANTS

She never kept more servants than were absolutely necessary. She thought that to pay wages to any one to do work which she herself could do was like paying the pickpocket with her own money. (*Tagore*)

SERVICE

Service of the family has been the motive behind all our activities hitherto. We must now learn to broaden our outlook so as to include in our ambit the service of the people as a whole.

That service is the noblest which is rendered for its own sake.

Real affection is not shown through praise, but through service. Self-purification is a preliminary process, an indispensable condition of real service.

The devotion of a servant was, I felt, a thousand times more praise-worthy than that of a wife to her husband. There was nothing surprising in the wife's devotion to her husband, as there was an indissoluble bond between them. The devotion was perfectly natural. But it required a special effort to cultivate equal devotion between master and servant. (*Gandhi*)

The service of the fruit is precious, the service of the flower is sweet, but let my service be the service of the leaves in its shade of humble devotion. (*Tagore*)

SEX

Nature has created the sexes as complements of each other.

Equality of the sexes does not mean equality of professions.

It is being said that restraint and abstinence are wrong, and free satisfaction of the sexual appetite is the most natural thing. There was never a more ruinous superstition.

The sex education that I stand for must have for its object—the conquest and sublimation of the sex passion. (*Gandhi*)

SHADE

I lived on the shady side of the road and watched my neighbours' gardens across the way revelling in the sunshine. (*Tagore*)

SHADOW

They throw their shadows before them who carry their lantern on their back. (*Tagore*)

SHAME

Shame is a sign of a weak character, some people are even ashamed to acknowledge their own fathers. (*Tagore*)

SHELTER

Shelter there is nowhere, but in the depth of one's self,—seek that ; hold to it fast, if you would be saved. (*Tagore*)

SHOCK

A sleeping person who receives a sudden shock for which he is not prepared in an unknown place palpitates in dismay. (*Tagore*)

SILENCE

Experience has taught me that silence is part of the spiritual discipline of a votary of Truth. Proneness to exaggerate, to suppress or modify the truth wittingly, or unwittingly, is a natural weakness of man and silence is necessary in order to surmount it. A man of few words will not really be thoughtless in his speech, he will measure every word. We find so many people impatient to talk. There is no chairman of a meeting who is not pestered with notes for permission to speak. And whenever the permission is given the speaker generally exceeds the time-limit, asks for more time, and keeps on talking without permission. All this talking can hardly be said to be of any benefit to the world. It is so much waste of time. My shyness has been in reality my shield and buckler. It has allowed me to grow. It has helped me in my discernment of truth.

Silence helps one to suppress one's anger as perhaps nothing else does. How is one to give vent to one's wrath if one is silent ? Not by eyes. Surely not by physical violence, when one is pledged to non-violence. Not by writing, for the wrath would disappear in the very process of writing. (*Gandhi*)

SIMPLICITY

If I preach against the modern artificial life of sensual enjoyment and ask men and women to go back to the simple life, I do so because I know that,

without an intelligent return to simplicity, there is no escape from our descent to a state lower than brutality. (*Gandhi*)

To be simple without becoming poorer is the problem which each must solve according to his temperament. But while we are ever ready to accept the subject-matter of education from outside, it is too bad to thrust on us the temperament as well.

I do not seek to glorify poverty. But simplicity is of greater price than the appendages of luxury. The simplicity of which I speak is not merely the effect of a lack of superfluity; it is one of the signs of perfection. When this dawns on mankind, the unhealthy fog which now besmirches civilization will be lifted. It is for lack of this simplicity that the necessaries of life have become so rare and costly.

When the simplicity of fulness awakens in the West, then work, enjoyment, and education alike, will find their true strength in becoming easy. When this will happen I have no idea, but till then we must, with bowed heads, continue to listen to lectures telling us that the highest education is to be had only in the tallest edifices.

Maiden, your simplicity, like the blueness of the lake, reveals your depth of truth. (*Tagore*)

SIN

All sins are committed in secrecy. The moment we realize that God witnesses even our thoughts, we shall be free.

I do not seek redemption from the consequences of my sin. I seek to be redeemed from sin itself, or rather from the very thought of sin. Until I have attained that end I shall be content to be restless.

Sinners we are all to a greater or less extent, and every one of our spiritual books—*Gita*, *Bhagwat* and *Tulsi Ramayana*—declares in no uncertain

terms that whoever seeks refuge in Him, whoever takes His name, shall be free from sin. That covenant is for all mankind.

A hidden sin is like poison corrupting the whole body. The sooner the poison is thrown off, the better it is for society. And just as a bit of arsenic mixed with milk renders it none-the-less vitiating for the addition of pure milk, so also do good deeds in a society fail to cover unexpiated sins. (*Gandhi*)

The sin of the parents visited on the innocent child.

Sin has to ripen to its ugliest limits before it can burst and die a hideous death.

Sin can never have a long lease of life.

Sin taints only the weak.

When the punishment for a sin once begins to burn like a fire, even when it has burned the sinner to a corpse, it does not want to be extinguished.

That is how Providence punishes us. Our accumulated sins are being visited on our own heads.

For the sake of all sinners, the Lord most compassionate, achieved the Supreme Virtues and attained the Supreme Enlightenment.

There is no end to sin. (*Tagore*)

SINCERITY

Self-suffering is the truest test of sincerity. (*Gandhi*)

SINGING WAVES

I must launch out my boat. The languid hours pass by on the shore—Alas for me!

The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous, and upon the bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.

What emptiness do you gaze upon! Do you not feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far-away song floating from the other shore? (*Tagore*)

SKY

The sky is not empty, but gazes, filled with a silent joy of wonder, at each fresh unfolding of creation. (*Tagore*)

SLAUGHTER

The life of a lamb is no less precious than that of a human being. I should be unwilling to take the life of a lamb for the sake of the human body. I hold that, the more helpless a creature, the more entitled it is to protection by man from the cruelty of man. But he who has not qualified himself for such service, is unable to afford to it any protection. I must go through more self-purification and sacrifice before I can hope to save these lambs from this unholy sacrifice. To-day I think I must die pining for this self-purification and sacrifice. It is my constant prayer that there may be born on earth some great spirit, man or woman, fired with divine pity, who will deliver us from this heinous sin, save the lives of the innocent creatures, and purify the temple. How is it that Bengal with all its knowledge, intelligence, sacrifice, and emotion tolerates this slaughter? (*Gandhi*)

Buffaloes in this country likewise give milk and are used for ploughing. And, therefore, so long as we dance frantic dances on our temple pavement, smeared with their blood, their severed heads carried on our shoulders, religion will only laugh at us if we quarrel with Mussulmans in her name, and nothing but the quarrel itself will remain true. If

the cow alone is to be held sacred from slaughter, and not the buffalo, then that is bigotry, not religion.

(*Tagore*)

SLAVERY

When a slave begins to take pride in his fetters and hugs them like precious ornaments, the triumph of the slave-owner is complete.

A slave-holder, who decides to abolish slavery, does not consult his slaves whether they desire freedom or not.

A slave, to be free, must continuously rise against his slavery, and be locked up in his master's cell for his rebellion. The cell-door is the door to freedom. (*Gandhi*)

By squeezing human beings in the grip of an inelastic system and forcibly holding them fixed, we have ignored the laws of life and growth. We have forced living souls into a permanent passivity, making them incapable of moulding circumstance to their own intrinsic design, and of mastering their own destiny. Borrowing our ideal of life from a dark period of our degeneracy, we have covered up our sensitiveness of soul under the immovable weight of a remote past. We have set up an elaborate ceremonial of cage-worship, and plucked all the feathers from the wings of the living spirit of our people. And for us,—with our centuries of degradation and insult, with the amorphousness of our national unity, with our helplessness before the attack of disasters from without and our unreasoning self-obstructions from within,—the punishment has been terrible. Our stupefaction has become so absolute that we do not even realize that this persistent misfortune, dogging our steps for ages, cannot be a mere accident of history, removable only by another accident from outside.

In every country man has destroyed himself to the extent that he has permitted slavery to flourish.

Trading in slavery is inherent in man.

In the case of those who are slaves by nature, the lack of a strong master is the greatest of all calamities.

Spirit of abject dependence upon the charity of our rulers was no matter for pride.

Through our constant habit of being ashamed of our country, the poison of servility has overpowered our minds.

The state of slavery which is thus brought on is the worst form of cancer to which humanity is subject.

Set the bird's wings with gold and it will never again soar in the sky. *(Tagore)*

SLEEP

The night is nearly spent waiting for him in vain. I fear lest in the morning he should suddenly come to my door when I have fallen asleep wearied out. Oh, friends, leave the way open to him—forbid him not.

If the sound of his steps does not wake me, do not try to rouse me, I pray, I wish not to be called from my sleep by the clamorous choir of birds, by the riot of wind at the festival of morning light. Let me sleep undisturbed even if my lord comes all of a sudden to my door.

Ah, my sleep, precious sleep, which only waits for his touch to vanish. Ah, my closed eyes that would open their lids only to the light of his smile when he stands before me like a dream emerging from darkness of sleep.

Let him appear before my sight as the first of all lights and all forms. The first thrill of joy to my awakened soul, let it come from his glance. And let my return to myself be immediate return to him.

Mother Sleep soothed with her soft caresses the wounded heart of the motherless lad. *(Tagore)*

SLEEPLESS NIGHT

Art thou abroad on this stormy night on thy journey of love, my friend ? The sky groans like one in despair.

I have no sleep tonight. Ever and again I open my door and look out on the darkness, my friend !

I can see nothing before me. I wonder where lies thy path !

By what dim shore of the ink-black river, by what far edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading thy course to come to me, my friend ? (*Tagore*)

SMILES

Let the bitter be overcome by the sweet, and words by smiles.

Divine laughter is the sunlight that melts ice, but not stones.

Woman's smile removes all curse from the house, her love is God's grace.

A ghost of a smile like the first glimmering of dawn illumined her countenance—and hurried away with downcast eyes.

While I was passing with the crowd in the road I saw the smile from the balcony and I sang and forgot all noise.

You smiled and talked to me of nothing and I felt that for this I had been waiting long.

Woman, in your laughter you have the music of the fountain of life.

Your smile was the flowers of your own fields, your talk was the rustle of your own mountain pines, but your heart was the woman that we all know. (*Tagore*)

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SMILES AND TEARS

An unbelieving smile flits on your eyes when I come to you to take my leave.

I have done it so often that you think I will soon return.

To tell you the truth I have the same doubt in my mind.

For the spring days come again time after time ; the full moon takes leave and comes on another visit, the flowers come again and blush upon their branches year after year, and it is likely that I take my leave only to come to you again.

But keep the illusion awhile; do not send it away with ungentle haste.

When I say I leave you for all time, accept it as true, and let a mist of tears for one moment deepen the dark rim of your eyes.

Then smile as archly as you like when I come again. *(Tagore)*

SMOKING

I have a horror of smoking as I have of wines. Smoking I consider to be a vice. It deadens one's conscience and is often worse than drink, in that it acts imperceptibly. It is a habit which is difficult to get rid of when once it seizes hold of a person. It is an expensive vice. It fouls the breath, discolours the teeth and sometimes even causes cancer. It is an unclean habit.

Smoking is in a way a greater curse than drink, in as much as the victim does not realize its evil in time. It is not regarded as a sign of barbarism, it is even acclaimed by civilized people. I can only say, let those who can, give it up and set the example. *(Gandhi)*

It did not become womankind to wish, in any circumstances whatever, a worse species of fire than that of a cigar in a husband's mouth. *(Tagore)*

SOBRIETY

I have a horror of people who are inescapably and unchangingly sane and sober. (*Nehru*)

SOCIAL BOYCOTT

Social boycott is applicable and effective when it is not felt as a punishment and accepted by the object of boycott as a measure of discipline.

We must not resort to social boycott of our opponents. It amounts to coercion. Claiming the right of free opinion and free action as we do, we must extend the same to others. The rule of majority, when it becomes coercive, is as intolerable as that of a bureaucratic minority. We must patiently try to bring round the minority to our view by gentle persuasion and arguments. (*Gandhi*)

SOCIALISM

I know not whether the socialistic ideal of a more equal distribution of wealth is attainable, but if not, the dispensation of Providence is indeed cruel, and man a truly unfortunate creature. For if in this world misery must exist, so be it ; but let some little loophole, some glimpse of possibility at least, be left, which may serve to urge the nobler portion of humanity to hope and struggle unceasingly for its alleviation.

They say a terribly hard thing who assert that the division of the world's production to afford each one a mouthful of food, a bit of clothing is only an Utopian dream. All these social problems are hard indeed ! Fate has allowed humanity such a pitifully meagre coverlet, that in pulling it over one part of the world, another has to be left bare. In allaying our poverty we lose our wealth, and with this wealth what a world of grace and beauty and power is lost to us. (*Tagore*)

SOCIAL WORK

What the vast mass of mankind does for self or at best for family, a social servant does for general good.

Social service to be effective has to be rendered without noise. It is best performed when the left hand knoweth not what the right is doing. (*Gandhi*)

SOCIETY

I must try to live in society and yet remain untouched by its pitfalls. (*Gandhi*)

If mutual co-operation and sacrifice for the good of society are the tests of civilization, we may say that the white ant and the ant are in this respect superior to man.

It is a little dangerous to live in a society which is closed up like a shell. We petrify there and grow unaccustomed to fresh air and fresh ideas.

Fresh air is as necessary for societies as for individuals.

Wisdom and foresight would demonstrate that in the long run the best way of profiting oneself is to profit society as a whole of which one is a member. (*Nehru*)

Society is the expression of those moral and spiritual aspirations of man which belong to his higher nature.

When a father becomes a gambler and his obligations to his family take the secondary place in his mind, then he is no longer a man, but an automation led by the power of greed. Then he can do things which, in his normal state of mind, he would be ashamed to do. It is the same thing with society.

Our society; if once it gets anyone into its clutches then it has no pity on him.

The society of one's fellow-men is the surest remedy for mental disorders.

In modern society the ideal of wholeness has lost its force. Therefore, its different sections have become detached and resolved into their elemental character of forces. Labour is a force; so also is Capital; so are the Government and the People; so are Man and Woman. It is said that when the forces lying latent in even a handful of dust are liberated from their bond of unity, they can lift the buildings of a whole neighbourhood to the height of a mountain. Such disfranchised forces, irresponsible freebooters, may be useful to us for certain purposes, but human habitations standing secure on their foundations are better for us. To own the secret of utilizing these forces is a proud fact for us, but the power of self-control and the self-dedication of love are truer subjects for the exultation of mankind.

The bones of the arm are strong because, if they get broken they take a long time to heal again, and so fractures of the arm are not common.

If we do not submit ourselves completely to society through the restraining influence of such laws, then we place obstacles in the way of the deepest inner purpose for which society exists; for that purpose lies concealed, and it is not within the power of every one to see it clearly. There we want to have some power, apart from that of our own judgment, by which we can show our respect for society.

If we first of all obey society fully from every point of view then our consciousness of its real purpose will become clear! If we merely quarrel with it, we not only obstruct it but misunderstand it also.

How meaningless are the bonds with which our society tries to fetter us in matters of eating, and touching, and sitting where man has a natural freedom based on religion.

Our obstacles are not exactly external ones, for our society is founded upon religious principles, whereas the society you belong to is hemmed round by social bonds.

Society takes the burden of thinking so fully and completely on itself that I am not even conscious that it is thinking. Not only has it been considering this for thousands of years, but that it is still preserving its integrity. Just as I have never given a thought as to whether the earth is travelling round the sun straight or crooked, whether it is making errors or not, and so far my lack of thought has not landed me in any difficulty, so also is my attitude towards society.

Society has a place for conduct that is false and no place for what is right.

The social system of our country is intimately bound up with religious opinions—therefore, with all our social observances religious practices have some connection.

Society will no longer carry you along from outside on the level of ordinary life, and if you do not by your own strength become greater than ordinary people then you will simply fall behind them.

To save society at the present time from various kinds of open and hidden attack, it was necessary to be constantly on the alert on matters relating to eating and caste.

You cannot expect of society that while some of its renegade members are trying to overturn it, by insisting on doing just as they please, it should calmly look on, making sweetly reasonable allowances. Society is naturally bound to misunderstand such people and regard as crooked that which they might be doing quite sincerely. If society cannot help looking upon their 'good' as evil, that is but

one of the many penalties which must fall on those who wilfully flout it.

When the mind is excited for any personal reason is it possible to judge anything truly ? There is in mankind a continuity between past and future generations for the proper preservation of which society is necessary, and that necessity is not an artificial one. Have you not considered that it is your society upon which rests the burden of the distant future of all your coming generations ?

The object of the staircase, which is our society, is to enable people to mount up from below—right up to the goal of man's life. If we had regarded society, or the world itself, as our goal, then there would have been no necessity for acknowledging these differences, then the European social condition of a continual scramble to occupy the maximum space would also have been good enough for us.

To transgress against society is easy enough in mind—but, when the time comes to act, in how many places do we find that the shoe pinches ! A horror of the unknown, a refusal to face the unaccustomed, these make one look back without any reason.

There is such a thing as society and you can't ignore it.

Not to obey society is to destroy it.

By the workings of Providence, our happiness and misery are inextricably bound up with one person and another and we cannot afford to ignore their conduct.

Society offers no help to a man at the time of his need, gives him no encouragement at the time of his misfortunes, it merely afflicts him with penalties and humbles him to the dust.

Will your society keep apart, by its external decrees, two beings whom God has made one in

heart? Is there no society anywhere in this world which will ignore small differences of opinion, and allow union in the things that really matter? Are human beings meant only to quarrel thus with their God? Is it only for this that the thing called society has been created?

I am utterly incompetent to provide things that may profit the multitude. Beyond a snatch of song, some little-tattle, a little merry fooling, I have been unable to advance.

The man who is out of place in ordinary society must be at fault, but surely no human being, any more than a sword, should always remain in the scabbard.

It is on the hilt that the artificer displays his individual craftsmanship in whatever design suits his taste. Similarly a human being finds scope for exhibiting his own peculiar pattern outside society's scabbard and you surely would not wish to deprive him of that liberty!

When I have been driven out of every society, He will give me shelter at His own feet.

It can never be right that man should remain narrow and confined out of regard for society—rather society ought to become more liberal out of regard for the individual.

You must remember that you are a member of a society and that you are indebted to that society.

It is true enough that God has some special purpose to perform in every society, and that purpose is not completely evident to everybody. But it is man's task to try to see it clearly, and not to regard it as his chief aim in life to obey rules as though he were as unconscious as the branch of a tree.

Society isn't merely a happy hunting-ground for people like you who never worry about consequences.

When any conflict occurs between an individual and society, there are two things to be considered—first, on whose side is the right, and secondly, which side is the stronger. There is not the least doubt that of the two society is the stronger, so that the rebel against it will have to suffer.

Society suffers from a profound feeling of unhappiness, not so much when it is in material poverty as when its members are deprived of a large part of their humanity. This unhappiness goes on smouldering in the subconscious mind of the community till its life is reduced to ashes or a sudden combustion is produced. The repressed personality of man generates an inflammable moral gas deadly in its explosive force. *(Tagore)*

SOLDIERS

He is the true soldier who knows how to die and stand his ground in the midst of a hail of bullets.

Whilst as a soldier I must avoid no unavoidable risk, I must not recklessly run the risk of being killed.

A soldier never worries as to what shall happen to his work after him but thinks only of the immediate duty in front of him.

A true soldier does not argue, as he marches, how success is going to be ultimately achieved. But he is confident that if he only plays the humble part well, somehow or other the battle will be won. *(Gandhi)*

They hated and killed and men praised them.

But God in shame hastens to hide its memory under the green grass. *(Tagore)*

SOLEMNITY

Solemnity is the mask of stupidity. *(Tagore)*

SOLITARY-WAYFARER

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

To-day the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary-wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh, my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house, do not pass by like a dream. (*Tagore*)

SOLITUDE

I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me making my thoughts fragrant for a while.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light—and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their Creator.

The day is dim with rain.

Angry lightnings glance through the tattered cloud-veils.

And the forest is like a caged lion shaking its mane in dispair.

On such a day amidst the winds beating their wings, let me find my peace in thy presence.

For the sorrowing sky has shadowed my solitude, to deepen the meaning of thy touch about my heart.

Stand before my eyes, and let thy glance touch my song into a flame.

Stand among thy stars and let me find kindled in their lights my own fire of worship.

The earth is waiting at the world's wayside ;

Stand upon the green mantle she has flung upon thy path ; and let me feel in her grass and meadow flowers the spread of my own salutation.

Stand in my lonely evening where my heart watches alone ; fill her cup of solitude, and let me feel in me the infinity of thy love.

Why remain indoors ? This outer world has been made with a lavish expenditure of sun and moon and stars.

I would rather risk getting wet than remain confined in my dungeon of a cabin.

The presence of another person does not prevent your being alone.

I had the feeling that the very stars in the sky were afraid of me,—that the whole of the night world was looking askance at me. Why ? Because I was alone.

Alone shall I tread my thorny path to the end of this life's journey.

I hanker after a corner because it serves to bring calmness to my mind. My mind really wants to be busy, but in making the attempt it knocks so repeatedly against the crowd as to become utterly frenzied and to keep buffeting me, its cage, from within. If only it is allowed a little leisurely solitude, and can look about and think to its heart's content, it will express its feelings to its own satisfaction.

I do not want to wander about any more. I am pining for a corner in which to nestle down snugly, away from the crowd.

India has two aspects—in one she is a householder, in the other a wandering ascetic. The former refuses to budge from the home corner, the latter has no home at all. I find both these within me. I want to roam about and see all the wide-world, yet I also yearn for a little sheltered nook ;

like a bird with its tiny nest for a dwelling, and the vast sky for flight.

In my solitude of heart I feel the sigh of this widowed evening veiled with mist and rain. (*Tagore*)

SONG AND MUSIC

I remember the day.

The heavy shower of rain is slackening into fitful pauses, renewed gusts of wind startle it from a first lull.

I take up my instrument. Idly I touch the strings, till without my knowing, the music borrows the mad cadence of that storm.

I see her figure as she steals from her work, stops at my door, and retreats with hesitating steps. She comes again, stands outside leaning against the wall, then slowly enters the room and sits down. With head bent, she plies her needle in silence ; but soon stops her work, and looks out of the window through the rain at the blurred line of trees.

Only this—one hour of a rainy noon filled with shadows and song and silence.

In regard to music, I claim to be something of a musician myself. I have composed many songs which have defied the canons of orthodox propriety and good people are disgusted at the impudence of a man who is audacious only because he is untrained. But I persist, and God forgives me because I do not know what I do. Possibly that is the best way of doing things in the sphere of art. For I find that people blame, but also sing my songs, even if not always correctly.

Please do not think I am vain. I can judge myself objectively and can openly express admiration for my own work, because I am modest. I do not hesitate to say that my songs have found their place

in the heart of my land, along with her flowers that are never exhausted, and that the folk of the future, in days of joy or sorrow or festival, will have to sing them. This too is the work of a revolutionist.

The solicitor does not sing to his client, but the bridegroom sings to his bride. And when our soul is stirred by the song, we know it claims no fees from us ; but it brings the tribute of love and a call from the bridegroom.

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

I have donned this new robe to-day because my body feels like singing.

It is not enough that I am given to my love once and for ever but out of that I must fashion new gifts every day ; and shall I not seem a fresh offering, dressed in a new robe ?

My heart, like the evening sky, has its endless passion for colour, and, therefore, I change my veils, which have now the green of the cool young grass and now that of the winter ice.

To-day my robe is tinted with the rain-rimmed blue of the sky. It brings to my limbs the colour of the boundless, the colour of the oversea hills ; and it carries in its folds the delight of summer clouds flying in wind.

The world has kissed my soul with its pain, asking for its return in songs.

One sad voice has its nest among the ruins of the years.

It sings to me in the night,—"I loved you."

(*Tagore*)

SORROW

Through the sadness of all things I hear the crooning of the Eternal Mother.

The world rushes on over the strings of the lingering heart making the music of sadness.

Sorrow is hushed into peace in my heart like the evening among the silent trees.

I hear some rustle of things behind my sadness of heart,—I cannot see them.

The freedom to which we pass through sorrow is greater than the sorrow.

There are sorrows, to forget which is the greatest of sorrow.

Sorrow is an emotion which is not content to exist merely as a certain frame of the mind. It seeks to find an outlet in the performance of some difficult task.

One of the glories of sorrow is that at such a time we become acquainted with many great and good things. We get distressed because we do not know always in how many ways God has given us consolation for our sorrows.

If sorrow comes, it is best to acknowledge it,—when God strikes, we cannot avoid the blow.

I was walking along a path overgrown with grass, when suddenly I heard from someone behind, "See if you know me?"

I turned round and looked at her and said, "I cannot remember your name."

She said, "I am that first great Sorrow whom you met when you were young."

Her eyes looked like a morning whose dew is still in the air.

I stood silent for sometime till I said, "Have you lost all the great burden of your tears?"

She smiled and said nothing. I felt that her tears had had time to learn the language of smiles.

"Once you said," she whispered, "that you would cherish your grief for ever."

I blushed and said, "Yes, but years have passed and I forget."

Then I took her hand in mine and said, "But you have changed."

"What was sorrow once has now become peace," she said. (*Tagore*)

SOUL

How can I, who knows the body to be perishable and the soul to be imperishable, mourn over the separation of body from soul?

The only way to cause rejoicing to the soul of the departed one is to fulfil his most cherished dream in which the spirit of the departed, that is ever-present with us, definitely gives strength to the living, and only when they fulfil that dream of the departed, they prove themselves worthy of the sacred heritage, and will the soul of the departed rejoice.

The soul is neither male nor female, neither young nor old. The attributes belong to the body alone, as both Scripture and experience testify. (*Gandhi*)

The relation of my soul to this beautiful autumn morning, this vast radiance, is one of intimate kinship; all this colour, scent, and music is but the outward expression of our secret communion. This constant communion, whether realized or unrealized, keeps my mind in movement; out of this intercourse between my inner and outer world. I gain such religion, be it much or little, as my capacity allows; and in its light I have to test Scripture before I can make them really my own.

Our teachers in ancient India realized the soul of man as something very great indeed. They saw no

end to its dignity, which found its consummation in *Brahma* Himself. Any limited view of man would, therefore, be an incomplete view. He could not reach his finality as a mere citizen or patriot, for neither City nor Country, nor the bubble called the World, could contain his eternal soul.

It is not easy for soul to meet soul. The tie between one human being and another is a complex thing.

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well.

O thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wealth of beauty, silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance.

There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word.

A machine is distinct enough, but not so life. If to gain distinctness you try to know life as a machine, then such mere distinctness cannot stand for truth. The soul is not as distinct as success, and so you only lose your soul if you seek it in your success.

The soul is greater than success.

What a fearfully lonely thing the soul is !

Every person is worthy of an infinite wealth of love—and beauty of his soul knows no limit.

Bless this little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust, and to hanker after gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of an hundred cross-roads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door, and grasped your hand to ask his way.

He will follow you laughing and talking, and not a doubt in his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him.

Lay your hand on his head, and pray that though the waves underneath grow threatening, yet the breath from above may come and fill his sails and waft him to the heaven of peace.

Forget him not in your hurry, let him come to your heart and bless him.

That which oppresses me, is it my soul trying to come out in the open, or the soul of the world knocking at my heart for its entrance ? (*Tagore*)

SOUL AND STOMACH

How curiously placed are we between the Eternal and the Ephemeral ! Any allusion to the affairs of the stomach sounds so hopelessly discordant when the mind is dwelling on the things of the Spirit,—and yet the soul and the stomach have been living together so long. (*Tagore*)

SOUL-FORCE

Soul-force comes only through God's grace.

Suffering and trust are attributes of soul-force.

Soul-force is a relentless search for truth and a determination to reach truth. *(Gandhi)*

He never displayed his own strength in the least, and yet what great strength lay hidden, without any apparent effort, in the depth of his soul!

No one realizes that there is so great a soul within each of us—the ordinary consciousness is quite blind to that fact. *(Tagore)*

SOUL'S SOLITUDE

The river is so grey and the air dazed with blown sand.

On a morning of dark disquiet, when the birds are mute and their nests shake in the gust, I set alone and ask myself, "Where is she ?"

The days have flown wherein we sat too near each other ; we laughed and jested, and the awe of love's majesty found no words at our meetings.

I made myself small, and she trifled away every moment with pelting talk.

To-day I wish in vain that she were by me, in the gloom of the coming storm, to sit in the soul's solitude. *(Tagore)*

SPEECH

It is contended that it is courage, it is undoubtedly wisdom, to restrain the tongue whilst one is unprepared for action. Mere brave speech without action is letting off useless steam. Speech is necessary for those who are dumb-struck. Restraint is necessary for the garrulous.

Speech without the backing of experience based on action will lack chastity and refinement. *(Gandhi)*

SPIRITS

I never receive communications from the spirits of the dead. I have no evidence warranting a

disbelief in the possibility of such communications. But I do strongly disapprove of the practice of holding or attempting to hold such communications. They are often deceptive and are products of imagination. The practice is harmful both to the medium and the spirits, assuming the possibility of such communications. It attracts and ties to the earth the spirit so invoked whereas its effort should be to detach itself from the earth, and rise higher. A spirit is not necessarily purer because it is disembodied. It takes with it most of the frailties to which it was liable when on earth. Information or advice, therefore, given by it need not be true or sound. That the spirit likes communications with those on earth is no matter for pleasure. On the contrary it should be weaned from such unlawful attachment. So much for the harm done to the spirits.

As for the medium, it is a matter of positive knowledge with me that all those within my experience have been deranged or weak-brained and disabled for practical work whilst they were holding or thought they were holding such communications. I can recall no friend of mine who, having held such communication, had benefited in any way. (*Gandhi*)

SPIRITUAL IDEAL

Life should be simple and clean. We should never believe the simplicity of life might make us suited to the requirements of the society of our time. It is the simplicity of the tuning fork, which is needed all the more because of the intricacy of strings in the instrument. In the morning of your career, Nature needs the pure and the perfect note of a spiritual ideal in order to fit us for the complications of our later years. (*Tagore*)

SPIRITUALISM

We often confuse spiritual knowledge with spiritual attainment. Spirituality is not a matter of

knowing Scriptures and engaging in philosophical discussions. It is a matter of heart-culture, of immeasurable strength. Fearlessness is the first requisite of spirituality. Cowards can never be moral.

I do not believe that an individual may gain spiritually and those who surround him, suffer. I believe in *advaita*. I believe in the essential unity of man and for that matter of all that lives. Therefore, I believe that if one man gains spiritually, the whole world gains with him and if one man falls, the whole world falls to that extent.

Just as this physical purification is necessary for the health of the body, even so spiritual purification is necessary for the health of the soul. In fact the necessity for physical cleanliness is in inverse proportion to the necessity for spiritual cleanliness. That is to say, spiritual cleanliness means automatic physical cleanliness. Have we not heard that a *Yogi's* body emits a fragrant smell ? The 'fragrant' smell means here the absence of bad smell.

The strength of the soul grows in proportion as you subdue the flesh.

Far more indispensable than food for the physical body is spiritual nourishment for the soul. One can do without food for a considerable time, but a man of the spirit cannot exist for a single second without spiritual nourishment. (*Gandhi*)

The religious outlook does not help, and even hinders, the moral and spiritual progress of a people, if morality and spirituality are to be judged by this world's standards, and not by the hereafter.

To a person who is starving, cultural and spiritual progress is highly unlikely; his thoughts will be concentrated on food and how to get it.

Spiritualism with its seances and its so-called manifestations of spirits and the like has always

seemed to me a rather absurd and impertinent way of investigating psychic phenomena and the mysteries of the after-life. Usually it is something worse and is an exploitation of the emotions of some over-credulous people who seek relief or escape from mental trouble. I do not deny the possibility of some of these psychic phenomena having a bias of truth, but the approach appears to me to be all wrong and the conclusions drawn from scraps and odd bits of evidence to be unjustified.

As a man grows to maturity he is not entirely engrossed in or satisfied with the external objective world. He seeks also some inner meaning, some psychological and psychical satisfactions. So also with peoples and civilizations as they mature and grow adult. Every civilization and every people exhibit these parallel streams of an external life and an internal life. Where they meet or keep close to each other, there is an equilibrium and stability. When they diverge, conflict arises and the crises that torture the mind and spirit. (*Nehru*)

SPIRITUALITY

I was born in India and the poison of its spirituality runs in my blood. However loudly I may proclaim the madness of walking in the path of self-abnegation, I cannot avoid it altogether.

We also have lived for centuries, we still live, and we have our aspiration for a reality that has no end to its realization,—a reality that goes beyond death, giving it a meaning, that rises above all evils of life, bringing its peace and purity, its cheerful renunciation of self. The product of this inner life is a living product. It will be needed when the youths returns home weary and dust-laden, when the soldier is wounded, when the wealth is squandered away and pride is humbled, when man's heart cries for truth in the immensity of facts and harmony in the contradiction of tendencies. Its value is not

in its multiplication of materials, but in its spiritual fulfilment. (*Tagore*)

SPIRITUAL LIFE

Humanity, for ages, has been busy with the one great creation of spiritual life. Its best wisdom, its discipline, its literature and art, all the teachings and self-sacrifice of its noblest teachers, have been for this. But the harmony of contrary forces, which give their rhythm to all creation, has not yet been perfected by man in his civilization, and the Creator in him is baffled over and over again. He comes back to his work, however, and makes himself busy, building his world in the midst of desolation and ruins. His history is the history of his aspiration interrupted and renewed. And one truth of which he must be reminded, therefore, is that the power which accomplishes the miracle of creation, by bringing conflicting forces into the harmony of the One, is no passion, but a love which accepts the bonds of self-control from the joy of its own immensity—a love whose sacrifice is the manifestation of its endless wealth within itself. (*Tagore*)

SPITE

Just as a soldier takes pleasure in seeing every bullet fired from his gun kill a man, so a spiteful joy expressed itself in this article because every word wounded a living person. (*Tagore*)

SPORT

What is sport for the gods is not always a joke to us poor mortals. (*Tagore*)

SPRING

Come, Spring, reckless lover of the earth, make the forest's heart pant for utterance !

Come in gusts of disquiet where flowers break open and jostle the new leaves !

Burst, like a rebellion of light, through the night's vigil, through the lake's dark dumbness, through the dungeon under the dust, proclaiming freedom to the shackled seeds !

Like the laughter of lightning, like the shout of a storm, break into the midst of the noisy town ; free stifled word and unconscious effort, reinforce our flagging fight, and conquer death !

Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in full baskets into your courtyard, though some are lost and some not ripe.

For the season grows heavy with its fulness, and there is a plaintive shepherd's pipe in the shade.

Bid me and I shall set sail on the river.

The March wind is fretful, fretting the languid waves into murmurs.

The garden has yielded its all, and in the weary hour of evening the call comes from your house on the shore in the sunset.

Friend, you have come to me like the first sudden breeze of spring. Now my flowers will follow, with all the memories of the past happy years.

Spring, the king of the seasons, touches the flowering woods !

The play of Spring in Nature is the counterpart of the play of Youth in our lives.

When spring comes within, many-coloured short-lived fancies are born and flit about in the mind, ordinarily unnoticed.

Let your unfastened robe wildly flap in the
drunken wind !
Come, my spring, come !

With the breath of spring, all the forests rejoice in their fresh leaves and blossoms. (*Tagore*)

SPRING FLOWERS

The spring flowers have woven my wreath of victory, the South wind breathes its breath of fire in my blood.

The voice of the house-corner wails in vain from behind.

Death stands before me, offering its crown.

The tempest of youth sweeps the sky-harp with its fingers ;

My heart dances in its wild rhythm,
Gathering and storing are not for me,
I spend and scatter.
And prudence and comfort bid me adieu in despair. *(Tagore)*

SQUANDERED LOVE

Would you put your wreath of fresh flowers on my neck, fair one ?

But you must know that the one wreath that I had woven is for the many, for those who are seen in glimpses, or dwell in lands unexplored, or live in poets' songs.

It is too late to ask my heart in return for yours.

There was a time when my life was like a bud, all its perfume was stored in its core.

Now it is squandered far and wide.

Who knows the enchantment that can gather and shut it up again ?

My heart is not mine to give to one only, it is given to the many. *(Tagore)*

SQUIRRELS

The ticking of the clock on my table, and the pattering of the squirrels which scamper in and out

of my room, are in harmony with all other mid-day sounds.

It amuses me to watch these soft, gray and black striped, furry squirrels, with their bushy tails, their twinkling beadlike eyes, their gentle yet busily practical demeanour. Everything eatable has to be put away in the wiregauze cupboard in the corner, safe from these greedy creatures. So sniffing with an irrepressible eagerness, they come nosing round and round the cupboard, trying to find some hole for entrance. If any grain or crumb has been dropped outside they are sure to find it, and taking it between their fore-paws, nibble away with great industry, turning it over and over to adjust it to their mouths. At the least movement of mine up go their tails over their backs and off they run, only to stop short half-way, sit up on their tails on the door-mat, scratching their ears with their hind-paws, and then come back. (*Tagore*)

STABILITY AND MOVEMENT

The principle of stability and the principle of movement, though they depend upon each other for their truth, are, in human affairs apt to lose their balance and come into fierce conflict. Yet these conflicts, as meteorology tells us in the physical plane, have the effect of purifying the atmosphere and restoring its equilibrium. In fact, perfect balance in these opposing forces would lead to deadlock in creation. Life moves in the cadence of constant adjustment of opposites; it is a perpetual process of reconciliation of contradictions. (*Tagore*)

STARS

When the creation was new and all the stars shone in their first splendour, the gods held their assembly in the sky and sang, "Oh, the picture of perfection! The joy unalloyed!

But one cried of a sudden—"It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost."

The golden string of their harp snapped, their song stopped, and they cried in dismay—"Yes, that lost star was the best, she was the glory of all heavens!"

From that day the search is unceasing for her, and the cry goes on from one to the other that in her the world has lost its one joy!

Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—"Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!"

The blessings of the whole country are sure to avert the evil influence of the stars.

Is it not more like the fall of a glowing star whose fiery blazon burst the heavens asunder?

They had watched for ages the rise and fall of countless dynasties, the prayers and efforts of unnumbered centuries;—and yet, at the call of one human heart to another from the fathomless depths of life, those stars and that sky seemed to vibrate with some speechless hankering from the verge of the world!

The stars course freely in their orbits but the astronomer's observatory with all its instruments must needs be firmly fixed on stable foundations.

If I had to steal these stars so carefully stored up in the bosom of the darkness,—then the sky would be blinded, the night widowed for ever.

The earthen lamp can be replenished and lighted again and again, but the star once extinguished is lost for ever.

It seems as though these stars in the sky above us are the gazing of countless eyes we met in all

forgotten ages. It seems as if, through the flowers there came the whisper of those we have forgotten, saying "remember us."

The stars glistened in the sky like tear-drops.
There are numerous stars in the midnight sky.
Which hang in the air for no purpose;
If they would only come down to earth;
For the street lighting they might be useful.

Rockets, your insult to the stars follows yourself back to the earth.

The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies.

God loves man's lamp-lights better than his own great stars.

What is this unseen flame of darkness whose sparks are the stars?

"The learned say that your lights will one day be no more," said the firefly to the stars.

The stars made no answer.

I have my stars in the sky,
But O for my little lamp unlit in my house.

Let me think that there is one among those stars that guides my life through the dark unknown.

(*Tagore*)

STARS AND FLOWERS

I feel that all stars shine in me.
The world breaks into my life like a flood.
The flowers blossom in my body.

All the youthfulness of land and water smokes like an incense in my heart; and the breath of all things play on my thoughts as on a flute.

When the world sleeps I come to your door.
The stars are silent, and I am afraid to sing.

I wait and watch, till your shadow passes by the balcony of night and I return with a full heart.

Then in the morning I sing by the roadside;

The flowers in the hedge give me answer and the morning air listens.

The travellers suddenly stop and look in my face, thinking I have called them by their names.

Keep me at your door ever attending to your wishes, and let me go about in your Kingdom accepting your call.

Let me not sink and disappear in the depth of languor.

Let not my life be worn out to tatters by penury of waste.

Let not those doubts encompass me,—the dust of distractions.

Let me not pursue many paths to gather many things.

Let me not bend my heart to the yoke of the many.

Let me hold my head high in the courage and pride of being your servant. (*Tagore*)

STARS AND MUSIC

In the night the song came to me; but you were not there.

It found the words for which I had been seeking all day. Yes, in the stillness a moment after dark they throbbed into music, even as the stars then began to pulse with light; but you were not there. My hope was to sing it to you in the morning; but try as I might, though the music came, the words hung back, when you were beside me. (*Tagore*)

STARVATION

The King's poor subjects have been practising long to live upon half a meal a day, but they have not yet become experts in complete starvation. It is amazing. (*Tagore*)

STATE

People are the roots, the State is the fruit. If the roots are sweet, the fruits are bound to be sweet.

Submission, therefore, to a State wholly or largely unjust is an immoral barter for liberty. (*Gandhi*)

STATUE

Amidst the rush and roar of life, O Beauty, carved in stone, you stand mute and still, alone and aloof.

Great Time sits enamoured at your feet and murmurs ;

"Speak, speak to me, my love ; speak, my bride!"

But your speech is shut up in stone, O Immovable Beauty ! (*Tagore*)

STEADINESS

Beating the waves won't stop the storm. But hold your rudder steady, and you win. (*Tagore*)

STEP-MOTHER

All family unpleasantness was bound to be put down to the step-mother in Society's code of justice. (*Tagore*)

STORM

Storm of midnight, like a giant child awakened in the untimely dark, has begun to play and shout.

The storm is like the cry of some god in pain whose love the earth refuses. (*Tagore*)

STRANGE LANDS

I spent my day on the scorching hot dust of the road.

Now, in the cool of the evening, I knock at the door of the inn. It is deserted and in ruins.

A grim *ashath* tree spreads its hungry clutching roots through the gaping fissures of the walls.

Days have been when way-farers came here to wash their weary feet.

They spread their mats in the courtyard in the dim light of the early moon, and sat and talked of strange lands.

They woke refreshed in the morning when birds made them glad, and friendly flowers nodded their heads at them from the wayside.

But no lighted lamp awaited me when I came here.

The black smudges of smoke left by many a forgotten evening lamp stare, like blind eyes, from the wall.

Fireflies flit in the bush near the dried-up pond and bamboo branches fling their shadows on the grass-grown path.

I am the guest of no one at the end of my day.

The long night is before me, and I am tired.

It was growing dark when I asked her, "What strange land have I come to?"

She only lowered her eyes, and the water gurgled in the throat of her jar, as she walked away.

The trees hang vaguely over the bank, and the land appears as though it already belonged to the past.

The water is dumb, the bamboos are darkly still, a wristlet tinkles against the water-jar from down the lane.

Row no more, but fasten the boat to this tree,—for I love the look of this land.

The evening star goes down behind the temple dome, and the pallor of the marble landing haunts the dark water.

Belated way-farers sighed; for light from hidden windows is splintered into the darkness by intervening wayside trees and bushes. Still that wristlet

tinkles against the water-jar, and retreating steps rustle from down the lane littered with leaves.

The night deepens, the palace towers loom spectre-like, and the town hums wearily.

Row no more, but fasten the boat to a tree.

Let me seek rest in this strange land; dimly lying under the stars, where darkness tingles with the tinkle of a wristlet knocking against a water-jar. (*Tagore*)

STREAM OF LIFE

The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

I think of other ages that floated upon the stream of life and love and death and are forgotten, and I feel the freedom of passing away. (*Tagore*)

STRENGTH

Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will. (*Gandhi*)

STRENGTH TO SURRENDER

This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy will with love. (*Tagore*)

STRIKES

And what is the meaning of these strikes in the economic world, which like the prickly shrubs in a barren soil shoot up with renewed vigour each time they are cut down ? What, but that the wealth-producing mechanism is incessantly growing into vast stature, out of proportion to all other needs of society,—and the full reality of man is more and more crushed under its weight ? This state of things inevitably gives rise to eternal feuds among the elements freed from the wholeness and wholesomeness of human ideals, and interminable economic war is waged between capital and labour. (*Tagore*)

STRINGS OF EXISTENCE

The overflowing bounty of thy grace comes down from the heaven to seek my soul only, wherein it can contain itself.

The light that is rained from the sun and stars is fulfilled when it reaches my life.

The colour is like sleep that clings to the flower which waits for the touch of mind to be awakened.

The love that tunes the strings of existence breaks out in music when my heart is won. (*Tagore*)

STRUGGLE

A struggle which has to be previously planned is not a righteous struggle. In a righteous struggle God Himself plans, campaigns and conducts battles. *A Dharma-Yuddha* can be waged only in the name of

God, and it is only when a person feels quite helpless, is apparently on his last legs and finds utter darkness all around him, that God comes to the rescue. God helps when one feels oneself humbler than the very dust under one's feet. Only to the weak and helpless is divine succour vouchsafed. (*Gandhi*)

Let be your strugglings and grabbings and fightings ; forget a while, sleep a while.

Providence leaves our life moulded in the rough,—its object being that we overselves should put the finishing touches, shaping it into its final form to our taste. (*Tagore*)

STUDENTS

A student has no business to multiply delicacies and luxuries of opinion.

A student, no matter how wise or old he is, surrenders when he joins a school or a college, the right of rejecting its discipline.

The students' minds must not be caged, nor for that matter those of the teachers.

Students must not take part in party politics. They are students, searchers, not politicians.

I hold it to be quite wrong on the part of students and pupils to take part in political demonstrations and party politics. Such ferment interferes with serious study and unfits students for solid work as future citizens. (*Gandhi*)

STUDY

I've spent all my time reading ; so, I suppose my mind must have become like a printed page. (*Tagore*)

STUPID CHILD

I only said, "When in the evening the round full moon gets entangled among the branches of that *Kadam* tree, couldn't somebody catch it ?"

But *dada* laughed at me and said, "Baby, you are the silliest child I have ever known. The moon is ever so far from us, how could anybody catch it ?"

I said, "*dada*, how foolish you are! When mother looks out of her window and smiles down at us playing, would you call her far away ?"

Still *dada* said, "You are a stupid child! But baby, where could you find a net big enough to catch the moon with ?"

I said, "surely you could catch it with your hands."

But *dada* laughed and said, "You are the silliest child I have known. If it came nearer, you would see how big the moon is."

I said, "*dada*, what nonsense they teach at your school! When mother bends her face down to kiss us, does her face look very big ?"

But still *dada* says, "You are a stupid child."

(*Tagore*)

SUBMISSION

Submission to convention in trivial matters in which there is no danger of deceiving others of oneself is often desirable and even necessary. But submission in matters of religion, especially where there is a positive repugnance from within and a danger of deceiving our neighbours and ourselves, cannot but be debasing.

What is readily yielded to courtesy is never yielded to force. Submission to a courteous request is religion, submission to force is irreligion. (*Gandhi*)

Allah will not forgive you for submitting to such insult without a word of protest.

He who submits to wrong is also a wrong-doer, for it is he who is the cause of all evil in the world. You may not understand me, but remember that religion is not merely being pious, for that simply encourages the evil-doer.

To make others submit is a kind of religion.
(*Tagore*)

SUBSTANCE

The fire assumes different colours according to the fuel used; but we do not discuss the fuel, only the flames. A lyric is indefinably more than the sentiment expressed in it, as a rose is more than its substance. (*Tagore*)

SUCCESS

It is not so easy to see the face of success in this world. (*Tagore*)

SUDRAS

Those who feel pity for the *Sudras* may say that only the *Brahmins* were responsible for placing the former in a degraded condition. But without discussing the merit of such an assertion, it has to be admitted that it would be of real benefit to the *Sudras* to be told that it was they who were responsible for weakly allowing the helpless *Brahmins* to humiliate them.

So let us forget the other party in this concern. Let us blame our own weakness in being obsessed with the idea that we must have some artificial wooden legs of an education of foreign-make simply because we imagine that we have no legs of our own to stand upon. I have heard of a similar case of an unfortunate man who got drowned in shallow water because he imagined that he had gone out of his depth. (*Tagore*)

SUFFERING

Joy comes not out of infliction of pain on others but out of pain voluntarily borne by ourselves.

Suffering is the law of human beings, war is the law of the jungle. But suffering is infinitely more powerful than the law of the jungle for converting

the opponent and opening his ears, which are otherwise shut to the voice of reason.

The appeal of reason is more to the head but the penetration of the heart comes from suffering. It opens up the inner understanding in man.

Suffering cheerfully endured ceases to be suffering and is transmitted into an ineffable joy. The man who flies from suffering is the victim of endless tribulation before it has come to him, and is half-dead when it does come. But one who is cheerfully ready for anything and everything that comes, escapes all pain ; his cheerfulness acts as anaesthetic.

The hardest heart and the grossest ignorance must disappear before the rising sun of suffering, without anger and without malice.

Suffering is the badge of the human race, not the sword. *(Gandhi)*

I can never find fault with those who are ready to face the suffering their actions involve.

The suffering which belongs to all mankind shall be my crown.

Any amount of weeping and wailing over the lesser griefs fails to evoke a charitable response. But when sorrow is deepest there is no stint of effort. Then the surface crust is pierced, and consolation wells up, and all the force of patience and courage are banded together to do their duty. Thus great suffering brings with it the power of great endurance.

One side of man's nature has the desire for pleasure—there is another side which desires self-sacrifice. When the former meets with disappointment, the latter gains strength, and on its thus finding fuller scope a grand enthusiasm fills the soul. So, while we are cowards before petty troubles, great sorrows make us brave by rousing our truer manhood. And in these, therefore, there is a joy.

It is not an empty paradox to say there is joy in sorrow; just as, on the other hand, it is true that there is a dissatisfaction in pleasure. It is not difficult to understand why this should be so.

One who has been able to dedicate all the burdens of life to God never feels it too much to carry another's sorrow.

One has to endure even the torments of hell.

Let us quietly suffer whatever may befall, for there is no disgrace in suffering.

Heaven reserves the hardest trials for the most deserving.

What we accept of our own free-will ceases to be hardship. (*Tagore*)

SUICIDE

The will to live is not irrational. It is also natural. Attachment to life is not a delusion. It is very real. Above all, life has a purpose. To seek to defeat that purpose is a sin. Therefore suicide is very rightly held to be a sin. (*Gandhi*)

SUMMER

The music of the far-away summer flutters around the autumn seeking its former nest. (*Tagore*)

SUN

Has the mid-day sun any companion?

In the days of eclipse, men dare look at the mid-day sun through their broken pieces of glass blackened with soot.

With a mere breath you can blow out the flame which a lamp inherits from the sun, but if all the world blow upon the sun itself its effulgence remains undimmed and unimpaired as before.

All creatures fear an eclipse, not the full sun.

The September sun is spreading the glow of th ripening corn in the air. (*Tagore*

SUN AND MOON

"Moon, for what do you wait ?"

"To salute the sun for whom I must make way.'

(*Tagore*

SUNSET

There is a depth of feeling and breadth of peac in a Bengal sunset behind the trees which fringe th endless solitary fields, spreading away to the horizon

Lovingly, yet sadly withal, does our evening sk bend over and meet the earth in the distance. I casts a mournful light on the earth it leaves behin —a light which gives us a taste of the divine grief c the Eternal Separation ; and eloquent is the silenc which then broods over earth, sky and waters.

As I gaze on in rapt motionlessness, I fall t wondering—if ever this silence should fail to contai itself, if the expression for which this hour has bee seeking from the beginning of time should brea forth, would a profoundly solemn, poignantly movin music rise from earth to starland ?

With a little steadfast concentration of effort w can, for ourselves, translate the grand harmony c light and colour which permeates the Universe int music. We have only to close our eyes and receiv with the ear of the mind the vibration of this eve flowing panorama.

But how often shall I write of these sunsets an sunrises ? I feel their renewed freshness every time yet how am I to attain such renewed freshness i my attempts at expression ?

Do you see that sunset ? It is like a bird of flam spreading its wings of cloud and flying towards tl night. (*Tagor*

SUNSHINE

Thy sunshine smiles upon the winter days of my heart, never doubting of its spring flowers.

The sunshine greets me with a smile.

The rain, his sad sister, talks to my heart. (*Tagore*)

SUPERIORITY

Assumption of superiority by any person over any other is a sin against God and man.

Birth and observance of form cannot determine one's superiority or inferiority. (*Gandhi*)

SUPERSTITION

We of the East, very often, hastily consider that all that our ancestors laid down for us was nothing but a bundle of superstitions; but my own experience, extending now over a fairly long period, of the inestimable treasures of the East has led me to the conclusion that whilst there was much that was superstitious, there is infinitely more which is not only not superstitious, but if we understand it correctly and reduce it to practice, gives life and ennobles one. Let us not, therefore, be blind by the hypnotic dazzle of the West. (*Gandhi*)

In this wretched country it is difficult enough to find auspicious days in the calendar, and if, on top of that, every house-hold is going to consult its own private family records, how is business going to be carried on at all ?

In this country of ours you need not honour God, but if you don't honour all the rules about the month of *Bhadra*, *Aswin* and *Kartik*, and about Thursdays and Saturdays, and all the special phases of the moon, you'll not be allowed in the house !

(*Tagore*)

SUPPORT

To clutch tighter a weakening support only makes it give way the sooner. (*Tagore*)

SUPREME JOY

Our natures are different, but a supreme joy wi make our different natures one. A greater love tha that which binds us to each other will unite us.

(*Tagor*

SURRENDER

Once you yield a pin's point of ground, there no knowing where you will end.

Where one loves, one can follow without agre ing—one can surrender oneself with eyes open.

(*Tagor*

SUSPICION

I believe in trusting. Trust begets trust. Suspicio is foiled and only stinks. He who trusts has neve yet lost in the world. A suspicious man is lost t himself and the world. Let those who have made c non-violence a creed beware of suspecting opponent Suspicion is the brood of violence. Non-violenc cannot but trust. I must, at any rate, refuse t believe anything against anybody, much less again my honoured fellow worker, unless I have absolut proof.

The cankers of suspicion cannot be cured b arguments or explanations. (*Gandh*

Suspicion has no limits. (*Tagor*

SWEET LIPS

Tell me if this be all true, my lover, tell me i this be true.

When these eyes flash their lightning, the dar clouds in your breast make stormy answer.

Is it true that my lips are sweet like the openin bud of the first conscious love ?

Do the memories of vanished months of Ma linger in my limbs ?

Does the earth, like a harp, shiver into song with the touch of my feet ?

Is it then true that the dewdrops fall from the eyes of night when I am seen, and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body round ?

Is it true, is it true, that your love travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me ?

That when you found me at last, your age-long desire found utter peace in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair ?

Is it then true that the mystery of the Infinite is written on this little forehead of mine ?

Tell me, my lover, if all this be true. (*Tagore*)

SWEET PRESENCE

I know not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard and thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.

I know not why to-day my life is all astir, and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.

It is as if the time were come to wind up my work, and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence. (*Tagore*)

SWEET SECRET

No ; it is not yours to open buds into blossoms.

Shake the bud, strike it ; it is beyond your power to make it blossom.

Your touch soils it, you tear its petals to pieces and strew them in the dust.

But no colours appear, and no perfume.

Ah ! it is not for you to open the bud into a blossom.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.

He gives it a glance, and the life-sap stirs throu; its veins.

At his breath the flower spreads its wings aı flutters in the wind.

Colours flush out like heart-longings, the perfun betrays a sweet secret.

He who can open the bud does it so simply.

(*Tagor*

SYMBOLS

When one encounters strange symbols oı shouldn't look despairingly at them and give up ho] of ever being able to decipher them. (*Tagor*

SYMPATHY

What would move others to tears only serves move their empty laughter.

When we find some strings vibrating in unisc with others we know that this sympathy carries in an eternal reality. The fact that the world stirs o imagination in sympathy tells us that this creati imagination is a common truth both in us and in tl heart of existence.

Those who can pursue its course with vigo needs must win through in the end. But the go would not have it that such journey should be eas so they have deputed the siren Sympathy to distra the way-farer, to dim his vision with her tearl mist. (*Tagor*

TACTICS

Tactics must be met by tactics. (*Tagor*

TALES OF LOVE

I boasted among men that I had known yo They see your pictures in all works of mine. Th

come and ask me, "Who is he ?" I know not how to answer them, "Indeed I say, I cannot tell." They blame me and they go away in scorn. And you sit there smiling.

I put my tales of you into lasting songs. The secret gushes out from my heart. They come and ask me, "Tell me all your meanings." I know not how to answer them. I say, "Ah, who knows what they mean !" They smile and go away in utter scorn. And you sit there smiling. (*Tagore*)

TALKING

Talking is easy with three, when it is hard for two. (*Tagore*)

TASTE

One should eat not in order to please the palate, but just to keep the body going. When each organ of sense subserves the body and through the body the soul, its special relish disappears and then alone does it begin to function in the way Nature intended it to do.

A man who wants to control his animal passions easily does so if he controls his palate.

Passion in man is generally co-existent with a hankering after the pleasures of the palate. (*Gandhi*)

He could swallow the powder ; he could not get rid of its taste. (*Tagore*)

TEA

Tea-leaves don't contain enough of the true spiritual essence.

Tea isn't like poetic fancy ; it won't rain down on one of its own volition from the sunset glow in the evening sky. The cups won't fill themselves and come up to you while you sit in a corner of the roof ! I need hardly tell you that !

When the weather is cold I like to drink my tea straight off; the hot tea brings out the sweat and does one good.

Personally, I look on tea as a pretext for drinking a modicum of hot water three or four hours after the mid-day meal, and I find it of benefit to my digestion. If you're not in the habit of drinking tea we can make it specially weak for you. (*Tagore*)

TEACHERS

I have always felt that the true text-book for the pupil is his teacher.

I know that some of the teachers too do not lead pure and clean lives. To them I say that even if they impart all the knowledge in the world to their students but inculcate not truth and purity among them, they will have betrayed them, and instead of raising them set them on the downward road to perdition.

All your scholarship, all your study of the Scriptures will be in vain if you fail to translate their teachings into your daily life.

An imperfect teacher may be tolerable in mundane matters, but not in spiritual matters.

It is for teachers to make attractive and intelligible what to the pupils may at first appear repulsive or uninteresting. (*Gandhi*)

TEARS

Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is absolutely mine own, and when I bring it

to thee as my offering thou rewardest me with thy grace.

A film of tears gathered over his eyes.

He has set flowing in every home the flood of women's tears, may He grant them peace.

Tears like fitful gusts of wind in the rainy night!

There is nothing like a tear or two to soften the heart.

In the fulness of his emotion a mist seemed to becloud his eyes.

Like the oyster's pearls, the child's tears only increased her value.

It is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles in bloom.

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

Woman, thou hast encircled the world's heart with the depth of thy tears as the sea has the earth. *(Tagore)*

TEARS AND LAUGHTER

I hid myself to evade you.

Now that I am caught at last, strike me, see if I flinch.

Finish the game for good.

If you win in the end, strip me of all that I have.

I have had my laughter and songs in wayside booths and stately halls,—now that you have come into my life, make me weep, see if you can break my heart. *(Tagore)*

TEMPLES

Our temples are not meant for show but for expression of humility and simplicity which are typical of a devotional mood.

I do not regard the existence of temples as a si or superstition. Some form of common worship an a common place of worship appears to be a huma necessity. Whether the temples should contai images or not is a matter of temperament and tast I do not regard a Hindu or Roman Catholic plac of worship containing images as necessarily bad o superstitious and a mosque or a Protestant place c worship being good or free from superstition merel because of their exclusion of images. A symbol suc as a Cross or a book may easily become idolatrou and, therefore, superstitious. And the worship o the image of Child Krishna or Virgin Mary ma become ennobling and free of all superstitions. I depends upon the attitude of the heart of th worshipper. (*Gandhi*

Last night in the garden I offered you my youth' foaming wine. You lifted the cup to your lips, yo shut your eyes and smiled while I raised your veil unbound your tresses, drawing down upon m breast your face, sweet with its silence, last nigh when the moon's dream overflowed the world o slumber.

To-day in the dew-cooled calm of the dawn you are walking to God's temple, bathed and robed in white, with a basketful of flowers in your hand. I stand aside in the shade under the tree, with my head bent in the calm of the dawn by the lonely road to the temple.

There stands the temple, cruel and immovable as truth.

The temple door does not open to the worshipper all at once. But little by little its bolts are withdrawn. (*Tagore*)

TEMPTATION

There are some actions from which an escape is a godsend, both for the man who escapes and for

those about him. Man, as soon as he gets back his consciousness of right, is thankful to the Divine mercy for the escape. As we know that a man often succumbs to temptation however much he may resist it, we also know that Providence often intercedes and saves him in spite of himself. How all this happens,—how far a man is free and how far a creature of circumstances,—how far free-will comes into play and where fate enters on the scene—all this is a mystery and will remain mystery. (*Gandhi*)

The temptation which is fatal for the strong is still more so for the weak. (*Tagore*)

TEST

When you venture to test others you get yourself tested likwise. (*Tagore*)

THOUGHTS

I believe in thought-power more than in the power of the word, whether written or spoken.

Control over thought is a long, painful and laborious process. But I am convinced that, no time, no labour and no pain is too much for the glorious result to be reached.

The purity of thought is possible only with a faith in God bordering on definite experience.

Hide not your thoughts. If it is shameful to reveal them, it is more shameful to think of them.

The potency of thought unsuppressed but unembodied is far greater than that of thought embodied, that is, translated into action. And, when the action is brought under due control, it reacts upon, and regulates the thought itself. Thought thus translated into action becomes a prisoner and is brought under subjection.

Always aim at complete harmony of thought and word and deed. Always aim at purifying your

thoughts and everything will be well. There i nothing more potent than thought. Deed follow word and word follows thought. The word is th result of a mighty thought, and where the though is mighty and pure the result is always mighty an pure. *(Gandhi*

The power of thought will make men really diffe rent from the animals. It will be a real power whic will make them stronger than the biggest and fierces animals. You see to-day a little man sit on top of a great big elephant and make him do what he wills. The elephant is big and strong, far stronger than the little *mahaut* sitting on his neck. But the *mahaut* can think, and because he can think he becomes the master and the elephant is his servant. So, as thought grew in man he became cleverer and wiser.

It is easy to admire the beauties of the Universe and to live in a world of thought and imagination. But to try to escape in this way from the unhappiness of others, caring little what happens to them, is no sign of courage or fellow-feeling. Thought, in order to justify itself, must lead to action.

Human thought is ever advancing, ever grappling with and trying to understand the problems of Nature and the Universe, and what I tell you to-day may be wholly insufficient and out-of-date to-morrow. *(Nehru)*

I can't understand you modern people's line of thought.

His thoughts flowed in two currents, one clear and one turbid like the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna.

When we express our thought in words, the medium is not found easily. There must be a process of translation, which is often inexact, and then we fall into error. But black eyes need no translating; the mind itself throws a shadow upon them. In

them thought opens or shuts, shines forth or goes out in darkness, hangs steadfast like the setting moon, or, like the swift and restless lightning illumines all the quarters of the sky.

Let my thoughts come to you, when I am gone, like the afterglow of sunset at the margin of starry silence.

Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me. I am a poet.

These little thoughts are the rustle of leaves; they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

God's silence ripens man's thoughts into speech.

Dear friend, I feel the silence of your great thoughts of many a deepening eventide on this beach when I listen to these waves.

Thought feeds itself with its own words and grows.

My thoughts shimmer with these shimmering leaves and my heart sings with the touch of this sunlight; my life is glad to be floating with all things into the blue of space, into the dark of time.

My sad thoughts tease me asking me their own names.

Thoughts pass in my mind like flocks of ducks in the sky.

I hear the voice of their wings. (*Tagore*)

THRONE

No claim to the throne can stand, neither the king's, nor the people's, if you do not recognize it to be His. A throne is no place for getting puffed up, but for folding the hands in prayer.

The lord's throne needs no stones to give it strength. It is strong in his own splendour. (*Tagore*)

THUNDERBOLT

A thunderbolt is a thunderbolt, even in the hand of a god. (*Tagore*

TIME

Time is a merciless enemy, as it is also a merci less friend and healer. (*Gandhi*

Time itself is Play. Its only object is Pastime.

I do wish to fly with the time to that land o which no one knows anything.

Every moment is of account. Life is not dalliance

Thy miracle needs not time, O Mistress of al time terrible with thy necklace of human skulls..

Time waits for none, but goes on for ever.

In the region of time and space Infinity consists of ever-revolving finitude.

To me, an old man, moment's loss is a week.

Time proceeds by revealing the new on his front; but the men of learning, suppressing that fact, will have it that Time ever carries the burden of the old on his back.

Time is endless in Thy hands, my Lord. There is none to count Thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers. Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a smalll wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and having no timè we must scramble for our chances. We are too poor to be late.

And thus it is time that goes by while I give it to every querulous man who claims it, and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut; but I find that yet there is time.

The privilege of wasting time proves one's wealth of time. We poor drudges are insects in a hole in this solid toil, you are the evening star in the rich sky of leisure.

Time works marvels!

The real scarcity is of time, and not of food. We are all suffering from starvation of time. None of us has enough of it, neither the King nor his people.

Time is the wealth of change, but the clock in its parody makes it mere change and no wealth. (*Tagore*)

TIME AND SPACE

The fact is that here, away from Calcutta, I live in my own inner world; where the clocks do not keep ordinary time; where duration is measured only by the intensity of the feelings; whereas the outside world does not count the minutes, moments change into hours and hours into moments. So it seems to me that the subdivisions of time and space are only mental illusions. Every atom is immeasurable and every moment infinite. (*Tagore*)

TIRED EYES

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening. (*Tagore*)

TOWERS OF WEALTH

The ferry boat plies between the two villages facing each other across the narrow stream.

The water is neither wide nor deep—a mere bre: in the path that enhances the small adventures daily life, like a break in the words of a song acrc which the tune gleefully streams.

While the towers of wealth rise high and cra: to ruin, these villages talk to each other across tl garrulous stream, and the ferry boat plies betwe(them, age after age, from seed-time to harvest.

(*Tagor*

TRAGEDY

The evening stood bewildered among stre lamps, its gold tarnished by the city dust.

A woman, gaudily decked and painted, leaı over the rail of her balcony, a living fire waiting fc its moths.

Suddenly an eddy was formed in the road roun a street-boy crushed under the wheels of a carriag and the woman on the balcony fell to the floc screaming in agony, stricken with the grief of th great white-robed Mother who sits in the world' inner shrine.

We love to feel even fear or sorrow if it i detached from all practical consequences. This i the reason of our enjoyment of tragic dramas, iı which the feeling of pain arouses our consciousnes to a white heat of intensity.

All tragedies result from truth remaining : fragment, its cycle not being completed. That cycl finds its end when the individual realizes th(Universal and thus reaches freedom. (*Tagore*

TRAITORS

He despises his country who interposes anythin between his feet and her sacred soil. (*Tagore*

TRANSLATION

Man cannot reach the shrine if he does not make the pilgrimage. So, one must not hope to find

anything true from my own language in translation.
(*Tagore*)

TRAVELLERS

A traveller in a desert can hear the gurgle of water without knowing from which direction it is coming, hesitating to move a step, for the fear of taking a wrong path and going further away from the spring.

Travellers need lamps more than folks who stay at home.

The modern age has brought the geography of the earth near to us, but made it difficult for us to come into touch with man. We go to strange lands and observe; we do not live there. We hardly meet men, but only specimens of knowledge. We are in a haste to seek for general types and overlook individuals.

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wilderness of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, "Here art Thou !"

The question and the cry, "Oh, where ?", melt into tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world with the flood of the assurance, "I am !"

With a laugh and a song in my heart I have le all sorrow and grief far behind me: Oh, I roam ar wander through woods and fields and namele lands—never caring to turn my vagabond's back!

It is not always a profound interest in man tha carries travellers now-a-days to distant lands. Mo often it is the facility for rapid movement. For lac of time and for the sake of convenience we generaliz and crush our human facts into the packages withi the steel trunks that hold our travellers' reports.

I am like a traveller come to a strange city a midnight.

Domes and towers and garden-trees look vagu and shadowy, and the dull moon of the sea come fitfully through the silence of sleep. Wistfully h waits for the morning to reveal to him all the strang wonders.

Thou wilt find, Eternal Traveller, marks of th footsteps across my songs.

Cheerless is the day, the light under frownin clouds is like a punished child with traces of tear on its pale cheeks, and the cry of the wind is like th cry of a wounded world. But I know I am travellin to meet my Friend.

I sit at my window this morning where the worl like a passer-by stops for a moment, nods to me an goes.

Thou hast led me through my crowded travels o the day to my evening's loneliness.

I wait for its meaning through the stillness of th night.

When I travelled to here and to there, I wa tired of thee, O Road, but now when thou leades me to everywhere I am wedded to thee in love.

When the lamp went out by my bed I woke up with the early birds.

I sat at my open window with a fresh wreath on my loose hair.

The young traveller came along the road in the rosy mist of the morning.

A pearl chain was on his neck, and the sun's rays fell on his crown. He stopped before my door and asked me with an eager cry, "Where is she ?"

For very shame I could not say, "She is I, young traveller, she is I."

It was dusk and the lamp was not lit.

I was listlessly braiding my hair.

The young traveller came on his chariot in the glow of the setting sun.

His horses were foaming at the mouth, and there was dust on his garment.

He alighted at my door and asked in a tired voice, "Where is she ?"

For very shame I could not say, "She is I, weary traveller, she is I."

It is an April night. The lamp is burning in my room.

The breeze of the south comes gently. The noisy parrot sleeps in its cage.

My bodice is of the colour of the peacock's throat, and my mantle is green as young grass.

I sit upon the floor at the window watching the deserted street.

Through the dark night I keep humming, "She is I, despairing traveller, she is I." (*Tagore*)

TREES

The trembling leaves of this tree touch my heart like the fingers of an infant child.

The trees, like the longings of the earth, stan a-tiptoe to peep at the heaven.

The trees come up to my window like the year ing voice of the dumb earth.

Be still, my heart, these great trees are prayers.

Roots are the branches down in the earth.
Branches are roots in the air.

O, you shaggy-headed banyan tree standing c the bank of the pond, have you forgotten the litt child, like the birds that have nested in your branch and left you ?

Do you not remember how he sat at the windo and wondered at the tangle of your roots th plunged underground ?

The women would come to fill their jars in t pond, and your huge black shadow would wrigg on the water like sleep struggling to wake up.

Sunlight danced on the ripples like restless ti shuttles weaving golden tapestry.

Two ducks swam by the weedy margin abo their shadows, and the child would sit still and thin

He longed to be the wind and blow through yo rustling branches, to be your shadow and length with the day on the water, to be a bird and per on your topmost twig, and to float like those duc among the weeds and shadows.

The birth and death of the leaves are the raj whirls of the eddy whose wider circles move slow among stars. *(Tago*

TREMBLING LIPS

I try to weave a wreath all the morning, but t flowers slip and they drop out.

You sit there watching me in secret through t corner of your prying eyes.

Ask those eyes, darkly planning mischief, whose fault it was.

I try to sing a song, but in vain.

A hidden smile trembles on your lips ; ask of it the reason of my failure.

Let your smiling lips say on oath how my voice lost itself in silence like a drunken bee in the lotus.

It is evening, and the time for the flowers to close their petals.

Give me leave to sit by your side, and bid my lips to do the work that can be done in silence and in the dim light of stars. (*Tagore*)

TRIAL

Trial tests a person. (*Tagore*)

TRIFLES

It is curious how sometimes a relatively minor event impresses one more than a major happening. Trivial words or gestures are apt to reveal in individual far more than his studied poses and utterances.

Little things make a difference psychologically. (*Nehru*)

TRUE BEING

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around ; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day, I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name ; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being. (*Tagore*)

TRUST

To trust is a virtue. It is weakness that begets distrust.

My trust is solely in God. And I trust men onl because I trust God. If I had no God to rely upoı I should be like Timon, a hater of my species. (*Gandh*

You may have trusted him, but that does nc prevent his being a thief.

Only those who are trustworthy know how t trust. (*Tagor*

TRUST IN LOVE

"Trust love even if it brings sorrow. Do nc close up your heart."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, cannot understand them."

"The heart is only for giving away with a tea and a song, my love."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, cannot understand them."

"Pleasure is frail like a dewdrop, while it laugh it dies. But sorrow is strong and abiding. Le sorrowful love wake in your eyes."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, cannot understand them."

"The lotus blooms in the sight of the sun, an loses all that it has. It would not remain in bud i the eternal winter mist."

"Ah, no, my friend, your words are dark, cannot understand them."

Let this be my last word, that I trust in th love. (*Tagor*

TRUTH

Truth is like a vast tree, which yields more an more fruit the more you nurture it. The deeper th search in the mine of truth, the richer the discover of the gems buried there in the shape of opening for an ever greater variety of service.

The seeker after truth should be humbler than the dust. The world crushes the dust under its feet, but the seeker after truth should be so humble himself that even the dust could crush him. Only then, and not till then, will we have a glimpse of Truth.

All the religions of the world, while they may differ in other respects, unitedly proclaim that nothing lives in this world but Truth. (*Gandhi*)

Truth, as ultimate reality, if such there is, must be eternal, imperishable, unchanging. But that infinite, eternal and unchanging truth cannot be apprehended in its fulness by the finite mind of man which can only grasp, at most, some small aspect of it limited by time and space, and by the state of development of that mind and the prevailing ideology of the period.

It is better to understand a part of truth and apply it to our lives, than to understand nothing at all and flounder helplessly in a vain attempt to pierce the mystery of existence.

A partial truth is sometimes more dangerous than falsehood, a truth that had had its day blinds one to the reality of the present. (*Nehru*)

The stream of truth flows through its channels of mistakes.

Truth raises against itself the storm that scatters its seeds broadcast.

Truth seems to come with its final word ; and the final word gives birth to its next.

The water in a vessel is sparkling ; the water in the sea is dark.

The small truth has words that are clear ; the great truth has great silence.

To be outspoken is easy when you do not wait to speak the complete truth.

Truth in her dress finds fact too tight.
In fiction she moves with ease.

Truth consists, not in facts, but in harmony facts. Of this fundamental note of reality it is th the poet has said, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty".

One can't measure truth by world's values. Lig is golden, but can it be weighed with gold ?

How can they who do not feel the truth with them, realize that to bring it out from its obscuri into the light is man's highest aim,—not to keep c heaping material outside ?

Truth cannot be banished.

All truths must be tested in Death's court.

Truth and falsehood mingle in life—and to wh God builds man adds his own decoration. On those were pure truths which were sung by the poe

Through the blows inflicted by the liberty of th individual we can know for certain what is everlas ing truth, and what is transitory fancy. The welfa of society depends upon our knowing this or at lea attempting to do so.

Men of science tell us that truth, unlike beaut and goodness, is independent of our consciousnes They explain to us how the belief that truth is inde pendent of the human mind is a mystical belie natural to man but at the same time inexplicabl But may not the explanation be this, that ideal trut does not depend upon the individual mind of man but on the universal mind which comprehends th individual? For, to say that truth, as we see it exists apart from humanity is really to contradic science itself; because science can only organize int rational concepts those facts, which man can kno and understand, and logic is a machinery of thinkin created by the mechanic man.

Gladness is the one criterion of truth, and w know when we have touched Truth by the music i

gives, by the joy of greeting it sends forth to the truth in us. That is the true foundation of all religions.

Truth looks tawdry when she is overdressed.

To despair of humanity is only possible if we lose faith in truth which brings to it strength, when its defeat is greatest and calls out new life from the depth of its destruction.

Truth cannot be tested except by opposition and obstacles. The testing of truth has not been carried out once and for all by a group of learned men in some past age ; truth has to be discovered anew through the blows and opposition it encounters from the people of every age.

To keep anything back in the attempt to make it comprehensible to another's intelligence would be to distort the truth.

I must speak the truth even about falsehood.

We must undergo some test as to whether we accept truth genuinely or not. Its consequences and penalties must be accepted. In the commerce of truth you cannot obtain the jewel and avoid the price.

The truth we must build up will require a great deal of untruth in the process. Those who have made their way in the world have created truth, not blindly followed it.

Save me truth ! Never again let me hanker after the false paradise of illusion.

We really realize how false for us is that which we hear from other lips, or keep repeating with our own, while all the time the temple of our Truth is building within us, brick by brick, day after day. We fail to understand the mystery of this eternal building when we view our joys and sorrows apart by themselves, in the midst of fleeting time ; just as a sentence

becomes unintelligible if one has to spell throug
every word of it.

That which transcends country, which is great
than country, can only reveal itself through one
country. God has manifested His one eternal natu
in just such a variety of forms. But those who sa
that Truth is one, and, therefore, that only one for
of religion is true, accept only this truth, namely th
truth is one, but omit to acknowledge the truth th
Truth is limitless. The limitless One manifests itse
in the limitless Many. I can assure you that throug
the open sky of India you will be able to see th
sun—therefore there is no need to cross the ocea
and sit at the window of a Christian church.

Deliver us from all that is untrue and let th
True shed its pure radiance over our lives.

Men who die for the truth become immortal an
if a whole people can die for the Truth, it will als
achieve immortality in the history of humanity.

When we obtain what is true, then our soul get
satisfaction even in its incompleteness, and imper
fections—we do not even wish to dress it up i
materials which are false.

Stainless, empty truth.

One must give up all claims based on conven
tional rights, if one would find a person freel
revealed in truth.

The world is full of voices, and where you clos
your ears to truth, there strikes the arrow of death.

If we can't put up with truth from without, we
shall have to put up with falsehood from within.

The simple and assured peace clothes the thought
and word and deed of those who are the bearers of
truth.

Is not the truth greater than any number of false
words ? Merely because I have repeated the same

mistake many times, is the mistake to prevail ?

(*Tagore*)

TRUTH AND RELIGION

Your truth and your religion is not merely the opinion or sayings of a few persons ; it is united by countless threads with those all around you—you cannot root it up at will and plant it in a pot if you want to keep it bright and vigorous with life ; if you want to raise it to full usefulness you will have to take your seat in the place which has been determined for you by the people of your country, long before you were born. You must never say, "I am nobody to them, and they are nobody to me." If you speak so, then the truth of your religion and all your strength will vanish like a shadow. I can assure you that if your opinions draw you away from the place to which God has sent you, no matter where it may be, then your opinions will never be victorious.

(*Tagore*)

TRUTH AND SUCCESS

Man's chief business is the accumulation of outside material. Those who are masters in the art, advertise the biggest lies in their business, enter false accounts in their political ledgers with their broadest-pointed pens, launch their "newspapers" daily laden with untruths, and send preachers abroad to disseminate falsehood like flies carrying pestilential germs. I am an humble follower of these great ones. When I was attached to the Congress party I never hesitated to dilute ten per cent of truth with ninety per cent of untruth. And now, merely because I have ceased to belong to that party, I have not forgotten the basic fact that man's goal is not truth but success. (*Tagore*)

TULSI PLANT

If people came to know where my king's palace is, it would vanish into the air.

The walls are of white silver and the roof of shining gold.

Tulsi Plant

The queen lives in a palace with seven courtyar and she wears a jewel that cost all the wealth seven kingdoms.

But let me tell you, mother, in a whisper, whe my king's palace is.

It is at the corner of our terrace where the pot the *tulsi* plant stands.

The princess lies sleeping on the far-away sho of the seven impassable seas.

There is none in the world who can find her b myself.

She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops her ears; her hair sweeps down upon the floor.

She will wake when I touch her with my mag wand, and jewels will fall from her lips when sh smiles.

But let me whisper in your ear, mother, she i there in the corner of our terrace where the pot c the *tulsi* plant stands.

When it is time for you to go to the river fo your bath, step up to that terrace on the roof.

I sit in the corner where the shadows of the wall meet together.

Only puss is allowed to come with me, for sh knows where the barber in the story lives.

But let me whisper, mother, in your ear wher the barber in the story lives.

It is in the corner of the terrace where the pot o *tulsi* plant stands. (*Tagore*)

TWELVE O'CLOCK

Mother, I do want to leave off my lessons now. I have been at my book all the morning.

You say it is only twelve o'clock. Suppose it isn't any later ; can't you ever think it is afternoon when it is only twelve o'clock ?

I can easily imagine now that the sun has reached the edge of that rice-field, and the old fisher-woman is gathering herbs for her supper by the side of the pond.

I can just shut my eyes and think that the shadows are growing darker under the *madar* tree, and the water in the pond looks shiny black.

If twelve o'clock can come in the night, why can't the night come when it is twelve o'clock ? (*Tagore*)

TWO SISTERS

When the two sisters go to fetch water, they come to this spot and they smile.

They must be aware of somebody who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

The two sisters whisper to each other when they pass this spot.

They must have guessed the secret of that somebody who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

Their pitchers lurch suddenly, and water spills when they reach this spot.

They must have found out that somebody's heart is beating who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water.

The two sisters glance at each other when they come to this spot, and they smile.

There is a laughter in their swift-stepping feet, which makes confusion in somebody's mind who stands behind the trees whenever they go to fetch water. (*Tagore*)

TYRANNY

To tyrannize for the country is to tyrannize o the country.

How much more terrible was man's tyranny o man than all the other cruelties in the world, a how vast and intolerable it had become with combined power of Society and the Governm behind it. *(Tago*

UNDERSTANDING

There are certain things that only people of certain age can understand.

At certain ages one does not need to understa everything. *(Tago.*

UNHOLY GREED

When it was day they came into my house a said, "We shall only take the smallest room here.

They said, "We shall help you in the worship your God and humbly accept only our own share His grace"; and then they took their seat in a corr and they sat quiet and meek.

But in the darkness of night I find they bre into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, ar snatch with unholy greed the offerings from Goc altar. *(Tagor*

UNITY

Unity to be real must stand the severest stra without breaking. *(Gandh*

Unity is always better than disunity, but a enforced unity is a sham and dangerous affair, fu of explosive possibilities. Unity must be of the mir and heart, a sense of belonging together and facing together those who attack it. *(Nehr*

Two rivers on their way to the ocean unite.

It is political and commercial egoism which is the evil harbinger of war. By different combinations it changes its shape and dimensions, but not its nature. This egoism is still held sacred, and made a religion; and such a religion, by a mere change of temple, and by new committees of priests, will never save mankind. We must know, as, through science and commerce, the realization of the unity of the material world gives us power, so the realization of the great spiritual unity of man alone can give us peace. (*Tagore*)

UNIVERSE

The pet dog suspects the Universe for scheming to take its place. (*Tagore*)

VALOUR

He who perishes sword in hand is no doubt brave; but who faces death without raising his little finger and without flinching is braver.

If it is brave, as it is, to die to a man fighting against odds, it is braver still to refuse to fight and yet refuse to yield to the usurper.

Let us all be brave enough to die the death of a martyr, but let no one lust for martyrdom.

The brave meet death with a smile on their lips, but they are circumspect all the same.

Bravery is not a quality of the body, it is of the soul. I have seen cowards encased in tough muscle, and rare courage in the frailest body.

There is no bravery greater than a resolute refusal to bend the knee to an earthly power, no matter how great, and without bitterness of spirit and in the fulness of faith that the spirit alone lives, nothing else does. (*Gandhi*)

VANITY

All those great preparation for enjoyment are but vanity.

The world is vanity, and if of pleasure it has nc pain also is a delusion. *(Tag*

VARIETY

Variety is worth cherishing up to a certain li but if the limit is exceeded, amenities and custc masquerading under the name of variety are s versive of nationalism. *(Gan*

God has created many kinds of men, but He d not intend them all to tread the same path. *(Tag*

VEDANTA

The *Vedanta* system, which, arising out of *Upanishads*, developed and took many shapes a forms, but was always based on a monistic philosop of the Universe. The *purusha* and *prakriti* of *Samkhya* are not considered as independent su stances but as modifications of a single reality— Absolute. On the foundation of the early *Vedan* *Shankara* (or *Shankaracharya*) built a system whicl called the *Advaita Vedanta* or non-dualist *Vedan* It is this philosophy which represents the domina philosophic outlook of Hinduism to-day.

It is based on pure monism, the only ultim reality in the metaphysical sense being the *Atm* the Absolute Soul. That is the subject, all else objective.

The *Vedanta* ideal was of the solidarity of man a his inborn divine nature; to see God in man is the r God-vision; man is the greatest of all beings. *(Neh*

The *Vedanta* seems to help many to free their mir from all doubt as to the Universe and its First Cau but my doubts remain undispelled. It is true that t *Vedanta* is simpler than most other theories. T problem of Creation and its Creator is more compl than appears at first sight; but the *Vedanta* has ce tainly simplified it half way, by cutting the Gordi knot and leaving out Creation altogether. *(Tago*

VEDAS

What were the Aryans like? We can find out a lot about them from the books they wrote. Some of these books, like the *Vedas,* are perhaps the oldest books in the world. Probably they were not written down to begin with. They were learnt by heart and recited and chanted to others. They are written in such beautiful Sanskrit that you can almost sing them. Even now it is a pleasure to hear a man with good voice, who knows Sanskrit, recite the *Vedas.* The *Vedas* are considered very holy books by Hindus. But what does the word *Vedas* mean? It means knowledge. And the *Vedas* contained the knowledge which the wise men of those days, called *rishis* and *munis*, had gathered. They did not have railways and telegraphs and cinemas in those days. But that does not mean that they were ignorant. Some people think that the wise men of old were wiser than any to-day. But whether they were wiser or not they wrote wonderful books which even to-day are greatly admired. This itself shows how great these men of the olden days must have been. As I have said, these *Vedas* were not at first written. They were remembered and were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. They must have had wonderful memories in those days. How many of us can learn by heart whole books?

Those days when the *Vedas* were written are called the Vedic period. The first *Veda* is the *Rig Veda.* It is full of hymns and songs which the old Aryans used to sing. They must have been a very light-hearted people, not morose and gloomy but full of joy and adventure. And in their joy they made beautiful songs and sang them out to the gods they worshipped.

Many Hindus look upon the *Vedas* as revealed Scripture. This seems to me to be peculiarly unfortunate for thus we miss their real significance—the

unfolding of the human mind in the earliest sta; of thought. And what a wonderful mind it w The *Vedas* (from the root *vid*, to know) were sim meant to be a collection of the existing knowlec of the day; they are a jumble of many thin; hymns, prayers, ritual for sacrifice, magic a magnificent nature poetry. There is no idolatry them; no temples for the gods. The vitality a affirmation of life pervading them are extra-ordina The early Vedic Aryans were so full of the zest life that they paid little attention to the soul. Ir vague way they believed in some kind of existei after death.

The *Rig Veda*, the first of the *Vedas*, is proba the earliest book that humanity possesses. In it can find the first outpourings of the human mi the glow of poetry, the rapture at nature's lovelin and mystery.

Yet behind the *Rig Veda* itself lay ages of civili existence and though, during which the Indus Val and the Mesopotamian and other civilizations h grown. It is appropriate, therefore, that there sho be this dedication in the *Rig Veda*: 'To the *See* our Ancestors, the First Path-finders!' (*Neh*

VEGETABLES

Vegatable-juice is a magnificent tonic. It's finest stimulant imaginable for a brain-worker.

(*Tago*

VEGETARIANISM

I do not regard flesh-food as necessary for us any stage and under any clime in which it is possi for human beings ordinarily to live. I hold fle food to be unsuited to our species. We err in copyi the lower animal world if we are superior to Experience teaches that animal food is unsuited those who would curb their passions.

It is wrong to over-estimate the importance food in the formation of character or in subjugati

the flesh. Diet is a powerful factor not to be neglected. But to sum up all religion in terms of diet, as is often done in India, is as wrong as it is to disregard all restraint in regard to diet and to give full reins to one's appetite.

Vegetarianism is one of the priceless gifts of Hinduism. It may not be lightly given up. It is necessary, therefore, to correct the error that vegetarianism has made us weak in mind or body or passive or inert in action. The greatest Hindu reformers have been most active in their generation and they have invariably been vegetarians. (*Gandhi*)

VEIL OF DARKNESS

If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if the wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed the petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveller, whose sack of provisions is empty before the voyage is ended, whose garment is torn and dustladen, whose strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty, and renew his life like a flower under the cover of thy kindly night. (*Tagore*)

VERNACULAR LANGUAGES

Unless higher education is given in the vernacular languages, how are text-books to come into existence ? We cannot very well expect a mint to go on working if the coins are refused circulation. (*Tagore*)

VICE

A man who broods on evil is as bad as a man who does evil if he is no worse.

It is easier for the average man to run away from evil than to remain in it and still remain unaffected by it. Many men can shun grog-shops and remain teetotallers, but not many can remain in these pestilential places and avoid the contagion.

Vice pays a homage to virtue, and sometimes
way it chooses is to expect virtue, not to fall from
pedestal even whilst vice is rampant round about.

Crime and vice generally require darkness
prowling. They disappear when light plays up
them. (*Gana*

VICE AND VIRTUE

What from one point of view might be regarc
as a fault from another might be regarded a
virtue. (*Tago*

VICTORY

Train a troop of tigers and by placing them
the front line of battle, between one's own army a
the enemy, make victory certain.

Victory to thee, victory for ever,
O brave heart.
Victory to life, to joy, to love,
To eternal light. (*Tago*

VIRTUE

The world, though not itself virtuous, pays
unconscious homage to virtue.

We should cease to grow the moment we ce
to discriminate between virtue and vice. (*Gana*

The person who talks most of his own virtue
often the least virtuous.

Well, goodness shows itself, it does not requ
extolling by the persons concerned. (*Neh*

The world is welcome to the few really go
people it may contain.

I cannot agree that all that is natural is good.

If I were really good at heart I could afford
make a show of being bad. The full moon c

afford to show her shadows. But what if the moonless night were to cover itself in cloud ?

Goodness represents the detachment of our Spirit from the exclusiveness of our egoism ; in goodness we identify ourselves with the universal humanity. Its value is not merely in some benefit for our fellow-beings, but in its truth itself through which we realize within us that man is not merely an animal, bound by his individual passions and appetites, but a Spirit that has its unfettered perfection. Goodness is the freedom of our self in the world of man, as is love. We have to be true within, not for worldly duties, but for that spiritual fulfilment, which is in harmony with the Perfect, in union with the Eternal. If this were not true, than mechanical perfection would be considered to be of higher value than the spiritual. In order to realize his unity with the universal, the Individual man must live his perfect life which alone gives him the freedom to transcend it.

(*Tagore*)

VISION

I hunt for the golden stag.

You may smile, my friends, but I pursue the vision that eludes me.

I run across hills and dales, I wander through nameless lands, because I am hunting for the golden stag.

You come and buy in the market and go back to your homes laden with goods, but the spell of the homeless winds has touched me I know not when and where.

I have no care in my heart ; all my belongings I have left far behind me.

I run across hills and dales, I wander through nameless lands—because I am hunting for the golden stag.

We have our eyes, which relate to us the vi:
of the physical Universe. We have also an ir
faculty of our own which helps us to find our relati
ship with the supreme self of man, the Univ
of personality. This faculty is our luminous im
nation, which in its higher stage is special to m
It offers us that vision of wholeness which for
biological necessity of physical survival is su
fluous ; its purpose is to arouse in us the sense
perfection which is our true sense of immortal
For perfection dwells ideally in Man, the Eter
inspiring love for this ideal in the individual, urg
him more and more to realize it.

My sight is clouded over like an opium-eat
eyes. *(Tag*

VISITS

If you really think one shouldn't pay calls un
one is worth seeing, many of us would have to sp
our days in solitude. *(Tag*

VISVABHARATI UNIVERSITY

This institution should be a perpetual creat
by the co-operative enthusiasm of teachers a
students, growing with the growth of their soul
world in itself, self-sustaining, independent, rich w
ever-renewing life, radiating life across space a
time, attracting and maintaining round it a planet
system of dependent bodies. Its aim should lie
imparting life-breath to the complete man, who
intellectual as well as economic, bound by soc
bonds, but aspiring towards spiritual freedom a
final perfection. *(Tago*

VOCATION

When the gong sounds ten in the morning a
I walk to school by our lane.

Every day I meet the hawker crying, "Bangl
crystal bangles !"

There is nothing to hurry him on, there is no road he must take, no place he must go to, no time when he must come home.

I wish I were a hawker, spending my day in the road, crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles !"

When at four in the afternoon I come back from the school.

I can see through the gate of that house the gardner digging the ground.

He does what he likes with his spade, he soils his clothes with dust, nobody takes him to task if he gets baked in the sun or gets wet.

I wish I were a gardener digging away at the garden with nobody to stop me from digging.

Just as it gets dark in the evening and my mother sends me to bed.

I can see through my open window the watchman walking up and down.

The lane is dark and lonely, and the street-lamp stands like a giant with one red eye in its head.

The watchman swings his lantern and walks with his shadow at his side, and never once goes to bed in his life.

I wish I were a watchman walking the streets all night, chasing the shadows with my lantern. (*Tagore*)

VOICE

Your voice, my friend, wanders in my heart, like the muffled sound of the sea among these listening pines. (*Tagore*)

VOLUNTEERS

The difference between a voluntary worker and a hireling lies in the fact that whereas a hireling gives his service to whosoever pays his price, a national voluntary worker gives his service only to the nation

for the cause he believes in and he serves it e
though he might have to starve. (*Gan*

VOWS

Personally I hold that a man, who delibera
and intelligently takes a pledge and then breaks
forfeits his manhood. And just as a copper c
treated with mercury not only becomes valuel
when found out but also makes its owner liable
punishment, in the same way a man who ligh
pledges his word and then breaks it becomes a m
of straw and fits himself for punishment here as v
as hereafter.

A vow is fixed and unalterable determination
do a thing, when such a determination is related
something noble which can only uplift the man w
makes the resolve. A vow is to all other indiffer
resolves what a right angle is to all other angl
And just as a right angle gives an invisible a
correct measure, so does a man of vows, righ
followed, gives of himself an unvariable and corr
measure.

Your capacity to keep your vow will depend
the purity of your life. A gambler or a drunkard,
a dissolute character can never keep a vow. (*Gand*

You have dissolved my vow even as the mo
dissolves the night's vow of obscurity. (*Tago*

WAITING

On this side of the water there is no landing; t
girls do not come here to fetch water; the land alo
its edge is shaggy with stunted shrubs; a noisy flo
of *saliks* dig their nests in the steep bank unc
whose frown the fisher-boats find no shelter.

You sit there on the unfrequented grass, and t
morning wears on. Tell me what you do on tl
bank so dry that it is agape with cracks?

She looks in my face and says, "Nothing, nothing whatsoever."

On this side of the river the bank is deserted, and no cattle come to water. Only some stray goats from the village browse the scanty grass all day, and the solitary water-hawk watches from an uprooted *peepal* aslant over the mud.

You sit there alone in the miserly shade of a *shimool*, and the morning wears on.

Tell me, for whom do you wait ?

She looks in my face and says, "No one, no one at all !" (*Tagore*)

WANDERING YOUTH

Why did he choose to come to my door, the wandering youth, when the day dawned ?

As I come in and out I pass by him every time, and my eyes are caught by his face.

I know not if I should speak to him or keep silent. Why did he choose to come to my door ?

The cloudy nights in July are dark ; the sky is soft blue in the autumn; the spring days are restless with the south wind.

He weaves his songs with fresh tunes every time.

I turn from my work and my eyes fill with the mist. Why did he choose to come to my door ? (*Tagore*)

WANT AND WEALTH

The world is yours at once and for ever.

And because you have no want, my king, you have no pleasure in your wealth.

It is as though it were naught.

Therefore, through slow time you give me what is yours, and ceaselessly win your kingdom in me.

Day after day you buy your sunrise from n heart, and you find your love carven into the ima; of my life. (*Tagor*

WANTS

A certain degree of physical harmony and con fort is necessary, but above a certain level it becom a hindrance instead of help. Therefore the ideal creating an unlimited number of wants and satisfyir them seems to be a delusion and a snare. The sati faction of one's physical needs, even the intellectu needs of one's narrow self, must meet at a certai point a dead stop before it degenerates into physic and intellectual voluptuousness. A man mu arrange his physical and cultural circumstances s that they do not hinder him in his service of hum nity, on which all his energies should be concer trated. (*Gandh*

Our needs have multiplied so furiously fast th we have lost our leisure for the deeper realizatio of our self and our faith in it. It means that w have lost our religion, the longing for the touch c the divine in man, the builder of the heaven, th music-maker, the dreamer of dreams.

There is a lower unit of measure for the trial and troubles of the "lower classes". Want is, o course, a permanent feature of their lives, but doe not necessarily mean 'want' to them. Their ver smallness protects them, as the banks protect th pool; by widening bounds only the slime is exposed

These lesser wants form a part of the wants of th great Cause,—the horse must be fed and the wheel must be oiled if the best progress is to be made.

Our needs are always in a hurry. They rusl and hustle, they are rude and unceremonious; the have no surplus of leisure, no patience for anythin else but fulfilment of purpose. We frequently se in our country at the present day men utilizin

empty kerosene cans for carrying water. These cans are emblems of discourtesy; they are curt and abrupt, they have not the least shame for their unmannerliness, they do not care to be ever so slightly more than useful. (*Tagore*)

WAR

It was always the poor grass that suffered most when two kings went to war.

Once a war is started, rightly or wrongly, it is our man's pride that must carry it on to the end. (*Tagore*)

WARRIORS

A warrior loves to die, not on the sick-bed, but on the battlefield. (*Gandhi*)

When the warriors came out first from their master's hall where had they hid their power? Where were their armour and their arms?

They looked poor and helpless, and the arrows were showered upon them on the day they came out from their master's hall.

When the warriors marched back again to their master's hall, where did they hide their power?

They had dropped the sword and dropped the bow and the arrow; peace was on their foreheads, and they had left the fruits of their life behind them on the day they marched back again to their master's hall. (*Tagore*)

WATER

All water is clean and holy that cools our heat and satisfies our thirst. (*Tagore*)

WATERFALL

A lake cannot run out dancing, like a frolicsome waterfall.

The waterfall sings, "I find my song, when find my freedom."

"I give my whole water in joy," sings the wate fall, "though little of it is enough for the thirsty."

(*Tagor*

WAVES

My day is done, and I am like a boat drawn o the beach, listening to the dance-music of the tid in the evening.

Like the meeting of the seagulls and the wave we meet and come near. The seagulls fly off, th waves roll away and we depart.

"I cannot keep your waves," says the bank t the river.

"Let me keep your footprints in my heart."

(*Tagore*

WAYS AND MEANS

Ways and means are never of very exalted order— roads and stairs and so forth are always to b trodden under our feet. (*Tagore*

WEAKNESS

The weak are in the majority. They are continually poisoning the ears of men by repeating these shibboleths. Nature has denied them strength,—it is thus that they try to enfeeble others.

We women are weak. So I suppose we must join in the conspiracy of the weak.

Where the strong man shows weakness, there the weaker sex cannot help beating her drums of victory.

How irresistible is the force of personal desire in weakening man's character, how one has to pardon man's weakness, but when that weakness affects not only one's own life but the lives of hundreds of others and shatters into fragments their only shelter whether you think that pardonable for a single moment? Has God given us the right to pardon such weakness? (*Tagore*)

WEALTH

Those who own much have much to fear.

Wealth has the ugly habit of diminishing fast. If we are not quick about it, little will remain to enable us to observe our renunciation with all splendour.

He who gives gold, gives only pain ;
When the gold is spent grief comes again.
When a lakh, or crore of gold is spent ;
Grief only remains in the empty tent.
That King's coffers are well-stored ;
Where wealth alone on worth is poured.

There are some who are born poor, even in a king's house. Wealth does not cling to those whose destiny it is to find riches in poverty.

In the world's audience hall the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeam and the stars of midnight.

Thus my songs share their seats in the heart of the world with the music of the clouds and forests.

But, you man of riches, your wealth has no part in the simple grandeur of the sun's glad gold and the mellow gleam of the musing moon.

The blessing of the all-embracing sky is not shed upon it.

And when death appears; it pales and withers and crumbles into dust.

There are certain recognized methods for acquiring wealth, such as agriculture, service, trade, and the legal and illegal professions. But none of these points out the direction of hidden wealth.

We shall never be able to make any headway unless we can lay our hands on plenty of money.

Greed of wealth and power can never have a limit, and compromise of self-interest can never

attain the final spirit of reconciliation. They m
go on breeding jealousy and suspicion to the en
the end which only comes through some sud
catastrophe or a spiritual re-birth.

There is a mischief in money. (*Tago*

WEAPONS

He has made his weapons his gods.
When his weapons win he is defeated himself.

The real power is not in the weapons themselv but in the man who wields those weapons ; a when he, in his eagerness for power, multiplies weapons at the cost of his own soul, then it is he w is in even greater danger than his enemies. (*Tago*

WELCOME

The night waned, the stars paled in the sk Suddenly the touch-stone of the morning light ting everything with gold. A cry spread from mouth mouth—

"Here is the herald !"

I bowed my head and asked, "Is he coming ?"

The answer seemed to burst from all sides, "Yes

Mind grew troubled and said, "The dome of n building is not yet finished, nothing is in order."

A voice came from the sky, "Pull down yo building !"

"But why ?" asked Mind.

"Because to-day is the day of the Coming, ar your building is in the way."

Days passed. More wings were added to h palace—more lands to his domain.

The seasons of rains came to an end. The dar clouds became white and thin, and in the rai washed sky the sunny hours hovered like butterfli over an unseen flower. I was bewildered and aske everybody I met, "What is that music in the breeze?

A tramp walked the road whose dress was wild as his manner; he said, "Hark to the music of the Coming !"

I cannot tell why I was convinced, but the words broke from me, "We have not much longer to wait."

"It is close at hand," said the mad man.

I went to the office and boldly said to Mind, "Stop all work !"

Mind asked, "Have you any news ?"

"Yes," I answered, "News of the Coming". But I could not explain.

Mind shook his head and said, "There are neither banners nor pageantry." (*Tagore*)

WESTERN CIVILIZATION

As my patriotism is inclusive and admits of no enmity or ill-will, I do not hesitate, in spite of my horror of Western materialism, to take from the West what is beneficial for me.

My resistance to Western civilization is really a resistance to its indiscriminate and thoughtless imitation based on the assumption that Asiatics are fit only to copy everything that comes from the West. I do believe that, if India has patience enough to go through the fire of suffering and to resist any unlawful encroachment upon its own civilization which, imperfect though it undoubtedly is, has hitherto stood the ravages of time, she can make a lasting contribution to peace and solid progress of the world.

If any one thinks that the people in the West are innocent of humanity he is sadly mistaken. The ideal of humanity in the West is perhaps lower, but their practice of it is very much more thorough than ours. We rest content with lofty ideal and are slow of lazy in its practice. (*Gandhi*)

WESTERN CULTURE

If we were to take for granted, what some peopl maintain, that Western culture is the only source o light for our mind, then it would be like dependin for daybreak upon some star, which is the sun of far distant sphere. The star may give us light, bu not the day ; it may give us direction in our voyag of exploration, but it can never open the full view o truth before our eyes. In fact we can never use thi cold starlight for stirring the sap in our branches and giving colour and bloom to our life. This i the reason why European education has become fo India mere school lessons and no culture ; a box o matches, good for the small uses of illumination bu not the light of morning, in which the use an beauty, and all the subtle mysteries of life are blende in one. *(Tagore*

WHERE IS MOTHER

The father came back from the funeral rites.

His boy of seven stood at the window, with eye wide open and a golden amulet hanging from hi neck, full of thoughts too difficult for his age.

His father took him in his arms and the bo asked him, "Where is mother ?"

"In heaven," answered his father, pointing to th sky.

At night the father groaned in slumber, wear with grief.

A lamp dimly burned near the bedroom door and a lizard chased moths on the wall.

The boy woke up from sleep, felt with his hand the emptiness in the bed, and stole out to the ope terrace.

The boy raised his eyes to the sky and long gaze in silence. His bewildered mind sent abroad int the night the question, "Where is heaven".

No answer came, and the stars seemed like the burning tears of that ignorant darkness. (*Tagore*)

WHISPERS

No more noisy, loud words from me—such is my master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers. The speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings of a song.

Men hasten to the King's market. All the buyers and sellers are there. But I have my untimely leave in the middle of the day, in the thick of work.

Let then the flowers come out in my garden, though it is not their time ; and let the midday bees strike up their lazy hum.

Full many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him ; and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconsequence!

I have learnt the simple meaning of thy whispers in flowers and sunshine—teach me to know thy words in pain and death. (*Tagore*)

WICKEDNESS

One may detest the wickedness of a brother without hating him.

'Judge not lest ye be judged' is a golden rule. Those whom we regard as wicked as a rule return the compliment and in their turn accuse us of what we charge them with. But here again I quite grant the proposition that if one regards another as irrevocably wicked, one is bound ordinarily to non-co-operate with him, for unfortunately many things are regulated purely by one's mental condition. If I mistake a rope for a snake, I am likely to turn pale with fright much to the amusement of the bystander who knows that it is but a rope. (*Gandhi*)

WIDOWER

He succumbed to the fascination, as a widowe to his second wife. *(Tagore*

WIDOWHOOD

It is all very well to idealize widowhood from saf(distance, but you should remember that withi1 widowhood there is a sensitive human heart, throb bing with pain and desire.

Permanent widowhood has in it a sense o immense purity and peace : a calm beauty like tha of the silent places of the dead shimmering in th(waning light of the eleventh moon. Would not th(mere possibility of re-marriage destroy its divin(beauty ?

They were tears of joy that washed away th(clouds of sorrow that had brooded over her widowe(life. *(Tagore*

WIDOWS

The existence of girl-widows is a blot upo1 Hinduism.

I shudder to see a child-widow and shiver witl rage when a husband just widowed, with bruta indifference, contracts another marriage.

If a young man of 18 being widowed coulc re-marry, why should not a widow of that age hav(the same right ? Voluntary enlightened widowhooc is a great asset for any nation, as enforced ignoran1 widowhood is a disgrace.

The curse of every widow, who is burning withi1 to re-marry but dare not for fear of a cruel custom descends upon Hindu society so long as it keeps th(widow under an unforgivable bondage.

Every widow has as much right to re-marry as ever' widower. Voluntary widowhood is a priceless boo1 in Hinduism; enforced widowhood is a curse. And]

very much feel that many young widows, if they were absolutely free not so much from the fear of physical restraint as from the opprobrium of Hindu public opinion, would re-marry without the slightest hesitation.

I consider re-marriage of virgin widows not only desirable but the bounden duty of all parents who happen to have such widowed daughters. (*Gandhi*)

WILL-POWER

If we develop the force of will, we shall find that we do not need the force of arms.

Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will.

Stream becomes a mighty power only when it allows itself to be imprisoned in a strong little reservoir and produces tremendous motion and carries huge weights by permitting itself a tiny and measured outlet. Even so have the youth of the country of their own free will to allow their inexhaustible energy to be imprisoned, controlled and set free in strictly measured and required quantities. (*Gandhi*)

WINE

I stole from the divine storehouse the fragrant wine of heaven, filled with it one earthly night to the brim, and placed it in thy hand to drink.

I will smilingly pour out for you the wine of pleasure in the cup of this beauteous body. When you are tired and satiated with this wine, you can go to work or play. (*Tagore*)

WINTER

Wet and gloomy days in the cold weather are eminently disagreeable.

In the piercing cold the trees bordering the road seemed to huddle for warmth into their leafy coverings. A fleecy mist lay over each hamlet, like a mother-swan brooding over her eggs. (*Tagore*)

WISDOM

There was true wisdom in the sages of old having so regulated society as to limit the material condition of the people.

Wisdom is no monopoly of one continent or one race.

Not mad rush, but unperturbed calmness brings wisdom. This maxim holds as true to-day as when it was first propounded ages ago.

It is unwise to be too sure of one's own wisdom. It is healthy to be reminded that the strongest might weaken and the wisest might err. *(Gandhi)*

The older I grow the more I feel the lack of wisdom in myself. Perhaps, it may be that that very feeling is a sign of having some wisdom. *(Nehru)*

God waits for man to regain his childhood in wisdom.

Wisdom does not attain completeness except through the living of life ; and discipline divorced from wisdom is not true discipline, but merely the meaningless following of custom, which is only a disguise for stupidity.

After all my education, and intelligence, and arguing, I suddenly see that I am an absolute fool !

(Tagore)

WISDOM AND LITERATURE

Fashions in literature that rapidly tire of themselves seldom come from the depth. They belong to the frothy rush of the surface, with its boisterous clamours for the recognition of the moment. Such literature, by its very strain, exhausts its inner development and quickly passes through outer changes like autumn leaves—produces with the help of paints and patches and up-to-dateness, shaming its own appearance of the immediately preceding date. Its expressions are often grimaces, like the

cactus of the desert which lacks modesty in its distortions and peace in its thorns, in whose attitude an aggressive discourtesy bristles up, suggesting a forced pride of poverty. We often come across its analogy in some of the modern writings which are difficult to ignore because of their prickly surprises and paradoxical gesticulation. Wisdom is not rare in these works, but it is a wisdom that has lost confidence in its serene dignity, afraid of being ignored by crowds which are attracted by the extravagant and the unusual. It is sad to see wisdom struggling to seem clever, a prophet arrayed in caps and bells before an admiring multitude. (*Tagore*)

WIT AND WOMAN

Women who try to be witty, but only succeed in being pert, are insufferable; and as for attempts to be comic they are disgraceful in women whether they succeed or fail. The comic is ungainly and exaggerated, and so is in some sort related to the sublime. The elephant is comic, the camel and the giraffe are comic, all overgrowth is comic.

It is rather keenness that is akin to beauty, as the thorn to the flower. So sarcasm is not unbecoming in woman, though coming from her it hurts. But ridicule which savours of bulkiness woman had better leave to our sublime sex. The masculine Falstaff makes our sides split, a feminine Falstaff would only rack our nerves. (*Tagore*)

WITNESSES

Though witnesses of a real event may be few or even wanting, innumerable proofs of a thing that has not happened can always be marshalled. (*Tagore*)

WOMAN

Of all the evils for which man has made himself responsible, none is so degrading, so shocking or so brutal as his abuse of the better half of humanity, to me, the female sex, not the weaker sex.

I have regarded woman as an incarnation of tolerance. A servant wrongly suspected may throw up his job, a son in the same case may leave his father's roof, and a friend may put an end to the friendship. The wife, if she suspects her husband, will keep quiet, but if the husband suspects her, she is ruined.

A woman's intuition has often proved truer than man's arrogant assumption of superior knowledge. There is method in putting Sita before Rama and Radha before Krishna.

To call a woman a member of the weaker sex is a libel. In what way is woman the weaker sex, I do not know. If the implication is that she lacks the brute instinct of man, or does not posses it in the same measure as man, the charge may be admitted. But then, woman becomes, as she is, the nobler sex. If she is weak in striking, she is strong in suffering.

I am deeply pained when I see women heavily bedecked with ornaments. Who will explain to them that these trinkets are no aid to beauty ?

Hindu culture had erred on the side of excessive subordination of the wife to the husband, and has insisted on the complete merging of the wife in the husband. This has resulted in the husband sometimes usurping and exercising authority that reduces him to the level of the brute.

I believe in the proper education of women. But I do not believe that woman will not make her contribution to the world by mimicing or running a race with man. She can run the race but she will not rise to the great heights she is capable of by mimicing man. She has to be the complement of man.

Man has converted her into a domestic drudge and an instrument of his pleasure, instead of regarding her as his helpmate and better half. The result is a semi-paralysis of our society. Woman has

rightly been called the mother of the race. We owe it to her and to ourselves to undo the great wrong that we have done her.

There is as much reason for man to wish that he was born a woman, as for woman to do otherwise. But the wish is fruitless. Let us be happy in the state to which we are born, and do the duty for which nature has destined us. (*Gandhi*)

The women, the women. They are ever crying and weeping. But they cannot turn those back who must go forward.

Woman's heart must worship in order to love.

Women are of two kinds, the mother-kind and the beloved-kind. So I have heard some learned men say. If a comparison may be drawn with the seasons, the mother is the rainy season. She brings the gift of water and of fruit, tempers the heart, and dissolving from the heights drives away the drought. She fills with plenty. The beloved, on the other hand, is the spring. Deep its mystery, sweet its enchantment. Its restlessness rocks the blood into waves and swings over into the treasure-chamber of the mind where the solitary string of the golden *Vina* is laying mute, waiting for a vibration to set the body and the mind ringing in some wordless melody.

Women never make mistakes, or, if they do, a sensible man never mentions them ; it is better to take them on his own shoulders.

The less you men can make out a girl, the more she attracts you ! We simple women.

When women swerves from the right path, then she spears fraught with the direst calamity.

Inscrutable are the ways of a woman's heart !

Ladies, you are over-critical in your taste. You notice things that are unessential.

Woman's eyes are like a moth in that they fling themselves headlong on the glare and glitter of jewel and gold.

O women's you are not merely the handiwork of God, but also of men ; these are ever endowing you with beauty from their hearts.

Poets are weaving for you a web with threads of golden imagery ; painters are giving your form ever new immortality.

The sea gives its pearls, the mines their gold, the summer gardens their flowers to deck you, to cover you, to make you more precious.

The desire of man's hearts has shed its glory over your youth.
You are one-half woman and one-half dream.

Oh, the view of a man ! Surely thou knowest, thou god of love that unnumbered saints and sages have surrendered the merits of their lifelong penance at the feet of a woman.

Woman's arms, though adorned with naught but unfettered strength, are beautiful !

When a woman is merely a woman ; when she winds herself round and round men's hearts with her smiles and sobs and services and caressing endearments ; then she is happy. Of what use to her are learning and great achievements ?

You alone are perfect ; you are the wealth of the world, the end of all poverty, the goal of all efforts, the one woman ! Others there are who can be but slowly known, while to see you for a moment to see perfect completeness once and for ever.

Women quickly understand the ways of love.

Women's true objects of worship come to their own arms, without asking, in the shape of their husbands and their children.

I know no feminine wiles for winning hearts.

The woman, as an enemy, is to be dreaded more than all others. For reason is futile against her and forces are ashamed ; man's power gladly surrenders itself to her powerlessness, and she takes her shelter in the strong-holds of our own hearts.

You women sit in the seclusion of your hearts and only love.

If only women could be set free from the artificial fetters put round them by men, we could see on earth the living image of *Kali*, the shameless, pitiless goddess.

Hesitation is not in the nature of woman. For her, neither right nor left has any existence,—she only moves forward. When the women of our country wake up, their voice will be unmistakably confident in its utterance of the cry.

Woman knows how to be cruel ; her virulence is like a blind storm. It is beautifully fearful. In man it is ugly, because it harbours in its centre the gnawing worms of reason and thought.

All the King's soldiers and forts, and prisons and iron chains could not keep fast this little heart of woman.

Alas, that this frail disguise, the body, should make one blind to the light of the deathless Spirit!

There is no end to their appetite for devotion. They worship most whatever hurts them most.

Woman is deserving of worship because she gives light to the home.

We women would keep others bound. We would rather be put into bondage ourselves.

Domestic work is a necessity for a woman.

With women it is always audacity that wins.

Women live on the trust of their surrounding,—this is their whole world. If once it is out that this trust has been secretly betrayed, their place in their

world is lost. They have then to stand upon the fragments of the thing they have broken, and its jagged edges keep on wounding them at every turn. To sin is easy enough, but to make up for it is above all difficult for a woman.

Women do cry over foolish things.

Is my life given to me merely to please husband and children ?

All the exaggerated language about women that you find in English books has at bottom merely desire. The altar at which Women may be truly worshipped is her place as Mother, the seat of the pure, right-minded Lady of the House. There is some insult hidden in the praise of those who remove her from there.

So helpless are we women who needs must place on others the burden of our danger. When we go to our death we drag down those who are about us.

Possibly this is woman's nature. When her passion is roused she loses her sensibility for all that is outside it. When, like the river, we women keep to our banks, we give nourishment with all that we have ; when we overflow them we destroy with all that we are.

We women are not only the deities of the household fire, but the flame of the soul itself.

For women the path of life's true realization is the welfare of all. The world may be full of joy or full of sorrow—the virtuous and chaste woman will accept it all and make it her chief religious duty to give from to her religion in her home.

We treat our women-folk with great reverence, as our good angels, our goddesses, and so forth.

Women are the ornaments of society.

A woman's theft is the most fatal of all thefts.

A woman is quite ready to deny that two and two make four if a question of individual happiness is concerned. If reason tells her that black is black and love tells her that black is white, poor reason is soundly rated. How in spite of women the world manages to conduct its affairs.

Not many men in the world would make themselves entirely responsible for a woman's happiness.

Man's heart is the only world for a woman.

Do not wreck your manhood against a woman's charms.

Women-folk know only one man upon the earth—him whom they love; and never think of other men's deserts. That there may be many whose merits deserve regard, is not recorded in the Scriptures of women. The only good man and the only object of a woman's favours is he who has blabbered into her ears the matrimonial incantations. A little moment behind the usual hour of her husband's meals is a world of anxiety to her, but she never cares a brass button if her husband's dependents have a mouthful or not. This inconsiderate partiality of the softer sex might be cavilled at.

Woman, when you move about in your household service your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles.

Woman, with the grace of your fingers you touched my things and order came out like music.

Womanlihood is not merely decorative. It is like that vital health, which not only imparts the bloom of beauty to the body, but joy to the mind and perfection to life. (*Tagore*)

WORDS

Words are magic things often enough, but even the magic of words sometimes cannot convey the magic of the human spirit and of a nation's passion.

Words are tricky things always. In the final analysis the word is the biggest thing in the wo[illegible]he knowledge we have, everything we posses[illegible]ollection of words which represent ideas, of course. (*Nehru*)

O troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave your footprints in my words.

Words lead only to more words.

Men's words are meant only to be heard, not to be practised.

Words do not flow when the heart is full.

An arrow once discharged never returns. (*Tagore*)

WORK

Either you have work or you have not.

When you have to say, "Let us do something," then begins mischief.

Work alone was true and all the sentiments only illusions.

By God's grace the good work will be completed.

One great point about work is that for its sake the individual has to make light of his personal joys and sorrows ; indeed, so far as may be, to ignore them.

When we look at the field of work, we see some at their trades, some tilling the soil, some carrying burdens, and yet underneath, death, sorrow, and loss are flowing, and unseen undercurrent every day,—their privacy not intruded upon. If ever these should break forth beyond control and come to the surface then all this work would at once come to a stop. Over the individual sorrows, flowing beneath, is a hard stone track, across which the trains of duty, with their human load, thunder their way, stopping for none save at appointed stations. This very cruelty of work proves, perhaps man's sternest consolation.

While the day is bright and the world in the pursuit of its numberless tasks crowds around, then it seems as if my life wants nothing else. But when the colours of the sky fade away and the blinds are drawn down over the windows of heaven, then my heart tells me that evening falls just for the purpose of shutting out the world, to mark the time when the darkness must be filled with the One. This is the end to which earth, sky, and waters conspire, and I cannot harden myself against accepting its meaning. So when the gloaming deepens over the world, like the gaze of the dark eyes of the beloved, then my whole being tells me that work alone cannot be the truth of life, that work is not the be-all and the end-all of man, for man is not simply a serf,—even though the serfdom be of that True and the God.

Work, especially good work, becomes easy only when desire has learnt to discipline itself. Then alone does the householder's state become a centre of welfare for all the world, and instead of being an obstacle, helps on the final liberation.

Work is the dust raised by the passing of Time.

Faith in his work gives man faith in himself; it is the homage of self to its own power.

Man is at daily war with his fate; if the soft entwining arms of woman hinder him in his rugged onward march, it is but natural that he should ruthlessly break away.

Good workers have this failing that they tend to mistrust the capacity of others.

All work that is good, however small in extent, is universal in character.

While work had not yet come in to my life I always found it easy to devise short cuts to achievement; since I have been working I find what is hard is hard indeed, and what is difficult remains difficult.

Give me some task, it doesn't matter what.

Merely lecturing and writing like this and forming a party was not real work. Rather it seemed to make the impossibility of work more wide-spread. (*Tagore*)

WORKMEN

Mortal life has its limits. Our class of people have their great burden to bear; therefore, we have to claim a large portion of life's sustenance for our share. That's according to Almighty God's own decree.

Are they not the very incarnation of the sacred Tortoise of our Scripture, that held up the sinking earth on its back? Because they meekly suppress themselves underneath their burden, the upper world can keep its head aloft. (*Tagore*)

WORLD

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

The world is so immense, the concourse of man so vast, yet with how few has one any tie! Distant sounds of life, wafted near, bearing tidings from unknown homes, make the individual realize that the greater part of the world of men does not, cannot, own or know him; then he feels deserted, loosely attached to the world, and a vague sadness creeps over him.

What is the truth of this world? It is not in the masses of substance, not in the number of things, but in their relatedness, which neither can be counted, nor measured, nor abstracted. It is not in the materials which are many, but in the expression which is one. All our knowledge of things is knowing them in their relation to the Universe, in that relation which is truth. A drop of water is not a particular assortment of elements; it is the miracle of a harmonious mutuality, in which the two reveal

the One. No amount of analysis can reveal to us this mystery of unity. Matter is an abstraction; we shall never be able to realize what it is for our world of reality does not acknowledge it. Even the giant forces of the world, centripetal and centrifugal, are kept out of our recognition. They are the day-labourers not admitted into the audience-hall of creation. But light and sound come to us in their gay dresses as troubadours singing serenades before the windows of the senses. What is constantly before us, claiming our attention, is not the kitchen, but the feast; not the anatomy of the world, but it's countenance.

The passage from the narrow to the larger world is stormy.

The world to-day is wild with the delirium of hatred, the conflicts are cruel and unceasing in anguish, crooked are its paths, tangled its bonds of greed. *(Tagore)*

WORRY

There is nothing that wastes the body like worry, and one who has any faith in God should be ashamed to worry about anything whatsoever. It is a difficult rule no doubt for the simple reason that faith in God with the majority of mankind is either an intellectual belief or a blind belief, a kind, a superstitious fear of something indefinable. But to ensure absolute freedom from worry requires a living utter faith which is a plant of slow, almost unperceived, growth and requires to be constantly watered by tears that accompany genuine prayer. They are the tears of a lover who cannot brook a moment's separation from the loved one, or of the penitent who knows that it is some trace of impurity in him that keeps him away from the loved one.

Why worry one's head over a thing that is inevitable? Why die before one's death? *(Gandhi)*